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THE
Fortunate Country Maid:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF THE
MARCHIONESS L—V—,
WHO, FROM A COTTAGE, BECAME A LADY OF THE
FIRST QUALITY IN FRANCE, BY HER STEADY
ADHERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF
VIRTUE AND HONOUR.

VOL. I.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. F. and C. RIVINGTON, S. CROWDER,
R. BALDWIN, B. LAW, W. LOWNDES, SCATCHERD
and WHITAKER and W. FOX.

MDCCLXXXIX.



T H E

Fortunate Country Maid.

Being the Entertaining

M E M O I R S

Of the Present Celebrated

MARCHIONESS of L. V.

IT is with the greatest reluctance imaginable I own my extraction; perhaps by reason of that superior rank I now hold in the world.

On what foundation this vanity is grounded, I cannot determine; but, be that as it will, I confess myself greatly perplexed at my first setting out. Religion, 'tis true, and proper reflections, have long since convinced me of the absurdity of this weakness; yet still I can scarce persuade myself, that, great as she is at present, the *Marchioness* of L. V. is, originally, no better than *Jane*, daughter of *John B. woodcutter* in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*.

To so mean a person I owe my origin. My mother waited on the *Countess* of N. near whose Castle stands the *Hamlet* in which I first drew breath. My father was gardener to the *Count*, when my mother fell in love with him; and her

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passion

passion overpowering the Lady's remonstrances, who designed her a better provision, she married at all hazards, chusing to run the same fortune with him, which from very indifferent, soon grew much worse. For leaving his master, a person much respected by his neighbours, in an abrupt manner, he could not get another service, and consequently was obliged to quit his profession. Upon this he settled in the *Hamlet* I just now mentioned, and took to cleaving of wood in the Forest for the support of himself and family. I was the first fruit of their marriage; and as their mutual affection triumphed over their poverty, my birth, instead of creating any uneasiness, seemed to bespeak them happier days. How far they were in the right, the sequel of my story must determine.

The *Countess* did them the honour to stand god-mother; for it was not long before my mother regained her favour. She went often to the Castle, and seldom returned empty-handed; as the Lady had formerly made a *confident* of her, there might be reasons for keeping up a good understanding.

The *Marquess* of *W.* who lived in the neighbourhood, was pitched upon by the *Countess* to stand with her.

The ceremony was performed with some pomp, and our family experienced the sweets of the honour done us, in the presents usual on such occasions.

My mother, during the time she waited on the *Countess*, who for the most part lived in *Paris*, had seen something of the world, which
was

was of singular service in my education. She brought me to an early acquaintance with the reservedness so becoming our sex, often telling me, that virtue and discretion were suitable to every condition of life. She confirmed these precepts with proper examples, the recital of which, being a very agreeable amusement, was often a reward when I had behaved well. Our family increased, a brother and sister, with myself, spent our childhood in doing my father little services in his way of business. The tender constitution of my mother hindered her from going with my father to the Forest, whither my brother and sister went every day. I was left at home with my mother, and the hardest labour I underwent was to carry their dinner. This my brother and sister continually resented as the effect of my mother's partiality to me, and their complaints were often seconded by my father; so that every day afforded me fresh instances of that coarse behaviour which is continually growing upon those who are placed in low life: Possibly the mind, when depressed by want and hard labour, becomes incapable of generous sentiments.

Their ill usage made me very uneasy; at proper opportunities I bemoaned myself to my mother. She comforted me, and directed an offering to be made of what I suffered to God, by whom, she assured, I should be enabled to bear my afflictions in a proper manner.

Nevertheless they increased daily, especially as I now began to set some value on my own little person, being turned of *thirteen*. I was

sent one day with cream to her Ladyship at the Castle; she presented me as her God-daughter to a gentleman very richly dressed. He was so taken with me, that he could not forbear crying out several times, "Heavens! how handsome she is! She will prove a beauty: What eyes, Madam, when enlivened with love!" "Take care what you say," replied the *Countess*, "she will too soon become acquainted with things of that nature. Go, go, *Jenny*, don't mind him; he says as much to every one he meets." This put me to the blush, and I was glad to get off, making a very low, but aukward reverence to my God-mother.

My head ran very much upon what the fine gentleman (for such I took him to be) had said. What can he mean, thought I to myself, by saying my eyes will be, I know not what, when enlivened with *love*? This *love* perplexed me; I fain would have met with it to try its effects on my eyes. Neither simplicity of manners, nor tenderness of age, are proof against vanity: Girls are ever apt to think themselves handsome; at least it was always my weakness, and whoever praised my beauty, tho' I had no other regard for them, were sure to please me.

Returning from the Forest one day, whither I had carried some refreshment to my father, I perceived a company of horsemen coming toward me. I drew off to the road-side in order to see them pass. Tho' I had never seen the *King*, I had often heard talk of him, and, as I knew he was in the neighbourhood, I was now in hopes of satisfying my curiosity. The idea
I had

I had formed of his person, represented him altogether charming, and so far distinguishable from the rest of mankind, that he might be singled out at first sight from all his attendants. When they came near me, I looked for the *King* with great earnestness: But the whole company being of the greatest distinction both as to their persons and dress, I was at a loss; imagining the *King*, to be sure, must be covered with gold from head to foot. They were almost past me, yet I had not found what so earnestly I sought. Upon this I ran hastily up to one of the company, crying aloud, “Sir, shew me the *King*, I never saw him in my life.” “With all my heart, pretty maid,” answered the Nobleman with a countenance exceedingly amiable; “That is he.” “Which, Sir?” cried I. “Give me your hand,” said the Nobleman; then pointing with it, “That is he who makes so grand an appearance on the white horse.” “Yes, yes, it is the *King*,” cried I, quite transported: “Good God, how handsome he is! How happy should I be, if he did not go so fast! Oh dear, he is gone already!” My exclamations made him smile, he stopped, and considered me with great attention: “She is a lovely creature,” says he: “This unaffected simplicity charms exceedingly, and is infinitely preferable to the studied arts our women put in practice. Can any one behold her without being moved? Where do you live, my pretty dear?” “In that village,” answered I, pointing to it. “Will you give me leave to come and see you?” “If

“it depended, Sir, upon me,” answered I, “your visit would not be disagreeable; but I am not my own mistress.” “Let me alone to contrive it;” replied he, “you shall have no blame.” Just as he had done speaking, one of the company comes galloping back to him, crying out, “The King calls for you, *Marquess*; his Majesty must know what this girl has been enquiring of you about, and the occasion of her surprise, which she betrayed in such an agreeable manner; the whole Court is mightily taken with the simplicity of her behaviour.” “I don’t wonder at it,” replied the *Marquess*, “you see what a lovely creature it is; our Master ought to give her a gratification; at least I’ll do what I can to promote it.” “So will I,” added the other, looking at me very attentively. “Where does she live? she is exceeding handsome; I am desperately in love with her.” Saying this he offered me his hand, but as I would not take any notice of it, he prepared to alight. This put me into such a consternation, that I took to my heels towards the village. “Stay, stay, pretty maid,” cried the *Marquess*, “nobody designs you any harm.” I scarce heard these last words, I had made so much haste, never looking back till I was just at home. I then perceived only one horseman at the place I ran from, and it was not long before I discovered the *Marquess* to be the person. I got home full of what had passed, and much taken with the civilities I had received. My mother knew me too well not to be sensible that something extraordinary had happened; she would

would be acquainted with it, and I very readily told the whole adventure.

‘I am willing to excuse your curiosity,’ said she, when I had done, ‘for his sake who occasioned it; another time be more upon your guard. Not that you were to blame in addressing yourself to the Nobleman you speak of, as it was perhaps the only means you had of finding out the King; but for the future look that you never suffer yourself to be dazzled with an empty show and the discourse of men. As to this Nobleman in particular, you never named him but with an unusual emotion. Ah! *Jane, Jane*, all is not right! You have given your eyes too much liberty; whereas in regard of men you ought not to have any. Their praises are justly to be suspected, as they always tend to promote their designs. Remember this. However, it must be acknowledged you acted very prudently in making your escape, when the other Nobleman began to importune you.’

A neighbour happening to come in upon us, prevented my making a reply, which increased my uneasiness and occasioned many reflections; I particularly resolved from that moment to be more upon the reserve with my mother.

Great caution should be used in the education of youth, lest in giving instructions they be taught those things to which they cannot be too great strangers, as it happened in this very case. I had entirely forgot that the compliments, passed upon me by the courtiers, had created the least satisfaction in my breast; but my mother’s

admonitions renewed those bewitching ideas, and a new pleasure arose on recalling them to mind. All this was entirely owing to what my mother had said; and my resolving never more to make a *confident* of her, was not the least part of the mischief.

I fell into a great perplexity of mind; my usual amusements became insipid, and nothing ran in my head but the gay appearance of the Court: Our clownish neighbours, when placed in opposition, created a perfect loathing, though hitherto they had been agreeable enough; particularly a woodmonger's son, who had made some advances towards gaining my affections. *Colin*, for that was his name, had some share of beauty, was remarkably neater, and more polite, than is usual with those of his rank. He neglected no opportunity of shewing his respect, and as I was very fond of flowers, he often presented me nosegays. His distinguishing me in this manner, though it drew on the envy of others, was not in the least unacceptable to my vanity: However, I had no sooner seen the *Marquess*, but, farewell *Colin*. I observed this alteration in myself, but my thoughts were then in too great a hurry to perceive the real motive, which nevertheless was not long undiscovered.

Three days were now passed since the adventure which raised this commotion in my breast. The *Marquess's* expressions were never out of my mind: Young as I was, far from knowing the danger of such reflections, I entertained them with a secret satisfaction; I even
repeated.

repeated to myself his very words, particularly his promise of making me a visit. Upon the least noise I concluded he was come, and then a childish blush and fluttering of the heart were sure to follow to that degree, that oftentimes I was scarce myself.

In fine, four days were elapsed since I met the *Marquess*, when, being at church, I heard some horses stop at the door. Looking back on a sudden, Heavens! who should I see but the *Marquess* himself, entering in such a graceful manner as quite charmed me, and drew the attention of the whole assembly on him. Our eyes soon met, for he presently discovered me, though in the midst of the crowd, and in one look, as I fancied, repeated all that he had said in the Forest.

It was evident he must be a person of great distinction, for the *Vicar* immediately sent to invite him into the choir: He was forced to comply; an easy chair was brought, and the place cleared.

I stared with all the eyes I had, transported with the deference paid to his quality; sure enough, prayers were never said with less attention.

Service was no sooner done, but the *Marquess* retired. In the middle of the church he stopped, and fixing his eye upon me, whispered something to his gentleman, as it proved to be, who also looked at me: Then raising his voice as he went out, 'Stay in this village,' says he, 'till my retinue comes up: I intend to dine at the Castle, and in the afternoon see what diversion the field affords.'

I was very well pleased to hear how he disposed of himself, and as much concerned at his departure, tho' I knew not why. My eyes were continually upon him, when at last he took horse with his attendants, the person before-mentioned standing near him; at going off he made me a low bow. The girls who were with me stared upon each other; 'Look now,' says one, 'how complaisant the courtiers are: when do you see our clowns do so?' 'Ay but,' cried another, 'did you take notice how handsome and genteel he is?' 'Yes, yes,' says a third, 'one would swear his eyes could speak.' Though I said nothing to all this, I did not lose a word of it.

With this kind of discourse we reached home, I often looking behind me, in continual expectation of some new adventure. The answers I made were very incoherent, full as I was of the visit which vanity had placed to my own account. And yet this satisfaction was not a little embittered when I reflected that the *Marquess* dined at the Castle. The *Countess*, it is true, was past her prime, but had charms sufficient to attract the gallantries of a young man; at least jealousy presented it in this light.

But all this was pure imagination, and I was soon convinced his designs did not center there. The person, he spoke to in the church, had the address to insinuate himself into the company of us girls, as we were chattering together: He had fallen into discourse with one of my companions so as to be easily over heard by me. 'How do you divert yourselves on *Sundays*?' says

says he, ‘ Do you dance? or, do you walk
‘ about the woods and fields? For these, I
‘ take it, are your ordinary amusements.’
‘ Sometimes the one, sometimes the other;’
replied the girl with whom he was talking:
‘ Indeed, Sir, one would imagine you was born
‘ in the country,” added she, “ you seem so
‘ well acquainted with the custom of it.” ‘ It is
‘ very true,’ says he, ‘ you are in the right;
‘ but since I had the honour to serve my Lord
‘ *Marquess*, I have buried all relish for the
‘ country in the pleasures of a town life.
‘ Notwithstanding these fine cloaths, I am
‘ country-born as you are; but in the service I
‘ am in, I look upon my fortune as good as
‘ made, so noble a person is my master. Young
‘ as he is, sincerity, discretion, and affability
‘ reign in him; his word is as sure as the day;
‘ we meet with few like him.’ “ He looks to be
‘ such a person,” says the girl. ‘ How looks!’
replied the gentleman, ‘ I tell you he never
‘ broke his word the least tittle. But I have
‘ been very uneasy for him of late. He is grown
‘ thoughtful and melancholy on a sudden.
‘ What has happened to occasion it, I know not,
‘ but he is never out of the saddle now-a-days;
‘ no longer than yesterday we scoured the woods
‘ and highways from morning till night: I should
‘ be very sorry to have him take a dislike to *Paris*,
‘ as it is infinitely preferable to the country both
‘ for diversions and company, neither of which
‘ is ever wanting there all the day: Whereas
‘ here one must work from sun-rise to sun-set,
‘ and scarce be paid for his labour.’ Whilst he
B. 6. talked

talked in this manner, he had in his hand a paper, which, by a sign he made, I easily understood was intended for me. Accordingly, taking a proper opportunity, he gave it unperceived by the company. By my dexterity in securing this *billet-doux*, one would have imagined it was not the first I had received by many. I was no sooner withdrawn, but I found myself cruelly disappointed upon breaking open the letter; my mother, it is true, had taught me to read in a book, but I was an utter stranger to all written hand. At first I thought of applying myself to the school master of the village; but this was running too great a hazard, especially after what had passed between my mother and me. There was but one expedient I could devise, the very thought set me a laughing; and for a country girl of fourteen was pleasantly enough contrived.

It was my admirer *Colin*, who could read and write, that I resolved to employ on this occasion. An opportunity, quickly offered itself, tho' to me it seemed an age, by his waiting upon me with a present of flowers: I received it with greater condescension than usual, and the emotion my intended project occasioned, made every feature in my face appear to an advantage. "You are killingly handsome to day, my lovely *Fenny*," says he, with an air of satisfaction; you sparkle beyond any thing one sees elsewhere: *Faith*, I am continually thinking of you; go where I will you are always before my eyes. What a shape!" continued he, taking me about the waist. "*Colin*, be quiet," I cried, "can't you speak, but your

“ your hands must be employed ? This unmannerly trick of yours spoiled me an apron only last *Sunday* ; I suppose you intend me the same favour to-day.” “ *Troth*, I am to blame,” answered *Colin*, “ he that breaks a glass must pay for it, I ought to make you a present of an apron ; I shall go to town, to-morrow, and will buy some of the same sort.” “ That’s not the business at present,” said I, interrupting him, “ you must do me a kindness.” “ I’ll do you fifty,” cried he transported ; “ what is it ? I’ll be quartered to oblige you.” “ Let us get first to that tree,” replied I, “ that we may talk without being observed.” “ What a happy fellow am I, says *Colin* ! “ Ah ! *Jenny*, indeed I love you and now I perceive you begin to make some return : *Zookers*, if it were once come to that, who knows what may happen ? ’Tis true you have not a groat ? but what of that ? it is not money that makes people happy : you are pretty, and as fair as alabaster, have eyes like a mouse, and are as straight as a maypole ; that is fortune enough. My Father perhaps looks one way, and I another : What then ? He shall hear reason ; or *waunds*, I’ll go for a soldier.” “ All this,” says I, “ is foreign to what I am going to say. Will you promise me to keep a secret, and not be curious ?” “ Well,” answered *Colin*, “ I see you don’t know me : I would give you my bond, if my word was not as good : Witness the other day : I caught, you must know, *Matthews’s* wife and great *George* in a corner : she made me promise not to tell her husband :

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‘ husband: *Adsniggers*, there would be fine
 “ work, if I could not keep a secret !” “ For
 “ that reason,” replied I, “ you are the per-
 “ son I pitched upon in this affair. I must ac-
 “ quaint you, that a friend of mine has re-
 “ ceived a letter ; but as she can’t read, she has
 “ employed me to know of you the contents,
 “ and get an answer wrote if it be necessary.”
 ‘ Let’s see, let’s see,’ said *Colin*, taking it out
 of my hand, ‘ that’s soon done. Is it not
 ‘ from the gentleman in red, I saw talking
 ‘ before your door?’ “ Right,” answered I,
 overjoyed to find him in a wrong scent. ‘ *Blews!*
 added he, ‘ I’m glad on’t ; I was a little ruffled
 “ to see him so busy. I began to think he might
 “ have a design upon you.” “ There you would
 “ have been quite out,” answered I, “ for he
 “ never so much as spoke a single word to me.”
 “ That I am sensible of,” replied *Colin*, ‘ for I
 ‘ took care not to be far off. But let’s see,
 “ what have we got here? I wish him well,
 ‘ since ’tis so ; otherwise, for all his finery, I
 ‘ would have made him know what it is to tread
 “ upon people’s heels.” Saying this he read as
 follows :

The Marquess of L. V’s Letter to Jane B—.

THIS is the only method left me to acquaint
 you, my charming creature, with the deep
 impression you made on my heart from the
 first moment we met. I was in hopes of seeing
 you again at the same place, and have been con-
 tinually on horseback in quest of that happiness.
 At

At last I thought of your parish church, where I might possibly see you. I shall not speak to you at present ; but will order matters so as to do it without being observed. Be not wanting, my dear girl, on your part, to assist in what I shall contrive hereafter for your service. 'Tis impossible to express how much I love you.

The Marquis of L. V.

I listened to what *Colin* said with the greatest attention ; I even made him repeat it several times, and felt a satisfaction I never experienced before. To be beloved by so compleat a person was a bewitching thing for a country girl, whose ambition could not have looked so high. As I was taken up with this reflection, *Colin*, who easily observed it, cried out, ‘Why, *Jenny*, methinks this letter makes you thoughtful. *Gadzooks*, if it should be really so I would tear it.’——“Lord, I am thinking,” says I (being come to myself, and apprehensive lest he should suspect any thing) “of my friend ;” “he must be very happy to have such a person in love with her. One would think he is sincere by what he writes, and consequently she should not discourage him.” “No, certainly, replied *Colin*, *she that will not when she may*—If he is in earnest, she ought to strike the bargain at once, without *sbilly shally*, which ruins so many girls. They must be coy, forsooth ; they must mince, they must fiddle faddle ; and what comes of all this ? why the spark gives them the bag to hold, finding a better reception elsewhere, and they may go
hang

“hang themselves. Pho! the bird is flown,
 “and they put finger in the eye, marry, come
 “up, is not so, *Fenny*? I speak of us country
 “lads; but as for your town gentry, do you
 “see, why you had best have a care of the main
 “chance, for that is all they want, and then
 “leave you to make the best of a bad market.”

“Ah! true enough,” answered I, “none but
 “fools will trust them. Bye, bye, *Colin*, I
 “must go and acquaint my friend with the
 “contents of her letter, and know what an-
 “swer she will give. I’ll be with you again
 “presently, and bring pen and ink for you to
 “write the answer, will ye, *Colin*?” “There
 “is no occasion for such a hurry,” says he;
 “but you are always in haste when I am by.”
 “Well, well, *Colin*,” I replied, “we shall
 “have opportunities enough. Adieu, I am
 “under a promise, and a maid, you know,
 “must keep her word.”

Saying this I rose, and made the best of my
 way towards the village. But being come to
 a Warren, which had a retired place in one
 corner, I there threw myself on the grass, and
 ran over the letter in my mind. Vanity had
 already found the way into my breast, young
 as I was, and betrayed itself on a thousand dif-
 ferent occasions. My cloaths were superior to
 any in the village, and yet I often staid at home
 under a pretended indisposition, when there was
 any new piece of finery wanting to compleat
 my dress. This frequently drew the raillery
 of my acquaintance upon me to my no small
 vexation. I found in myself an elevation of
 mind,

mind, which would not suffer me to stoop to a carriage suitable with a clownish life. My soul was on fire at the very name of *Paris*; and when my mother gave me the history of any country girl, who had there made her fortune, it always ran in my head I should have the same good luck. Let any one judge then what an impression the *Marquess's* person and letter must make. My head ran on nothing else, and my pride drew very favourable consequences for the time to come. Above all, I determined to answer the letter, tho' the shame of owning I could not write, gave me some uneasiness; and yet I resolved to do it, that I might not be obliged to employ *Colin* any more, lest his distrustful nature should discover my affair; besides his very person was become disagreeable from the very moment I fancied myself beloved by the *Marquess*. Such were my reflections at that time of day, when I had not the address I acquired afterwards. People may talk of natural parts; but without experience, little is it to be expected from thence. I had the precaution before I came from home, to furnish myself with the necessary implements for writing, and as I had staid a sufficient time for talking with my supposed friend, I returned to *Colin*. When he saw me coming he ran to meet me.

“Dear *Jenny*,” says he, “you have made haste.”
“Yes,” I replied, “I met *Molly* in the
“Warren, she was in a great hurry to be gone,
“after we had talked together, for fear of
“being discovered.” “Ah, cunning baggage!” cried *Colin*, “if ever she marries,
she

‘ she will be one too many for her husband.’ “ We have no time to lose,” says I, “ interrupting him, let us write the letter.”

Colin took the paper, and making a desk of the crown of his hat, ‘ Now, says he, what must I write to this fine spark ?’ “ Why, “ she would have you tell him,” answered I, “ that

“ She has not so good an opinion of herself as to imagine he can be so much in love as he seems to say ; that, notwithstanding her mean education, she knows the duty she owes herself well enough, to be sensible of the unsuitableness of the passion he aims to create ; that she could wish, tho’ she knows not why, he were sincerer in what he says : That she cannot write, and consequently is obliged to have recourse to another in order to answer his letter ; but she will not run the same Hazard any more for fear——

‘ Thank you for nothing,’ cried *Colin* interrupting me, ‘ I’ll write no such thing.’ “ Why so ?” says I, ‘ That’s only to have done with me,’ replied he, ‘ when you have no farther occasion.—No, no, the Devil take me if I write it.’ “ Come, come, *Colin*, answered I, “ let’s have no more words, we “ may be surpris’d before we make an end.”

He complied at last, muttering something to himself, and my letter ended with a grateful acknowledgement of the *Marquess’s* kindness.

As soon as the letter was finished, I put it up and returned home, *Colin* accompanying me, which I was well enough pleased with, lest my mother

mother should take me to task. She approved of our correspondence, as she had her views in it, and would gladly have had his father in the same way of thinking, there being considerable matters to be expected.

When I had reached home it was time to go to church, whither I was followed by the *Marquess's* gentleman, who placed himself close behind me. I easily understood, though I was but a beginner, that he waited for my answer. My prayer-book was the best conveyance I could pitch upon for giving the letter, and which, by his dexterity, succeeded admirably well. Soon after I retired, and saw no more of him.

It is not to be expressed how much I enjoyed myself, upon having accomplished my design without being discovered. What a skilful master must love be, employing every thing to compass his ends! Under him I made a considerable progress in a short time, and soon became a great proficient, as we shall see hereafter.

We were sitting down to supper, when who should come in but the *Marquess's* gentleman, followed by the Mayor and Curate of the village. I no sooner saw them, but the apprehension of being discovered put me into such a fit of trembling and blushing, that it was well no one observed me. The stranger addressing himself to my father, enquired if one of his daughters did not sometimes carry provisions to certain workmen in the Forest? "Yes, Sir," answered my father, "that is she." "Come hither," says he, speaking to me, "how
" have

“ have you contrived to bring all this good com-
 “ pany hither ?” The very tone of his voice
 struck a terror into me, ‘ Don’t be frightened,
 ‘ pretty maid,’ cried the *Valet de Chambre* seeing
 me in so much confusion, ‘ these gentlemen and
 ‘ I intend you no harm ; and though it is by his
 ‘ Majesty’s orders, which my Lord *Marquess*
 ‘ has received, we shall say nothing to Miss
 ‘ but what is very agreeable.’ “ Her name is
 “ *Jenny*, at your service,” cried my father, in-
 terrupting him, “ we have no Miss here.” “ If
 “ she has not had that title yet,” replied the
 Curate very solemnly, “ she may hereafter. But
 “ that is neither here nor there. This gentle-
 “ has something to say to you, and deserves
 “ your thanks for the pains he has taken to find
 “ out your daughter. We have been at twenty
 “ places before we came hither. The first we
 “ enquired of was *John Le Moine* your gossip,
 “ then of *James Rouffy*, after that we were
 “ with *Thomas La Vigne*, never dreaming of
 “ you, being of so little note. However it is all
 “ come out, and I am not sorry for it.”

This harangue of the Curate’s put me to the
 blush, as there was no occasion for his running
 us down at such a rate.

‘ I was going to inform you,’ says the *Valet*
de Chambre, ‘ that my Lord *Marquess* has or-
 ‘ dered me to make enquiry after a girl who was
 ‘ on the road leading to —, last *Wednesday* when
 ‘ the King passed by. The occasion of this is,
 ‘ he gave his Majesty an account of the ex-
 ‘ traordinary surprise with which she was seized
 ‘ at his presence. The King was so well pleased
 ‘ with

“ with the accident, that he has sent a gratuity by him. And since you are the person, Miss, I will go and acquaint my Lord *Marques*.” “ No, no,” cried my mother, overjoyed at what she heard, “ I will take her to him myself; it will be too much trouble for him to come hither, nor is this place fit to receive him in.”

The Curate approved of it; but the *Valet de Chambre*, who knew his errand, very readily replied, that it was highly improper; “ My Lord,” says he, “ is intrusted with the execution of the King’s orders, and to my knowledge will not be wanting in the least tittle. Do you stay here, and I will acquaint him with my good success, which will be very acceptable, as he is a man who very much delights in acts of generosity.”

He went out as soon as he had done speaking, followed by the Curate, who, big with the honour of being concerned in an affair where the King’s name was employed, gave me a tap on the cheek, bidding me “ be a good girl, and God would bless me.”

We remained entranced with what had passed, till our neighbours, who had been upon the watch, came in crowds, and awaked us with their compliments upon this occasion, seasoned with an air of envy they could not disguise. As to my brother and sister, they took so little care to hide their jealousy, that my father easily discovered it, and reprimanded them accordingly. The adventure affected him very much, and as he did not want sense, he began to see through the
the

the little ill offices that had been done me. “ Good
 “ luck attends her,” says he, speaking to the
 neighbours that were present, “ and did so at
 “ her birth. She is good natured enough, and
 “ with God’s grace, and the Reverend Doctor’s
 “ good advice, she may come to something.”

Whilst my father was thus entertaining himself
 and his neighbours, my thoughts were not idle.
 As simple as I was, I could so far unravel this
 adventure, as to see it was owing to my letter,
 and no more than a pretext for an opportunity
 of seeing me often, without giving umbrage;
 and perhaps with a view of doing me some
 service.

I was charmed with the dextrous method he
 had taken, and easily conceived it was only a
 stratagem, though I was willing to allow it the
 most favourable name. What a happy meeting!
 said I to myself. Who knows but my fortune
 is made, and I may one day bid adieu to the
 village! On the other hand, I was not without
 ominous apprehensions; possibly this Nobleman,
 thought I, with all his protestations of love, may
 only design my ruin! The adventure of a young
 woman of the neighbourhood, which happened
 but two years before, and I had just been ac-
 quainted with, raised this suspicion, which other-
 wise perhaps had never entered my head: Ex-
 amples oftentimes strongly influence our con-
 duct, and it is frequently owing to the misfor-
 tunes we see in others, that we shun what might
 otherwise be inevitable: A faithful mirror! and
 well deserves to be consulted. But to return to
 this young person, whose too great credulity and
 unthinking vanity proved her ruin.

Her

Her name was *Charlot*; she was handsome, well shaped, and of so sweet a temper, as endeared her to all her acquaintance. Her circumstances, it is true, were but mean, yet she had very advantageous matches proposed to her, the most inconsiderable of which was a very sufficient provision for life. But through inexperience she overlooked such favourable prospects. Her father, indeed, who judged better, pressed her very much to come to a resolution, and by a proper choice to advance herself in the world: But the amiable temper of his daughter was an invincible charm to hinder him from laying an absolute command, in opposition to the dislike she had taken to matrimony. Things remained in this situation for some years, till a fatal accident, she little expected, brought on her ruin, and an unavailing regret for having preferred her own inclinations to those of her friends.

Going one day to sell fruit at *Fontainebleau*, she heard somebody call to her from a window. Upon this she went up to the house, which made a great appearance, and was met at the door by a servant, who shewed her into an apartment very sumptuously furnished. She found a young person sitting there in a rich night-gown. As soon as he saw her, 'Come in, sweet-heart,' says he, 'let us see your fruit, it should be good.' She readily uncovered the basket, and, huckster like, assured him very seriously, no better could be bought. While she was thus employed in setting off her fruit, the young Nobleman (for such he was) considered her very attentively.

The

The Duke of ———, the person she was talking with, was now in the twenty-fourth year of his age; much given to women and pleasures, to which purpose a certain part of his income was entirely dedicated. A handsome black man, his eyes lively beyond imagination. His decent carriage and apparently modest behaviour, were bewitching allurements to such as were unacquainted with him. Debauched as he was, in satisfying his appetites he never employed treachery, but, like many others, was ruled by his *Valet de Chambre*, one *Dupin*, the base purveyor to his darling passion.

As to *Charlot*, she always went very neat; her behaviour and sweetness of temper, seconded by her beauty, soon made a conquest of the Duke's affections. 'There is nothing about you,' says he, 'but what is charming; your basket of fruit is what I take the least notice of.' 'Your goodness, Sir,' says she, 'is pleased to think so; but from a country girl you must not expect a suitable reply to such compliments. I have often heard that you fine gentlemen take a pleasure in diverting yourselves at the cost of poor simple girls like myself.' 'How!' said the *Duke* interrupting her, 'I see you do not know me: My sincerity was never questioned, for I scorn to say one thing and mean another; but since you are pleased to be of a contrary opinion, I have done.' 'I do not pretend,' replied she, 'that you said any thing I can take amiss, or that you had any such intention.' 'No certainly,' continued the *Duke*, unwilling to frighten her from coming

coming again: 'Well, say no more of that; I have a mind to buy your fruit, that is the business; I shall be glad to have more another time.' Saying this he made her a genteel bow, and retired to his closet, after he had ordered his *Valet de Chambre* to take care of her. 'Shew her,' said he, 'the larder, that she may breakfast, and let her be paid.' A glance of his eye informed *Dupin* how to behave; it was what he had been often used to. He treated *Charlot* with great respect, paid her double the worth of her fruit, and under pretence of enquiring where it grew, learnt her place of abode. He insisted on her promising to call again, and assured her the *Duke* would take her fruit as often as she came to town. In a word, her complaisance was such, that she went away very well satisfied, with a full resolution to come again as soon as possible.

Her father's subsistence was a large orchard, which some years turned to a very considerable account. He was mightily pleased to hear what an advantageous market his daughter had made, and with the prospect of selling his fruit upon the same terms for the future. Two days after he sent her again to town; she was immediately admitted at the *Duke's*, who behaved with the same moderation as before, and she returned home better pleased than she was the first day.

The third time she came, who should open the door but the *Duke* himself, very richly dressed; a handsome well-made man, as was before mentioned. *Charlot* took but too much notice of him. 'You seem surprised, my

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‘ pretty maid,’ said the *Duke*, ‘ to see me come
 ‘ to the door myself; I think my servants are
 ‘ all lost: But they often serve me thus; they
 ‘ know my good nature, and are apt to abuse it;
 ‘ come in, they will be here soon, we can chat
 ‘ in the mean time.’ Upon this he led her into
 a parlour fitted up in the most elegant taste.
 “ Lord,” cried *Charlot*, “ what a fine place!”
 ‘ Yes, my pretty one,’ replied the *Duke*, ‘ it
 ‘ is so whilst you are in it. Sit down, my
 ‘ angel, lay aside you basket. Come, come,’
 continued he, seeing she made a difficulty of
 doing it; ‘ sit down, I say, you are at home
 ‘ here, use no ceremony: I am a stranger to
 ‘ you, otherwise you would know I am a great
 ‘ enemy to all formality.’ At last she was pre-
 vailed with to sit.

‘ My *Valet de Chambre* informs me,’ con-
 tinued the *Duke*, ‘ that you live at N———:
 ‘ I go sometimes that way, I’ll call and eat some
 ‘ cream with you; I am fond of it, but from
 ‘ your hand it will be delicious; for to be plain
 ‘ with you *Charlot*, the first moment I beheld
 ‘ you, my heart was dedicated to your service.
 ‘ How happy should I be to gain your favour!
 ‘ Why don’t you speak?’ added he, taking
 her by the hand, ‘ Why this silence? It
 ‘ puts me on the rack.’ “ What you have
 “ been saying, my *Lord*,” answered *Charlot*
 with her usual sweetness, “ has covered me with
 “ confusion: This is the first time of my hear-
 “ ing such things, how should I be able to make
 “ any answer? I wish I had sense enough to do
 “ it; but the simplicity of a country life”——
 ‘ That

‘ That adorable simplicity,’ replied the *Duke* in transports, ‘ is one of your greatest charms !
‘ How much more preferable would the whole
‘ sex be, if adorned with that, as well as with
‘ your other ravishing graces ! But you don’t
‘ understand me, unfortunate wretch as I am !
‘ if my eyes speak not for me, (alas, alas,
‘ *Charlot* !) words can never express a passion
‘ like mine.’ All this while he grasped her hands, kissed and bathed them with his tears ; in a word, acted the part of a man overwhelmed with affliction. *Charlot* was naturally tender ; these gestures and expressions, far different from that she had ever been acquainted with ; the handsome person of her admirer ; her young heart susceptible of an impression ; all put together, perplexed her exceedingly. “ I am much concerned,” said she with an air of compassion, “ that I should be the cause of your giving way thus to affliction : Had I foreseen it I would never have come near the house ” “ On the contrary,” replied the *Duke* with great earnestness, ‘ the sight of you can only afford me relief ; those eyes must pronounce me happy or miserable. What would I not give, that you could view the inmost thoughts of my soul ! you would see how you triumph there !’ Saying this, he endeavoured to take her in his arms ; She was too discreet to suffer it, but rising up, told him with a bashful blush, she plainly saw it was time for her to be gone. She made towards the door in order to go out, when the *Duke* throwing himself before her, cried out, ‘ Stay, my angel, you are mistress here, and
C 2 ‘ have

‘ have nothing to fear : Stay, stay, I will do
‘ whatever you require, I will provide a husband
‘ for you ; I will settle you handsomely in the
‘ world.’ “ I am too young,” she replied,
“ to make any answer to such things : In the
“ name of goodness let me go.” Saying this she
wept bitterly. The *Duke* convinced that he only
lost his labour, endeavoured to pacify her, and
with great difficulty, at last compassed it. The
Valet de Chambre’s coming in put an end to her
fears. Nevertheless she returned home with a
disquiet of mind arising from love ; the scene
she had beheld, had its effect ; her heart was en-
tangled, and in a few days she longed as much
to see the *Duke*, as she was before desirous to
avoid him. It is true, her good sense enabled
her to resist any thoughts of returning ; but this
force upon her inclinations was so violent, as
very much prejudiced her health. She grew very
pale, as we all remarked, though we could not
so much as guess at the cause.

Eight days were now passed without her hear-
ing any thing of the *Duke*, when he came to the
village and enquired after a man whose daughter
had brought him fruit. As he was the only one
in the place that dealt in that commodity, he
was soon known, and the *Duke* ordered all he
had to be sent home ; he then took a fancy to
walk in the orchard where it grew, *Charlot*’s
father waiting upon him all the while. By the
time he imagined his project succeeded, he re-
tired.

While the father was taken up in attending
the *Duke*, his subtle *Valet de Chambre* applied
himself

himself to the daughter. He exerted all his eloquence to seduce her, and draw her to *Fontainebleau*, in order to comply with his master's passion.

He took a great deal of pains to set off his birth, wealth, and person; he laid before her the great advantages that might be made of such an amour; but all to no purpose. He changed his battery, and employed the appearance of virtue to draw her into vice. He proposed the making her a *Duchess*; which he assured should soon be brought about if she would come into his measures. He reminded her of her own condition, and that such an opportunity of aggrandizing herself was not to be neglected for any imaginary *punctilio*. Here her resolution began to fail her; love and ambition prevailed so far that she promised to come the next day to town, to see, as he expressed it, whether there was any design of imposing upon her.

Dupin acquainted the *Duke* before-hand with what had passed, and shewed him the necessity of dissembling with *Charlot*, if he hoped to succeed in his designs. 'Thou art certainly bantering me,' replied the *Duke*; 'though I love the girl to distraction, I will not enter into any engagement with her, which I do not intend to perform, much less to commit so great a folly as to marry her. Neither love nor money ought ever to countenance preposterous matches. Depend upon it, I will never follow the example of ———, who, in order to gratify his passion, was guilty of a thousand follies, and then, to crown the work,

C 3

mar-

‘ married his own maid. A very virtuous
‘ wife, perhaps, you will say; but I don’t
‘ much admire the artful methods she made
‘ use of to gain her ends. I could mention
‘ ———, who was drawn in to marry a
‘ baker’s daughter, by her taking advantages of
‘ his fear of sprites. His *Valet de Chambre*
‘ acted the part of an apparition, threatening him
‘ with eternal ruin, if he did not make an honest
‘ woman of her. He was heartily frightened, and
‘ the plot succeeded. The Earl of ——— is
‘ much in the same situation. He lay under ob-
‘ ligations to a poor girl who had saved his life,
‘ and rather than part with twenty thousand
‘ livres, which she deserved at his hands, he
‘ very fairly married her to save his money. I
‘ might reckon up a great many more unequal
‘ marriages; these parts furnish many examples,
‘ but they shall never prevail upon me to make
‘ one of the number. So take your own mea-
‘ sures for bringing the matter to bear: I own
‘ I am in love; but remember, I will neither
‘ make nor perform any engagement.’

The *Valet de Chambre* endeavoured with great earnestness to prevail upon him to talk with *Charlot*, at least in an ambiguous manner, on the subject he had entertained her with the night before: But all in vain. The *Duke* had honourable principles, though his youth hurried him into some excesses. When *Charlot* came, *Dupin* persuaded her not to insist upon any thing, assuring her that nothing could secure his master’s affections more than an entire confidence in his honour. ‘Your compliance,’
said

said he, 'with his request, will in a few days 'make you a *Duchess*.' And the better to satisfy her as to this particular, he reckoned up several examples, 'which makes the thing,' says he, 'evident beyond dispute.' *Charlot*, incapable of deceiving others, could not see through the artifices by which this villain at last drew her into the snare. The vanity of becoming a woman of quality, the high rank, and its consequences, with which she was flattered, dazzled her understanding; in fine, she agreed to spend a week at *Fontainebleau*, on condition her father would give his consent. A pretence was soon contrived. A message was sent in the *Duchess's* name, the *Duke's* mother, to her father, in order to have her to town; he thought himself much honoured in the affair, and sent her very willingly.

She was no sooner there, but all engines were at work to oblige and divert her. She began to relish a life of ease and pleasure; what put the finishing hand to the business was fine cloaths and dress, of which she had always been passionately fond. She fancied herself already a *Duchess*; here she faltered, and here her ruin was compleated.

Every day she expected to see the effect of *Dupin's* promises, and he as often found pretexts to put her off. Time slipped away, her lover was upon the point of going to Court, to which his rank and employment about the King's person called him. Her passion for the *Duke* was inexpressible, and as she was used by him with the greatest tenderness, she thought her-

self perfectly happy. But at last she found herself with-child, and the Duke gone to Court without bidding her farewell. His passion was fated, and almost worn out; the *Valet de Chambre* was directed to rid him of *Charlot*. The poor creature began to forbode her misfortunes; her commerce with the *Duke* had given her an insight into things; she was no longer a simple country girl. She saw plainly the danger she was in of being discarded: She had mentioned to her lover the promises made her in his name, but he disowned them: She wept, tore her hair, and took on bitterly, but all to no purpose, the *Duke* went away without the least emotion.

She taxed the *Valet de Chambre* with it: The villain threw the blame on his master, and was the first in calling him an impostor. But *Charlot*, now made desperate, was not to be put off with plausible pretences; she exclaimed so loudly against her deceivers, that the *Duke*, to whom *Dupin* had sent an account of her rage, apprehending the affairs becoming public, proposed a considerable sum of money towards getting her a husband. She stood out a long time, but convinced at last that her ruin was inevitable, she came to a resolution. She took the twenty thousand *livres*, part of which paid her portion in a monastery to which she retired, the rest she distributed among her relations. The affair made some noise; though till then it had been kept private, it was now no longer a secret to the whole village.

I had

I had been acquainted with this affair, which, with all its circumstances, came fresh into my memory on this occasion. I resolved with myself to be more wary and more discreet than the unhappy *Charlot*: In vain did my inclinations, prejudiced as they were, side with the *Marquess*, and set him off in the most favourable light. My virtue interposed; I determined never to swerve from its dictates, and as often as my heart should give occasion, to call it to my assistance. From that moment I have constantly adhered to this maxim, and have just reason to look upon it as the foundation of all my good fortune. Under the direction of so good a guide there is no danger of going astray.

I was taken up with these reflections, when word was brought of the *Marquess's* arrival; he came leading the *Countess*, and was followed by a great deal of company, whom he found at the Castle: He had already acquainted them with what had happened when I met the King on the road, and the gratuity his Majesty had ordered. But he did not inform them that the affection, he had at that instant taken to me, had put him upon laying the circumstances of my adventure before the King in such moving terms, as laid his Majesty under a kind of necessity of shewing me some regard. The company were so well pleased with the account, that they all resolved to see in what manner I should behave on the occasion. This gave the *Countess* an opportunity of informing them, that the *Marquess* of L—V—, father to the young Nobleman, was my Godfather. The young *Marquess* was secretly trans-

ported with this discovery, and which afterwards served him for a pretence when, under his father's name, he gave me so many signal proofs of his love and generosity.

As the company drew near, we advanced to meet her Ladyship. She no sooner saw me, but she called out, 'Come hither, my dear *Jenny*, I am overjoyed that you begin so early to taste the sweets of your good fortune: Don't be afraid,' continued she, seeing me in great confusion, 'we know your education has been such as a village affords. How do you like my God-daughter, my Lord? Her carriage is not the politest, but with good instruction, she may make some figure in the world.' "Indeed, Madam," replied the *Marquess*, "your Ladyship must pardon me; I think this pretty creature very well behaved; she wants but little improvement to be as you would have her." The company busied themselves in commending me; one extolled my beauty, my neatness and fancy in my country attire; another praised my complexion; a third thought my hand and arm much beyond what is usual in low life: In a word, every one contributed something to increase the perplexity I was in. As to my father, he afforded no small diversion with his, 'She's your servant; No indeed; I wish she were.' My mother made no answer, but a great many courtesies; whilst I was the only one who did not dare to look up; and if any thing about me could create delight, it must have been the extreme confusion I laboured under.

When the first volly of compliments were over,

over, the *Marquess*, addressing himself to me with as much respect as if I had been a *Dutchess*, said, “The King has commanded me, my pretty one, to put into your hands this purse of thirty *Louis d’Or’s*: You owe it to the singular satisfaction you expressed at seeing his person, an account of which was given him: I am exceedingly pleased he thought fit to employ me on this occasion, and the more so, as I find, by this Lady’s information, that my father stood with her at your christening. It is what I was unacquainted with before, but I dare engage my father will be extremely pleased to hear of this adventure.” “That you may assure yourself,” replied the *Countess*. “But *Fenny*, what do you say to my Lord *Marquess*? You must thank him for the pains he has taken.” I made him a courtesy, and acknowledged the favour, but in so low a voice, that I dare say no body could tell what I said, nor indeed, did I know very well myself. “Mind,” says the *Countess*, winking on the company, “how I shall put her to it: Come, *Fenny*,” continued she, “tell us sincerely what you will do with your money? How will you lay it out.” “Since you are pleased, Madam, to command me,” answered I, “the best use I can put his Majesty’s bounty to, is to give it to my mother.” “How!” said the *Marquess* hastily, “won’t you keep some for your own use?” “Indeed, my Lord,” I replied, scarce daring to look in his face, “I don’t want any thing; I shall only beg of her to have me taught to write, that if ever I should be at

“ any distance, I may be able to enquire after
 “ her health.” He was charmed with my ready
 answer, which he understood perfectly well by
 my letter which *Colin* wrote. ‘ Ah! Madam,’
 cried he, turning to the *Countess*, ‘ how com-
 ‘ mendable is this desire of improvement! it
 ‘ would be barbarous to the last degree, not to
 ‘ second it.’ ‘ It is not my design,’ replied the
Countess smiling, ‘ to be guilty of any such
 ‘ thing; I will see if I too can’t do something
 ‘ proper for the King to be informed of. *Fenny*,’
 says she to me, ‘ I will carry you home with me,
 ‘ this very evening, if you have a mind; are
 ‘ you willing to go?’ Upon this, turning my-
 self to my mother; “ You are the properest
 “ person, dear *Mama*,” said I, “ to consider
 “ what answer we ought to return to my God-
 “ mother’s great goodness.” But my father
 saved her the trouble, telling her Ladyship, he
 thought himself much honoured by such a favour.
 The *Countess*, turning to the *Marquess*, told
 him, she undertook the charge of me, and
 would endeavour to make me deserve the notice
 his Majesty had been pleased to honour me with.
 ‘ Take your leave, *Fenny*,’ said she to me,
 turning about and followed by the company. I
 embraced my mother and the rest of the family
 with tears in my eyes, feeling at that instant the
 force of nature in an upright heart. Here I was
 not at a loss, but gave full scope to my affections;
 so true it is, that shame accompanies only irre-
 gular passions. I gave the purse to my mother,
 who told me in a whisper, she would not fail to
 buy me some new cloaths fit to appear in.
 Having

Having taken my leave, I followed the company, who were now at some distance. My mother did not leave me till I had joined them, nor then neither, till she had charged me to be always good, and never to forget that no true happiness could be expected without it.

The *Marquess* often looked back. He no sooner saw me alone, but coming up to me, ‘How happy, dearest *Fenny*, am I’ says he, ‘to have it in my power to see you, and from time to time to renew such delightful satisfaction! I wish I could make you comprehend, how dear so long an absence has cost me.’ “I am very sensible, my Lord,” answered I, “how much I am indebted to your generosity: I hope you will accept of the acknowledgments I make, though they are far short of what they ought to be; you must attribute it to my small capacity, and the company I have been used to; they were no better than myself, and it could not be expected but I should be much confused on such occasions; perhaps, when I have been some time with my God-mother, I may learn more breeding.” ‘Your good sense charms me,’ replied the *Marquess*: ‘it wants only a little improvement; but, you must learn to distinguish your friends. And give me leave, my dear *Fenny*, not to lose this favourable opportunity, but to speak as becomes the sincerest friend you have. You are beautiful, and will every day be more so: The *Countess* sees much company, and consequently it cannot be long before addresses will be made to you. But remember, few young men are
‘ in

‘ in the same way of thinking with myself,
‘ they carry danger with them, and will leave
‘ no way untried to deceive you: If you listen
‘ to them, you must give me over for lost. I
‘ need not say any more at present of what I
‘ have to speak of, a little experience of the
‘ world will let you into part of it. In the
‘ mean time, endear yourself as much as possible
‘ to your God mother; bating the usual
‘ foibles of the sex, a good woman, and endowed
‘ with excellent qualifications worthy your imitation.
‘ Some other time I will give you her
‘ character as a model by which you may form
‘ your own; you see I don’t treat you like a
‘ child. Nevertheless I ought to ask your pardon
‘ for taking upon me to give you lessons: But
‘ the great share I must bear in every thing that
‘ concerns you, makes me thus look forwards
‘ into your affairs. I must not forget to acquaint
‘ you that her Ladyship has a daughter,
‘ who, as she is much inferior in point of beauty,
‘ will be jealous of you from the first moment.
‘ Her brother is a handsome young gentleman,
‘ and I have reason to think will be as little able
‘ to resist your charms as myself; this gives me
‘ some uneasiness, as well as his having continual
‘ opportunities of seeing you. He will
‘ make love, and perhaps gain upon your affections:
‘ If so, what must become of me!’

“ I don’t know,” answered I, “ what love
“ is; I have hitherto lived very happy, unacquainted
“ with any uneasiness, but what arose
“ from seeing my mother in affliction, or the
“ peevishness of my brother and sister. There
“ is

“ is nothing but your generous behaviour towards—” “ No more of generosity,” replied he: “ I am in pain when you bestow that name on such trifling marks of the most tender friendship. You are not yet acquainted with me; when you are, you will be sensible, how happy I am in this small opportunity of shewing how tenderly I love you.” “ Lord!” said I smiling, “ you are always talking of love: Let it rest till I know what it is, and whether a maid may be allowed to hear of it.” “ I’ll teach you what it is,” replied he. “ No, no, my Lord,” I cried, “ my mother has often charged me never to listen to men; since all they say only tends to impose upon us: I dare say my God-mother is of the same opinion.” “ Take care,” replied the *Marquess* very earnestly, “ that you never mention a word to her concerning my passion. She is of a jealous temper, of which more hereafter; it may prevent my seeing of you, and upon that my very life depends.” “ Nay then,” added I, “ there must be harm in it, since you are afraid to let it be known.” “ No, my dearest *Jenny*, there is none; have a better opinion of me.” I was about to reply: I found a facility in doing it, that surprized me. I was under no restraint with the *Marquess*; and if he had been one of my play-fellows, I could not have reasoned with greater freedom. I was about, I say, to enquire why he should give himself this preference, when my God-mother turning about, called to me. Upon our coming up to her, “ How now!” says she to me, “ What, are you listening to the
“ *Marquess*?”

‘ *Marquess* ? What subject has he been upon ?
‘ Love to be sure. Remember, *Fenny*, it is
‘ poison, and often times fatal.’ “ I know no-
“ thing of the matter, *Madam*,” answered I :
“ My Lord, to divert himself, I suppose, has
“ been enquiring after our country amusements,
“ and I have given him the best account I can.”
‘ It is very true,’ says he, ‘ this pretty crea-
‘ ture has described them in so lively a manner,
‘ that I prefer them far beyond the pleasures of a
‘ town life.’ The *Countess* rallied him on his new
taste ; the company took up the subject, till,
without perceiving it, we had reached the Castle.

The *Countess* was no sooner in her apartment,
but she called for *Mademoiselle de Parc* : She had
been formerly her waiting woman, though at
present had no other employment but to govern
her Ladyship, as well as the rest of the family.
She might have some fifty years over her head,
was lean and wrinkled ; a countenance much
upon the wheedler and devotee ; she would al-
ways be of your opinion till you had placed a
confidence in her, which she was sure to make
a handle of, to tyrannize with impunity. She
knew the intrigues of a family ; was always find-
ing fault, except her avarice interposed : She
loved money, and made no secret of it upon
proper occasions : Any fault would be excused
where presents meditated a pardon. It was to
this antiquated piece of formality I was given in
charge : ‘ I recommend my God-daughter to
‘ your care for education,’ said the *Countess* to
her ; ‘ she is good conditioned, and naturally
‘ well-inclined : I make no doubt but she will
‘ advance

advance apace under your direction. Do you know the King has taken notice of her, and given thirty *Louis d'Ors*?" "Thirty *Louis d'Ors*!" cried *Mademoiselle de Parc* interrupting her: "no little matter, I assure you: "Where are they?" "Her good nature," replied the *Countess*, prevailed on her to give them to her mother." "She had done better to have kept them," replied the old *Abigail* with a frown, "I could have laid them by for her as well as another. Who knows what may happen? How could she be so giddy! She would have known where to find them at a pinch." "That is not the business we are about," said the *Countess*, interrupting her; "where will you lay her? Why in my chamber," answered *de Parc*; "where can she be better?" "That is true said the *Countess*, 'but the first thing she is set about, must be to learn to write: When she can do that, I will take her to *Versailles*, where she shall return the King thanks for his bounty in her own hand-writing; it may possibly engage him to continue it.'" "Very true," replied my new governess; "that is no bad thought." During this conversation I never opened my lips: My heart misgave me; I dreaded my present situation, and with regret looked back upon that I had just now left. After much discourse of this kind, *Mademoiselle de Parc* seized on me as her prey, and ever after followed me like my shadow.

The *Marquess* staid some time at the Castle, during which he continually sought for an opportunity

portunity to speak with me: But this was no easy matter, as I was always with my governess, or else in the *Countess's* bed-chamber, learning to embroider. I sometimes met his eyes, and learnt from them how disagreeable this restraint was to him; by degrees I became acquainted with their language. Whilst he staid, nothing affected me but the endearing reflection of being beloved by him: I apprehended no harm in amusing myself with the idea of him; gratitude, methought, required it of me: Frivolous pretext! Fatal mistake! a fire lay hid under it, whose gentle heat pleased at present, but soon broke out with great violence. *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, the *Countess's* daughter, was about fifteen years of age; of a fair complexion, the only personal advantage she was mistress of: Her eyes large and dull, but in that particular, impostors; for she did not want wit, though at that time it was unequal, and not very taking. Her countenance deceives one; she being in appearance good-natured and engaging, but in reality envious and sullen. In consideration of favours received from her mother, when at her house, I would gladly have omitted this character; but it was impracticable to proceed in my story without bringing her upon the stage, as several future events will be found entirely owing to her treachery and malice. All I can do in this case is to soften the touches, when I shall have occasion to speak of her hereafter. To this day my revenge has been very favourable; but if she should know me again, it will be her interest to keep her own secret. My little experience did

did not prevent my discerning the uneasiness my arrival at the Castle created in her. When every one else took a liking to me, she was in a different way of thinking, and by her haughty behaviour diminished the good opinion others had of me: I was very sensible of her coldness, or rather her envy, in my regard. It gave me some concern. The *Chevalier* her brother was in the other extreme: From the first moment he began to fancy me, I was convinced of it by his behaviour and his discourse: he looked upon me as an agreeable amusement for the time he was to stay at the Castle. My innocent and unaffected carriage seemed to promise him an easy conquest. In a word, he was exactly what the *Marquess* had described; tall and well shaped; his behaviour, in appearance obliging, but in reality far from it: Very passionate, and, like his sister, excessively haughty. Where he endeavoured to please, he would artfully disguise these ill qualities; but if the success did not answer, he was sure to employ artifice and force. I had leisure enough to study both their characters, and the usage I met with from their hands taught me by fatal experience, never to form an opinion of any one from the first impression, nor contract a friendship, unless with those whom, by a moral certainty, I knew to be of a character very opposite to theirs.

The *Marquess* had the dexterity the day before he left the Castle, to contrive an opportunity of speaking with me, whilst I was in the *Countess's* room at my work, and a great deal of company present, who dined at the Castle.

He

He proposed *Pharaon* to her Ladyship, and under pretence of not understanding the game, prevailed upon her, with very little difficulty, to hold the bank for him. The company immediately engaged, and through their eagerness at play, *Mademoiselle de Parc*, the *Marquess* and myself were soon left alone. He offered her a *Louis d'Or* to venture with, in which she should go halves if she had good luck. This was a temptation not to be resisted. Her back was no sooner turned, but addressing himself to me, ‘How happy am I, my dearest *Jenny*,’ said the *Marquess*, ‘in this opportunity of talking with you! I have long sought for it: What would I give to enjoy it every day! I am going, my lovely creature; I cannot stay any longer without discovering what it is that fixes me here. May I not enquire before I go what place I may have in your affection? Speak, my angel, do not refuse me this satisfaction? Life’s a burthen to me without, at least, the hopes of gaining your affections. Consider it is very uncertain when I shall be able to see you again, and yet that is the only comfort left me, in the situation in which my passion for you has placed me.” He uttered this with so much tenderness that I could not forbear looking at him, fetching a deep sigh at the same time. ‘What means that sigh, my charmer?’ cried he, in the most affectionate manner. ‘Am I so happy, sincere as I am, to move your compassion?’ ‘Ah! my Lord, replied I, leave me, I beg; whenever you are near, or speak to me, I am not myself. What do you aim

“at?

“ at? Why do you pursue a young creature of
“ my low condition? I know very well my
“ distance; yet I am not afraid to say, that as
“ great as you are, if your designs are disho-
“ nourable, they shall never succeed.” “ God
“ forbid,” cried he, “ that I should have such a
“ thought. All I desire is to love you and ob-
“ tain your favour.” “ Alas! to what pur-
“ pose?” answered I. “ Why does every
“ gentleman say the same? Is it the fashion at
“ *Paris*? In all my life I never heard so much
“ of love as within these eight days I have been
“ here.” “ How!” cried the *Marquess*, quite
amazed, “ this is the first time I could ever have
“ an opportunity of making my addressee to you.”
“ As if you were the only one!” answered I
very innocently! “ All the other gentlemen
“ are continually upon the same strain; but in
“ particular the *Countess*’s son never suffers me
“ to have a moment’s quiet.” “ Heavens!”
says the *Marquess* interrupting me “ sure he is
“ not in love with you?” “ I cannot tell what
“ it is to be in love,” replied I; “ but if every
“ one is in love, that says so, he certainly is.”
“ And what answer do you make him?” cried
the *Marquess* with great earnestness. “ Really
“ I take so little notice of what he says,” answered
I, “ that I can give no account. But this I
“ know very well, I should not be sorry if he
“ concerned himself no more with me than his
“ sister does.” “ May I depend upon this, my
“ dear *Jenny*?” said the *Marquess* a little re-
covered. “ Don’t you find a pleasure in hear-
“ ing him?” “ Ah! not in the least,” an-
swered

swered I very simply ; “ so far from it, that
“ one word of yours makes a much greater im-
“ pression on me than a hundred of his.”
“ How she charms me !” cried the *Marquess*.
“ How happy should I be if I were convinced of
“ what she says with so much sincerity ! I would
“ not change my condition with any thing the
“ whole world affords. Repeat it once more,
“ my lovely dear : You restore me to life ; my
“ whole happiness depends on that acknowledg-
“ ment.” “ Heavens ! what have I said ?” re-
plied I, astonished to see him thus transported.
“ What is it that pleases you so much ? Perhaps
“ I may have done amiss without knowing it ?”
“ No, no,” said he, interrupting me hastily ;
“ never think of acting otherwise. If your
“ heart has explained itself, don’t contradict it ;
“ it shall never repent its condescensions in my
“ behalf.” “ My heart has said nothing !”
answered I, interrupting in my turn very briskly.
“ If I have let drop any words without know-
“ ing their meaning, you ought not to take any
“ advantage from thence.” “ What ! am I to
“ go away then,” replied the *Marquess*, “ over-
“ whelmed with vexation and regret ? Your
“ heart says nothing ! To another it may possi-
“ bly speak. Farewel life, since I have incurred
“ your hatred.” These last words were spoke in
so moving an accent, that they affected me very
much : I looked at him and the extreme sorrow
I saw in his countenance, made me heartily re-
pent I had been the occasion of it. “ Good
“ God !” I cried with great anxiety, “ what a
“ misfortune is it not to know how to express
“ one’s

“one’s self! that is the reason I am thought to
“say one thing when I mean another. Why
“should you afflict yourself in this manner? It
“was far from my intention. Besides it is
“wrong in you to give any heed to a person,
“who has not wit enough to answer you:
“Have but patience till I have learnt some
“from my God-mother, and then I will say
“nothing that will give offence.” He could
not forbear smiling at my ingenuity. “There
“it is again!” cried I. “This moment you
“were ready to cry; and now I have made some
“blunder you are laughing at me. Very well!
“it is high time for me to hold my tongue.” I
spoke this with some warmth, and fell to my
work without taking the least notice of a thousand
passionate and tender expressions he employed to
pacify me.

At last, wearied out with my obstinacy, the
Marquess remained silent: Imagining he was
gone, I looked up hastily to see what was be-
come of him, but was much out of countenance
to find him looking steadfastly on me. “You
“certainly design my death,” said he, “since
“you will not vouchsafe me a word, nor so
“much as a look. What have I done to de-
“serve such usage? I go then with a heavy heart:
“Cruel creature! farewell for ever.” This
moved me: I was obliged, methought, to justify
myself from such an imputation: Of how great
force is prejudice in the conduct of our lives!
“No, my lord,” answered I with some
warmth, “my behaviour deserves no such in-
“jurious names. I am not, nor ever was
“cruel

“cruel to any thing; so far from it, I cannot
 “see a lamb killed without crying. I never
 “could hurt the least thing; even when my
 “brother and sister have fallen upon me, I
 “would not so much as defend myself for fear
 “of hurting them. Judge then if I deserve
 “to be called cruel.” Had I gone on, the
Marquess would have given me the hearing, so
 well was he pleased with my ingenuous sim-
 plicity; but love places every thing in a fa-
 vourable light. ‘I ask your pardon, my dearest
 ‘*Fenny,*’ said the *Marquess*, ‘if I have of-
 ‘fended you: The word *cruel* does not mean
 ‘*ill-natured*; however, had you persisted in not
 ‘making me any answer, you certainly would
 ‘have deserved to be called so. But now you
 ‘have restored me to life, and I will never use
 ‘that word again. There is no time to be lost,
 ‘the company may perhaps give over play very
 ‘soon, and I should never have forgiven myself
 ‘if I had omitted to settle one point before I
 ‘go. I design to send *Dubois* (his *Valet de*
 ‘*Chambre*) twice a week under a pretended
 ‘compliment to the *Countess*, that I may hear
 ‘from you. At another opportunity I will ac-
 ‘quaint you what method I have used to pre-
 ‘vent her taking any umbrage at it. *Dubois*
 ‘will find means to speak to you, and bring me
 ‘your answers, which in some measure may
 ‘alleviate what I must suffer from your absence.
 ‘Besides, I shall take all opportunities possible
 ‘to wait on you, so as not to be observed. At
 ‘present I shall not press to know what place I
 ‘have in your affections, since you seem to be
 ‘so

‘ so averſe to the giving me that ſatisfaction ;
‘ however I ſhall be able to form ſome judge-
‘ ment of it, by your earneſtneſs to learn to
‘ write, and, I flatter myſelf, I ſhall then find
‘ I am not altogether diſagreeable to you.’ He
was going on, when my *Governeſs* came to us
with joy in her countenance : ſhe had won four
Louis d’Ors, and was bringing the *Marqueſs*
his ſhare. ‘ Pray, Madam,’ ſays he, ‘ keep
‘ them yourſelf ; they may be lucky to you an-
‘ other time. When I return to *Versailles*, I
‘ intend to play for you there, and ſee whether
‘ the ſame fortune attends you in deep play.
‘ The only return I deſire is, that you would be
‘ careful of this child ; you may poſſibly find
‘ your account in it hereafter.’ This was taking
her on the weak ſide, eſpecially as ſhe knew the
Marqueſs’s generoſity and exactneſs in keeping
his word. “ You need ſay no more, my
“ Lord,” ſhe replied ; “ let me alone : I will
“ take the ſame care of her as if ſhe were my
“ own daughter. I am not to learn that our
“ young *Chevalier* is very ſweet upon her ; but
“ I ſhall watch him ſo narrowly, that he will
“ not find an opportunity of ſpeaking to her,
“ but when I am by : He and I are no ſtrangers
“ one to another ; and I am apt to think he will
“ not venture to take any liberties there.” The
company left off play juſt as ſhe had done ſpeaking.
The bank, it ſeems, was broke, and the *Counteſs*
came to acquaint the *Marqueſs* with his loſs ;
but he ſeemed very eaſy as to that particular.
Preſently a walk was agreed on, ſo that I was
left alone with *Mademoiſelle de Parc*, and ſoon

found the effects of the *Marquess's* civilities ; (for so she stiled the money and promises she had received from him) ; and indeed, ever after she used me with the greatest tenderness imaginable.

The *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, freed from the trouble of doing the honours of the house, applied himself very closely to me : Every moment he was urging his passion, and I was as backward in taking any notice of it. How widely different his manner of expressing himself from that of the *Marquess*, when compared together ! The one, though polite, yet haughty and breathing an air of superiority ; the other, on the contrary, complaisant, genteel, and accompanied with a deference, as if addressed by an inferior : this certainly was very taking, and, simple as I was, the difference was very remarkable.

The *Countess* soon perceived her son's inclination for me, and reprimanded him accordingly ; but this, far from having the desired effect, only increased his passion. It is true, he became more circumspect in his behaviour, but in a short time I found, by woeful experience, what terrible effects may be expected from a restraint, where the heart is not guided by a principle of virtue.

As for *Mademoiselle* his sister, I tried all methods to render myself acceptable to her ; she condescended to bear with me, but after a manner insupportably haughty. Whether the respectful behaviour of the *Marquess* had given me a wrong turn, or that naturally I was not disposed to submit, I found an infinite difficulty
in

in doing it to her. I often bewailed myself; to which perhaps the absence of the *Marquess* did not a little contribute, whose amiable behaviour was set off by every vexation I underwent. What a friend is solitude to love! I soon became acquainted with it, now no longer that ignorant girl who asked what it was. Its revenge was severe, making me feel the full extent of its power and violence. I fell away, lost my complexion and strength. My rest heretofore was undisturbed, but now I seldom enjoyed so great a blessing. I considered the circumstances of my situation; I was willing to hide their source from myself, and instead of blaming the impetuosity of my affections, I attributed what I suffered to my absence from my mother. But I was very soon convinced of my error.

The *Countess* judged as ill in the affair as myself, imagining the sight of my parents would be of service to me, in the condition to which she saw me reduced. They were sent for, and indeed afforded me some relief; but I received much more from the arrival of *Dubois*. He gave me an account of his master, and how much he was concerned at my absence. There was no occasion for explaining my sentiments to him; my countenance discovered more than my words could express.

From the time that the *Marquess* left the Castle, I had applied myself to learn to write; a *Valst de Chambre* belonging to the *Chevalier*, who wrote a fine hand, took a great pleasure in teaching me. I had just begun to join the letters, and, to give the *Marquess* a proof of my at-

tention to his requests, I took a childish pleasure in scrawling over a whole page. This, with great charge, I gave *Dubois*. He enquired very earnestly whether or no the *Chevalier* made love to me or not? I suppose it was part of his instructions. The answer I made was, that at first he did, but his mother, being apprised of it, had taken such methods, that now he durst not so much as open his mouth to me on that subject.

The day after *Dubois's* return to the *Marquess*, happened to be *Sunday*. I had made a friendship with my *Governess's* niece *Catharine*, for that was her name, besides an excellent temper, was mistress of a great deal of wit, and that improved by a genteel education. I have certainly great obligations to her, as she was the first that begun to polish the coarse breeding I had contracted at home. Her age as well as experience was superior to mine, but that did not hinder us from being inseparable companions. In the afternoon when church was done, her aunt walked with us into a neighbouring wood, where an opening was cut for the conveniency of hunting. *Mademoiselle de Parc* had a book in her hand, which gave us an opportunity of retiring to a little distance. Our conversation accidentally turning upon the *Countess*, she informed me that the *Count* and she had been for some years upon very indifferent terms; that it was not much in the world, though they very seldom met, he generally coming down into the country, when she returned to *Paris*, the only one point they agreed in. ‘Good God!’ cried I; ‘Is it possible

“ possible for married people to live at a distance
“ from each other? We never hear of any such
“ thing in our village: What can be the cause
“ of it?” “ Love on one side, and jealousy on the
“ other,” answered *Catharine*. “ The hus-
“ band dislikes his lady’s admirers; and the lady
“ cannot prevail upon herself to discard them.”
“ What!” says I, interrupting her, “ do people
“ think of gallantry after they are married?”
“ Yes, my dear *Fenny*,” replied she, “ It is
“ certainly very wrong; and yet nothing is
“ more frequent at *Paris*: There, interest,
“ not affection, commonly makes the match;
“ wretched custom taking place of reason.
“ The gentleman has his mistresses, the lady
“ her intrigues, live in the same house, and
“ seldom see the face of each other. It is true,
“ there are some husbands not so tractable, that
“ expect their wives should keep up to their
“ duty, though they do not think fit to shew
“ them the example: If the wife happens to be
“ head-strong, and will not comply, they come
“ to expostulations, and so part: Others,
“ like the *Count* and his Lady, compromise the
“ matter, and each lives as their fancy directs;
“ consequently they undergo less uneasiness, as
“ they are under less restraint: It has even
“ happened sometimes, that their complaisant
“ indifference for each other has brought about
“ a sincere reconciliation; this, it is true, is
“ rare, but examples are not wanting to con-
“ firm what I have said. As for the *Count* and the
“ *Countess*, your God-mother, I do not expect
“ they will ever be of that number: The *Countess*

“ is a woman of character, and has passed for
“ such in the world ; but she affects the air of
“ a coquet, loves to be thought amiable, and
“ more to be told so : For these last three
“ months she has been, to her insupportable mor-
“ tification, without an admirer : It is but since
“ the arrival of the *Marquess* of *L. V.* at the
“ Castle, that she has put on this air of spright-
“ liness and good-humour you see her in ; be-
“ fore he made his court she was ready to die
“ of melancholy. For some days he has been
“ very assiduous, and seems deeply in love.”
These last words went to my heart, and caused
such an emotion of my spirits, that I fainted
away on the grass where we sat. *Catharine*
lifted me up, and with some difficulty brought
me to myself. She did not in the least suspect
the real cause of my illness, it being presently
attributed to the indifferent health I had enjoyed
for some days past ; they led me back to the
Castle, and put me immediately to bed. *Ca-
tharine* left me, in order, she said, that I might
compose myself, assuring me that an hour or two,
if I could sleep, would set me to rights : I pre-
tended to be of the same opinion ; she had no
sooner shut the door, but I gave a loose to my
melancholy reflections.

Ah ! wretched creature, cried I, bursting into
tears, where is that tranquillity of mind I once
possessed ! What has thus reduced me to this
forlorn condition ? Why thus altered since the
Marquess's absence ? What is it to me if he
courts the *Countess* ? Why am I so deeply con-
cerned in the affair ? What means this af-
fliction.

fiction his absence brings upon me? Why should I, at these years, loath what was once so agreeable? Ah! it's but too evident. Barbarous Man! how could you say you loved me? Why should you thus deceive me? Did I compel you to profess a passion you are entirely void of? Why should you take any advantage of my too great credulity? Heavens! what brought me hither? What will become of me! Ah! *Charlot! Charlot!* I feel too plainly what you must have endured when abandoned by one you loved so well. I but judge of you by myself. Her whole adventure presented itself to my disturbed imagination, till, wearied out with tears and vexation, I fell into a profound sleep which much refreshed my exhausted spirits, and I awaked with some composure of mind.

I was going out of my chamber, but was prevented by the *Chevalier*; 'I am told,' says he, 'you have been out of order whilst you were taking the air; and yet I think you look pretty well.' "Likely enough," answered I, "but it must be owing to sleep, for I am not perfectly recovered." 'I am sorry for that,' replied he, 'something must be done: I will engage to cure you, if you let me be your physician; I can do more than all the doctors put together.' "Lord! Sir," answered I, my resentment against the *Marquess* not being entirely out of my head, "let me alone! I detest the whole sex of men," "That is only," answered the *Chevalier*, 'an effect of the spleen; they are not so contemptible neither, at least those of a certain turn.' This was spoke with

such an air of complacency in his own dear self, as plainly intimated he was one of the number. 'No, no, my dearest,' continued he, 'you will not always be so hard-hearted.' Saying this he offered to catch me in his arms; but I disengaged myself from him, crying out for help. This brought my *Governess*, who seized him as he was pursuing me, and after upbraiding him with the little respect he paid to his mother's commands, and assuring him that she at least should insist upon a different behaviour, shut him out with fury and indignation in his eyes.

'What would this fool be at here?' says she to me when we were alone. "I don't know," replied I, "he endeavoured to take me in his arms." 'You were in the right,' said she, 'to call out; you heard how I handled him, he'll not come this way again in haste.' 'He is very boisterous,' continued she, 'and we shall have no loss of him when he is gone, it will not be long first, as the *Countess* informs me. It is really a pity he should behave in this manner, he does not want sense, if he would but govern himself; he has an obliging air, which imposes on those who are not thoroughly acquainted with him. As for my part, I never liked a cloudy cast in his eyes, which makes one think he is always contriving some mischief or another.'

After this discourse we went to the *Countess's* apartment, little thinking to find the *Marquess* there. This surprize increased my resentment, and made him appear more criminal. I was very near starting at the sight of him, but shame and anger made me stand my ground.

He

He no sooner saw me, but coming up with great alacrity, 'How do you do, my charming *Fenny*? Good God!' cried he, seeing me nearer, 'how she is altered! What can be the meaning of this, my dear? What has befallen you since I was here?' In saying this he took hold of my hand; but I snatched it away again with indignation. 'She is very feverish,' continued he with an air of surprize at what I had done, though he seemed to stifle it. 'Madam,' said he, turning to the *Countess*, 'depend upon it the child is ill, she must be taken care of.' 'It will go off,' replied her Ladyship, 'it is only a little melancholy; I have sent for her mother to divert her. Come hither, *Fenny*, let me feel your pulse—You are in the right; she is in a fever; send for the doctor,' continued the *Countess*, speaking to my *Governess*, 'and put her to bed, and let somebody watch with her.' The *Marquess's* eyes were never off me, endeavouring to discover the cause of my vexation, which I had much ado to keep to myself. But I prevented him by making a courtesy and retiring. I was no sooner in my chamber, than I went to bed with many a melancholy reflection, the consequence of which was so violent a revolution, that in two hours the fever was augmented; and increased so fast afterwards, that by day break it redoubled, and I grew light-headed.

The extremity to which I was reduced, rendered me incapable of knowing what passed, so that I am beholden to *Catharine*, who never left my bed-side, for that part of my history.

The *Countess* was immediately informed of the danger I was in; she was much concerned, and ordered all possible care to be taken of me. Like many others, she dreaded the sick; even her own children in that condition must not have expected to see her: Nay, since that, I have met with persons whose apprehensions were carried to that pitch of extravagance, as not to converse with such as visited the sick. It happened luckily for the *Marquess* that my God-mother was not of this last number. The moment he heard how ill I was, he flew to my chamber; struck with the utmost consternation to see me in so much danger, he could not avoid discovering his passion. Happily nobody was present but my *Governess* and her niece: They soon perceived the occasion of his grief; his passionate exclamations convinced them that love was the source from whence they took their rise. He won their hearts by his generosity, not to say prodigality. ‘It is in vain,’ said he, ‘for me to hide any longer from you the cause of my grief; my life depends upon this child’s recovery.’ Saying this he drew out his purse, and gave it to *Mademoiselle de Parc*. ‘There are,’ continued he, ‘a hundred *Louis d’Or*, I beg your acceptance of them; not that I thereby limit my acknowledgements if you can save her life. And as for you,’ says he, turning to *Catharine*, ‘accept of this diamond as a reward for your concern: I am convinced you love my *Jenny*, and that’s enough to make you dear to me. I have a particular view in regard to this lovely young creature, whom I
‘adore,

'adore, from whose life my own is inseparable.
 'Ye Heavens! who know the purity of my intentions, restore her to me! Ah! *Jenny*,
 'Jenny,' continued he, bursting into tears, 'you
 'hear me not; alas! could I but save your life,
 'though at the expence of my own! Look up,
 'my angel, see the deplorable condition your
 'poor lover is reduced to! Good God! whence
 'comes this illness? I left her in perfect health.
 'Heavens! how she burns! her eyes are wide
 'open, and yet she does not see me!' A torrent
 of tears, which followed, scarce suffered him to
 speak to his *Valet de Chambre*, who came to receive his orders. 'Take post,' said he, 'fetch
 'hither immediately *Monsieur N——*. Lord!
 'what an unfortunate wretch am I!' His exclamations were so moving, that my *Gouverness*
 and her niece could not refrain mingling their
 tears with his. In the interim the *Countess* sent
 to desire his company below stairs. *Mademoiselle de Parc* prevailed upon him to disguise his grief,
 and advised him to leave the Castle next day, to
 prevent any discovery. "If you stay," says she,
 "you will not be able to contain yourself. The
 "Countess is quick of apprehension, and will
 "presently unravel the whole affair; especially
 "as you cannot refrain coming continually to
 "this room, though to no manner of purpose.
 "I would have you go, and make yourself
 "easy: She has youth and a good constitution
 "on her side, she'll work through it: Every
 "day you may depend upon hearing from me.
 "Believe me," continued she, seeing him irresolute what to do; "follow my advice, you
 D 6 "will.

“ will not repent it. When she begins to re-
 “ cover you may return ; whereas should your
 “ passion be discovered, the *Countess* will send
 “ *Jenny* home, and give the world an oppor-
 “ portunity to ruin her reputation.” This last
 argument prevailed with the *Marquess*: He retired,
 after he had kissed my hand, and the next day
 invented an excuse for leaving the Castle. It is
 true, the *Countess* endeavoured with great earnest-
 ness to detain him ; but the reasons he alledged,
 prevailed upon her to consent to his departure.
 At some distance he met *Monsieur de N—*,
 and his *Valet de Chambre* ; he recommended his
 patient to him, and besought him not to leave
 her till perfectly recovered. *Dubois* was charged
 not to stir till I was entirely out of danger.

The great care that was taken, joined to the
 skill of the physician, wrought a perfect cure in
 a fortnight's time. The account *Catharine* gave
 me of what had passed, forwarded my recovery
 very much. The grief, of which the *Marquess*
 had given such evident proofs, made a great im-
 pression on me. I found no difficulty in own-
 ing to them the occasion of this dangerous ill-
 ness: They both condemned my jealousy, and
 convinced me how unjust it was, by letting me
 see, that his supposed passion for the *Countess*
 was no more than a well-contrived expedient to
 be oftner near me. I likewise gave them to
 understand, that as much in love as I was, I
 would never fall into the snare, whereby poor
Charlot, whose adventure they had heard from
 me, threw herself away. *Mademoiselle de Parc*
 was so well pleased to hear my good resolutions,
 that

that she took me in her arms, promising never to abandon me, but to secure me from the attempts love might make upon my virtue. The presents she and her niece had received, influenced them to draw very advantageous consequences both for themselves and me. Every thing conspired to flatter my inclinations: My lover was the ordinary subject of our conversation, and every day I heard from him. Such an agreeable situation could not fail, by degrees, to dispell my apprehensions.

There was nothing now to molest me but the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, who gave us trouble enough, coming ten times a day into my room, for which there was no remedy: It not being proper to affront him, as I was in his mother's house, however vexatious his importunity might be. *Mademoiselle de Parc* afforded me some comfort, by promising she would prevent his having recourse to any violence; however I dreaded the very sight of him, as if my mind foreboded what was to happen.

In the mean time the *Marquess*, whom my *Governess*, without letting me into the secret, had acquainted with the occasion of my illness, wrote a long letter, which she read to me: He there asked my pardon for having been the innocent occasion of it. He solemnly protested againk the least affection for the *Countess*; that his only design, in pretending love to her, was to gain opportunities of being near me: The letter contained vows of fidelity, with an assurance that he only waited a proper occasion to give undeniable proofs thereof. I learnt besides,
that

that I should see him the next day, which he acquainted me with, to prevent the effects of a too sudden surprize. I felt an infinite pleasure in hearing the contents of the letter, and tho' I could not read, I laid it up very carefully, as a convincing proof of the affection it so naturally described.

Mademoiselle d'Elbieux sent but once in my illness to enquire how I did; I was at a loss how to account for her aversion to me; but one would have imagined she was displeased with my recovery, and when every one else congratulated me on that occasion, she alone was silent. The *Countess*, her mother, was over-joyed: The *Chevalier* of late kept himself within bounds; his behaviour went no farther than what politeness requires in the behalf of the fair-sex: I was much delighted, imagining his passion for me was at an end. And now I fancied myself completely happy, this change in him being what I had most earnestly desired. But alas! he soon undeceived me: I found, by woeful experience, that one cannot be too much upon one's guard against a man, who on a sudden appears to have laid aside a violent passion; there is always a snake in the grass, which will certainly sting when least expected.

The following day, when the *Marquess* was to come, my *Governess* proposed a walk, saying the air would be of service. She spoke of it at the *Countess's* table, where I sat ever since my illness, though no very acceptable companion to *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*. Her brother behaved with exceeding complaisance, and as I imagined
he

he had got the better of his folly, I paid him the deference due to the son of my benefactress. The physician, who still attended me approved of my taking the air, assuring me that I should find a benefit by it.

After dinner *Catharine* whispered me, that our walk was a contrivance of her aunt's, in order to meet the *Marquess*, I was pleased with the thought; I was under no apprehension of seeing him, as I had in my company a *confident* of the age of *Mademoiselle de Parc*: Though I was very sensible she acted upon a principle of interest, I had so good an opinion of her as to believe she would not carry her complaisance too far. Her niece, who was sincerity itself, in reckoning up to me her aunt's imperfections, had not forgot the good qualities of which she was mistress.

The heat of the day being over, we went out, directing our walk the way the *Marquess* was to pass. The walk was very pleasant; after half an hour spent in it, we stopped in the wood; from thence we went to rest ourselves in a little meadow hard by: We had not been there a quarter of an hour, before we heard a whistle. I was startled, but my *Governess* and her niece made slight of it, telling me I need not be under any apprehension in the Forest: But in a little time a second signal seemed to answer the first; immediately we heard a noise just by, and turning my head suddenly I set up a great cry. Four men disguised with masks rushed upon us; and in an instant stopped handkerchiefs into our mouths. After this they bound *Mademoiselle de Parc*

Parc and her neice, then led us about fifty yards from thence, to a by-place surrounded with a thick coppice, where they left the poor creatures tied to two trees. As for me I was carried farther off, where three of the men retired, leaving me alone with the fourth, who throwing off his mask discovered himself to be the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*. Imagine my surprize. 'Since nothing but force,' says he, 'will prevail with you, it's fitting you should be treated according to your taste.' He had no sooner done speaking, but he began to offer violence. As they had neglected to tie me, I struggled very hard, and the handkerchief falling off my face, I took that opportunity to cry out as loud as possible, so that the Forest rung again. Notwithstanding my resistance, I was upon the point of falling a victim to the wretch's brutality; but Heaven had compassion on my innocence. I heard the noise of a horse's feet galloping up towards us. The villain started at it, and immediately desisted: When he looked behind him, and saw a person coming to my rescue, he poured out a volley of bitter imprecations, running to his pistols that were in the holsters of his saddle. This was too favourable an opportunity to be neglected, accordingly I ran away as fast as I was able: In a moment the noise of their fighting reached me; the report of their pistols, echoing back from all parts of the wood, was very terrible: The consternation I was in, stopped me from going any farther; and, overcome as I was with fear, and quite spent with fatigue, I swooned away at the foot of a tree.

The

The night was far advanced when I came to myself: A cold sweat hung upon my face, and it was with some difficulty I rose from the ground. The stillness and darkness of the night struck a terror into me: The ominous screaming of owls, the howling of wild beasts, and the uncertain glimmering of the stars, all together, had a terrifying effect on my disordered imagination. What will become of me? said I to myself: Where am I? Whither shall I go? How shall I escape the fate that pursues me? Trembling and doubting of the road, I wandered I knew not where. Every breath of air rustling in the leaves stopped me, and made me start for fear. Where persons are under a consternation they seem to conspire against themselves, by augmenting their fears; for my part, the least object I could discern, presently became an apparition. Sometimes I ran; then again stood still, and at the least noise hid my face, as if that would diminish my fright. In going along an owl brushed me with his wings; I gave myself over for lost, and doubled my speed: A stump of a tree caught my gown, I cried out, thinking somebody had seized me, and accordingly went back; but discovering my mistake, as I stooped to disengage myself, the ground gave way under me, and I fell into a pit. Either it was not very deep, or I was exceeding fortunate in my fall, for I found myself in a sitting posture at the bottom, without any hurt.

What new fears seized me in this unexpected situation may be easily imagined; I gathered myself all in a heap, and covered with my gown, I
poured

poured out a torrent of tears. Soft sleep at last relieved my cares, weighing down my watry eye-lids, and wrapt me in its balmy sweets for the remaining part of the night.

The dawn of day began to pierce the thickets, the warbling notes welcomed the returning light, when, on a sudden, I started out of my sleep in a fright, much better founded than any of my preceding ones: A wolf, which fear magnified very considerably, was close by me: Our fortunes were much the same, he could not escape the snare which had been laid for him: This terrible fight made me conclude my last hour was come, and accordingly I prayed to God with the greatest fervency: I looked upon this train of misfortunes as a just punishment, by Him inflicted upon me, for having too far indulged my inclinations in favour of the *Marquess*; I called upon Heaven with a solemn promise to avoid all occasions of seeing him for the future, and only to listen to its divine inspirations, if I should escape the dreadful jaws of so fierce an animal.

Danger is certainly a great help to fervent prayer: Mine was accompanied with such an ardent affection, and so great a composure of mind, that my circumstances began to be less terrifying. At first I scarce had courage to look at my formidable neighbour; but by degrees I ventured to consider him face to face: His countenance had a cowed, dejected air; he seemed in a pensive mood to survey his prison, often out of uneasiness looking towards the top; instinct directing him to seek the means of making his escape. As he walked backwards and for-

forwards, at every turn I imagined he was going to devour me; sometimes he scratched up the earth, and then on a sudden stood without motion: He seemed to listen to some noise; when, changing his place, he crept hastily under my gown: I was so terrified, that I was only able to lift my eyes toward Heaven, and what should I see, but a man just going to fire a gun into the pit. This new apparition made me find my tongue again; 'For God's sake,' cried I, 'spare me, spare me?' "What have we hear?" said the person looking into the pit; "Waunds, I had like to have made a fine kettle of fish on't truly. What do you there, my las? How came the wolf and you to be trapped together?" "In the name of goodness," replied I, taking heart at what I heard, 'save me, and I will give you a full account.' "With all my heart," answered he, "have but a minute's patience till I get help; I will go fetch one of my companions, who is just at hand: In the mean while, you have nothing to fear from the beast; he will do you no harm; when once a wolf is taken he is as quiet as a lamb." Saying this he went off, but presently returned again with the person he mentioned. One of them jumped into the pit and lifted me up, the other taking me by the hands drew me out: The first thing I did was to kiss the ground, and return God thanks for so great an escape.

Whilst I was discharging this duty, my deliverers dispatched my unfortunate fellow-prisoner. When they came up to me, one of them, looking at me with great surprize, cried out,
" Good

“ Good God ! What do I see ? What a happiness ! What a pleasure is this ! ’tis *Jenny* ! ” This drew my eyes upon him, and to my great amazement I found him to be *Colin*, the wood-monger’s son, my first lover, mentioned in the beginning of these *memoirs*.

I was so transported as to scream, ‘ What ! ’ is that you, *Colin* ? ’ said I to him. “ What ! ’ is that you, *Jenny* ? ” replied he. ‘ Yes, ‘ *Colin* : ’ “ Yes, *Jenny* . ” My first emotion was the effect of joy : it is the natural consequence of being surprized with a sight of those who have been the companions of our childhood ; but upon second thoughts, an aversion succeeded ; the reason of which may be easily guessed.

I had promised to inform them how I fell into those dangerous circumstances I had just now escaped ; but the sight of *Colin* made me not over-forward to satisfy their curiosity. I contented myself with barely saying, that in flying from some ruffians, I had lost myself in the wood, and endeavouring to find my way back to the Castle, I had unfortunately fallen into the pit, by the traps giving way under me.

“ I am very glad, ” replied *Colin*, ‘ that you ’ have escaped so well ; and particularly as I am ’ so happy as to have contributed towards it ; ’ but, plague on it, *Jenny*, I am not very well pleased with what went before : Your living at the Castle sticks in my gizzard ; for they say that same poultry *Marquess*, who brought you the money from the King, is in love with you : This does not answer my purpose ; you cannot have forgot what passed between

“ us

“ us that day you made me write the love letter: I spoke to my father, and obtained his consent for marrying you. My friend *Christopher* here, and I laid our heads together, and and made him believe, in order to gain his consent, that you were to receive every year the same gratuity, as that which was so much talked of in our village. This fixed him at last, no longer ago than yesterday; and this morning I ran to the Castle to acquaint you with it: But, now I think on it, I heard strange news!”

“ What did you hear, *Colin*?” replied I very earnestly. For I had no sooner recovered myself from my late fright, but the preceding night’s adventure came fresh into my mind, and alarmed me cruelly on the *Marquess*’s account. Terrified with this apprehension, “ What do they say?” cried I. “ People are in search of you,” replied he, “ on all sides; it is said, the *Chevalier* has carried you off, which is thought the more likely as he has not been seen since he engaged that cur of a *Marquess*: But I am not a little pleased to think the latter is rightly served for coming between me and home.” “ How served?” cried I, very earnestly. “ Humh, humh,” continued he, “ you are mightily uneasy methinks; are you in pain about that? Since it is so, to be even with you for your ill conditions, I will tell you no more.”

“ Keep your secret then to yourself,” replied I, nettled at what he had said: “ *Christopher* will be more complaisant.” “ No, I thank you

“you for that,” answered the clown, “I am
 “on *Colin*’s side; and more than that, you are
 “right enough served, if we pay you in your own
 “coin. Ever since you have been at that same
 “Castle, you are grown so proud, you won’t
 “so much as look at us poor folk; and if you
 “abate a little of your haughtiness at present,
 “it is only because you cannot shift without
 “us. Udsbuddikins, were I in *Colin*’s place,
 “I know what I would do; I would not have
 “you now you are blown upon.”

“So much the better,” replied I very fiercely,
 overjoyed at having a handle for quarrelling
 with *Colin*: “I am not so mightily taken with
 ‘his person as you imagine, but that I can
 ‘easily give up my pretensions; now I have
 ‘day-light, I can find my way to the Castle
 ‘without your help.’

Colin was surprized at the sharpness of my
 reply; he was still fond of me. “Stay, *Jenny*,”
 says he, “I will show you the way thither my-
 “self. Good God! why should you take thus
 “upon you?” “No, no,” continued I, “you
 ‘shall not be at the trouble of denying any more
 ‘requests of mine; I shall learn what has passed
 ‘without being beholden to you.’ Saying this
 I offered to go, but was prevented by their lay-
 ing hold of me. “Ah! naughty one,” cried
Colin, “you shall not get off so easily: I should
 “not appear so contemptible in your eye, if
 “you did not meet with encouragement else-
 “where; but you would do well to remember
 “*Charlot*.”

The

The sting of this reproach lost nothing of its virulence, - and put the last hand to the banishing of all regard for *Colin*, who, till now, had some small share in my affections, and that too, increased by the assistance I had just received from him. ‘I should be very sorry,’ says I, ‘to fall into the circumstances you seem to hint at, and much more to be any ways at your disposal. Let me hear no more of such discourse,’ continued I very sharply, ‘and don’t pretend to stop me, whom you have no right to detain.’ ‘O but I have,” cried *Colin*; “why I have your father and mother’s promise, and that is sufficient; and, Miss, since that is your name, you shall go home to your parents. You are very much altered by your quality conversation; but a little of our village air will take down your pride.” Upon this making a sign to *Christopher*, they seized each of them an arm, and dragged me along.

I was forced to follow, though with tears in my eyes. “Look, *Christopher*,” cries *Colin*, “how she takes on! I could pity her, but that I know the occasion of her sorrow; it is only because she is like to lose her dear *Marquess*. Were they mistaken who said there was a good understanding between them? Her behaviour makes it as plain as a nose on a man’s face. One would think she might be overjoyed at the thoughts of seeing her father and mother, and neighbours again: But she, forsooth can’t so much as bear to hear them named. Well, well, *Jenny*, you have no bad luck to come among us again; we have

“no

“no laced coats, it is true, but we may be
“every jot as good as the fine sparks you ad-
“mire so much: And besides, let me tell ye,
“your God-mother has spoke her mind; she
“says, she will have no more to do with you,
“after what has happened; this makes a great
“deal of noise in the neighbourhood; and every
“one lays the blame upon you.”

This piece of news, which he undesignedly acquainted me withal, went to my heart, and brought a thousand things at once to my imagination. I valued my reputation; and the thoughts of returning to our village under an infamous character, put me upon the rack. The tenderness with which I loved my mother, staggered my resolution: Methought I saw her bewailing my absence and uncertain condition; the next moment I fancied her with a severe countenance reproaching me as guilty of what had happened. I shall be used ill at home, said I to myself, and shall not dare go abroad to be the mark of every pointing finger: Who knows but that miscreant, the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, will lay wait for me, and take an opportunity of effecting his hellish designs! What resistance can we make? Heavens! to what am I exposed! These reflections determined me to make my escape as soon as possible, and shelter myself in *Paris*, where a service would be infinitely preferable to the having of *Colin* for a husband, who had treated me with so much harshness. I intended, when settled, to give my mother the reasons of my not returning home.

I was

I was employed in these thoughts, when there appeared in the road a man on horseback; as he rode at a great pace, he soon came up with us. "Did you see," says he as he drew near, "a young——Ah! what do I see?" cried he in discovering me.—"'Tis her. Is that you, Miss *Jenny*? What a happiness to find you again! what a satisfaction will this be to my master!" As he said this, he alighted, and came to me presenting his hand. How great was my joy to find it was the *Marquess's Valet de Chambre*! The presence of my vigilant conductors could not prevent my giving him evident proofs of my satisfaction. *Dubois*, in his transports, had taken my hand in order to kiss it; but *Colin* interposed, and thrust him aside, crying out, 'Not so fast, friend; if you are for kissing, you had best go to the person you wrote the letter to. I know you well enough, for all you pretend to be surprized.' "Is this any of your relations?" said the *Valet de Chambre* to me. 'No indeed,' answered I very quick. "Why what would the fool be at?" continued *Dubois*, still holding my hand, 'Not so fast, I tell you friend,' added *Colin*: 'We are not afraid of your laced hat; and, as much countrymen as we are, we bid you defiance.' "Oh, oh!" cried *Dubois*, "what, are you for being obstreperous, my puts?" 'Waunds, put yourself,' replied *Colin* in a passion, 'as if we did not know who you are.' In saying this he seized *Christopher's* gun, and stepping back, 'Udsbuddikins,' says he, 'go your ways, or I'll turn you up as I

‘ would a hare.’ *Dubois* was a man of courage, and had seen a battle, so this threat did not daunt him in the least; but putting the muzzle of the gun aside, he laid hold of *Colin*. *Christopher* seeing his companion overpowered, let go his hold of me in order to assist him: Finding myself at liberty, I fled from them as fast as my strength could carry me.

After having passed through a considerable part of the Wood without finding any path or road, at last I came to one, where meeting a woman driving two asses before her, I ran up very hastily to her: She immediately asked me what was the matter, and the reason of my precipitate flight? I made a story, and told her I ran from my master, who would have had me complied with what was not proper. ‘ I approve of your discretion,’ said the good woman to me, ‘ and for its sake will bestir myself in your behalf: If you want a place, my dear, follow me; I have a daughter at *Paris*, to whom I will recommend you; as she is in a good place, she may be serviceable to you. She has not been long there; these are her cloaths I am carrying to *Valvins*, where I am told I shall meet with an opportunity of sending them to her. You may, if you will, take the same convenience; consider what you had best to do.’

The notion I immediately conceived of escaping the pursuit which would infallibly be made after me, the avoiding such discourse as I had just heard, and still rung in my ears, with the pleasing thoughts of living near the *Marquess*,
soon

soon determined me. "I am much beholden to you," said I to her, "for your kind proffer, and accept of it very willingly." "Well," says she, "I'll speak to the carrier, and if you can't pay the fare, I'll lay down the money, and you may repay it to my daughter when you are able."

When my mother came to the Castle, she had given me about twelve *Livres* to buy some little things which girls have occasion for: I had the money about me, and told the woman I had wherewithal to bear my charges: "So much the better," replied she, "money is no burthen; and it were to be wished always to have a little at hand: This might often prevent mischief, where young creatures like you, to extricate themselves from difficulties, fall into the snares laid for the ruin of their honour."

We had walked about two miles talking in this manner, when my guide proposed taking a breakfast. I was overjoyed to hear of eating, being almost famished. Out of a little wallet she pulled some bacon and bread; we seated ourselves in the shade of some willows on the bank of a clear rivulet: The asses, according to their nature, stopped very willingly to graze. I thought the bacon very delicious; and even to this day, whenever I lose my stomach, the very remembrance of that rustic meal never fails to give me an appetite and a relish to my victuals.

Whilst we thus refreshed ourselves, the good woman looked at me very earnestly: The tears

began to trickle down apace, whilst the victuals remained in her mouth. "Alas Goody!" I cried, "what is the matter? You seem troubled." "Ah!" says she wiping her eyes, "you put me so much in mind of my daughter *Mariana* that's dead and gone! She was about your age, and very like you. Would to God she had been less handsome; for it was her beauty that brought her to the grave: Poor girl, she was no less amiable for her virtue! I'll tell you her whole history as we go along, and then judge whether I have not just reason to grieve as often as she comes into my mind.'

Breakfast being over, we went forwards: The good woman, remembering her promise, 'Be attentive,' says she, '*Silvianna*,' for I took that name when I first joined her, 'to what I am going to say; it may be of some advantage to you: Young women are often courted; and yet how few do we see possessed of that discretion they ought to have, since nothing can be an equivalent for their virtue. It's true, I bemoan myself every day for the loss of *Mariana*, but I had much rather think her happy in Heaven, than see her covered with infamy on earth. Where honour is the only thing a person can value themselves upon, they never can do too much to secure it. For example, if any one should rob you of the little money that's in your pocket, you would lose all you have, and would certainly think yourself undone; it is the same with regard to honour.

'These were the sentiments in which I trained my daughter; and the good effect they produced

‘ duced as she grew up, gave me great content.
‘ By the time she was twelve years of age, the
‘ whole neighbourhood admired her. Though
‘ *Fontainebleau* is not very large, yet the King’s
‘ coming thither every year, draws a great con-
‘ course of people. In that season I deal in
‘ *lemonades*, and, as I am very choice in what
‘ I sell, my house is generally full of very good
‘ company.

‘ I was cruelly perplexed in seeing my daughter
‘ visibly waste away through some hidden grief,
‘ the cause of which I could not possibly divine.
‘ She was now eighteen, and every day dearer
‘ than other; so that her pining in this manner
‘ overwhelmed me with trouble. As for my-
‘ self, I thought I had no ways contributed to-
‘ wards it, being ready even to prevent her
‘ wishes in every thing I knew was agreeable to
‘ her; and as her passion for dress was no secret
‘ to me, I supplied her very plentifully with
‘ means to indulge herself in it: So that few
‘ young women of her condition made a better
‘ appearance. All this signified nothing, me-
‘ lancholy still prevailed. I often pressed her to
‘ acquaint me with the cause, but she pretended
‘ to be ignorant of it herself, till at last she was
‘ so ill as to take to her bed. I shut up shop im-
‘ mediately, that I might not be interrupted in
‘ tending upon her. Nothing was wanting that
‘ could any way help her recovery; physicians
‘ were sent for, but they could not find out her
‘ distemper; in a word, my heart was ready to
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‘ break when I saw her thus reduced.

“ One day finding herself something better than usual, I pressed her so earnestly to acquaint me with the occasion of her illness, that, fetching a deep sigh, she spoke to me in the following manner:” “ Your tenderness, dear mother, lays me under an indispensable obligation of satisfying you on this subject: Besides it cannot be deferred any longer; I find I must shortly give an account of my whole life to the Almighty, and I should think it an addition to my guilt not to acknowledge to you my weakness. Can there be a greater than to fall in love with a man, and then inform him of it? The violence of my passion has brought me to this condition: Oh! mother, do not blush for me! The grave will expiate this involuntary offence.”

“ No, my dear child, no,” said I to her, moved to compassion with the fear of losing her: “ God will preserve you, and pardon your weakness; he will second your virtuous education; I’ll prevail upon Heaven by my earnest prayers to restore you to me. Dear child! I can never out-live thee.” “ Your sincere piety,” replied she, “ will enable you to bear our separation; for my sake, dear mother, dry up your tears, they pierce me to the very heart.”

She cried too, dear girl! “ Ah, *Silviana*,” continued the good woman, “ how I was moved! Methought the tears I shed on that occasion were the forerunners of those that would bewail her death: We continued some time in this melancholy situation, till at last my daughter,

“ daughter, with a presence of mind surpassing
“ her tender age, and edifying me by her resignation and pious expressions, thus address herself to me!

“ You may remember, dear mother, that
“ being out of order one evening, you was
“ obliged to go to bed earlier than usual: As I
“ was alone, I took up a book to amuse myself
“ till the time of shutting shop; the passage I
“ chanced to dip into affected me so much as to
“ draw tears from my eyes; it was the history
“ of *Hypolite*. Fatal day! dangerous book for
“ young persons, leaving the mind susceptible of
“ the softest impressions! Just at that moment
“ came into the shop two young gentlemen,
“ one of whom was beauty itself: they called
“ for some liquor cooled with ice, and the person I just now described, behaved and spoke
“ with such inimitable grace, as charmed and
“ troubled me both at once. He perceived I
“ had been crying, and having informed himself
“ of the occasion; How amiable you appear,
“ said he to me, when, to such enchanting
“ beauty is joined a tenderness capable of moving you thus at the misfortunes of others!
“ You weep then for the *Count de Douglas*?
“ Happy man! Who could not envy him on
“ this occasion? Learn from hence, if any one
“ should be so much enamoured with you, as
“ that *Count* was with *Julia*, not to make him
“ wretched. For if the casual reading of such
“ a passage could thus affect you, judge from
“ thence, what a lover must endure overwhelmed
“ with you severities.

“ The young gentleman’s friend, such he
“ appeared to be, interrupted him in his dis-
“ course; whether by design, or that he had
“ really business, I cannot say: But he made an
“ excuse for going elsewhere, promising to call
“ upon him as soon as the affair was dispatched.

“ Thus was I left alone with the gentleman:
“ I know not whether he expressed himself in a
“ better manner than those who have hitherto
“ made their addresses, or that my heart, soften-
“ ed by the fatal passage I had just been reading,
“ was in that situation in which the assaults of
“ love find the least resistance; whatever was
“ the cause, it received the impression even
“ before he declared his passion; nay that no-
“ thing might be wanting to complete my
“ shame, I did not conceal my overthrow. His
“ transport was so great, that he threw himself
“ at my feet, kissed my hand, and gave a thou-
“ sand other respectful marks of his love. I
“ blush to think I could be so weak as to suffer
“ it, and feel from thence an unworthy satisfac-
“ tion. Ah! mother, why did you leave me
“ alone? Could you not foresee that one single
“ moment is more than sufficient for triumphing
“ over the reason of a young creature.

“ In the mean time it grew late, the shop
“ was still open, I remember; I was for taking
“ leave of the young gentleman, and obliging
“ him to retire: But the *ingrate* seemed to be
“ so much troubled, and that with such an air of
“ sincerity, that I was moved at it. One quar-
“ ter of an hour I could not refuse; his life,
“ he said, depended on it. Unhappy com-
“ plaisance,

“plaisance, which every young woman ought
“to banish! He improved it to his advantage,
“by giving fresh tokens of his love; his soft
“voice, his lively expression, his languishing
“eyes, could not fail of infecting my troubled
“mind. Alas! you love me, Sir! said I to
“him; and I could not refrain from letting
“you know, you are the first I ever suffered to
“entertain me with such discourse: shall I not
“repent hereafter the disclosing myself in this
“manner? In all appearance your condition is
“far superior to mine; what effect then can be
“expected from our mutual affection, or to
“what purpose will you have conquered my in-
“clinations? Oh! leave me; I blame myself
“already for having listened to you so long!
“How! replied he, with an air of melancholy;
“do you think me capable of abusing so much
“goodness? Wretch that I am, to be so little
“known to you! No, my charming *Mariana*,
“could my breast harbour so vile a thought, this
“hand at the expence of my life should avenge
“your cause: To you I vow an eternal con-
“stancy, preferable to whatever the world can
“shew of state and grandeur. Neither is my
“condition so much above yours, as you seem
“to imagine: I belong to the *Count* of —,
“and have a fair prospect of making my fortune,
“perhaps very shortly; and, such as it proves,
“I am ready to share it with you. These
“sentiments gave me new courage; a young
“woman is never startled at love when founded
“on a principle of virtue and esteem; yet how
“nice a point it is at this day to listen too much.

“ to its suggestions ! how frequently do villains
 “ abuse this honourable pretext to the ruin of
 “ young creatures ! A rock on which innocence
 “ is daily cast away.

“ We parted with regret, and this first inter-
 “ view confirmed to him an eternal fidelity on
 “ my side : I went to bed full of what had
 “ passed, and composed myself to rest with a
 “ satisfaction and serenity of mind I had never
 “ before experienced.

“ Pardon me, dear mother, said the good
 “ creature, for carrying on so very privately
 “ this intrigue, during the space of six months ;
 “ my lover gave me to understand, that as yet
 “ it was not convenient to disclose the secret to
 “ you, that his affairs were on the point of be-
 “ ing concluded, and insisted on having the
 “ satisfaction of informing you himself. The
 “ reasons he gave for his conduct were so satis-
 “ factory (at least they appeared such to me),
 “ that I even contrived opportunities for his
 “ seeing me, and keeping the affair from your
 “ knowledge.

“ I waited with great tranquillity the happy
 “ moment, in which so tender an amour was
 “ to be crowned with success ; I relied entirely
 “ on his honour : Vain confidence ! as if men
 “ were capable of any such thing !

“ One night, about ten, my lover came to
 “ me : My lovely *Mariana*, says he, I am
 “ obliged to leave you, and my mind misgives
 “ me, that absence from you will certainly
 “ bring me to to the grave ; restore my mind
 “ to its usual tranquillity ; yes, says he, throw-
 “ ing

“ing himself at my feet, and bathing my hand
 “with his tears; I am the most forlorn of
 “mankind, if you deny me the favour I am
 “going to ask: The restraint I have laid on
 “myself, my respect for you, have made me
 “undergo more than tongue can express for
 “these six months past; and can you let me go
 “without securing to me my only happiness?
 “Either kill me at once, or promise to make
 “me happy. I need not inform you, replied
 “I, moved at the condition I saw him in, that
 “I love you more than life; nevertheless, what
 “is it you dare to ask? Alas! *Mariana*, re-
 “plied he with warmth, my desires know no
 “other measure than that of my love of you!
 “Of yourself, replied I, the indulging your
 “own appetites; without reflecting, that it
 “must be at the expence of all that is most dear
 “to me in the world, my honour, my reputa-
 “tion, my peace. What is it you mean! cried
 “he, lifting up his eyes toward Heaven; to whom
 “are all these dearer than to me? Do you know
 “me, and yet use such expressions? No,
 “*Mariana*, injure me not so cruelly, as to
 “think me capable of so black a crime: Your
 “heart long since has declared itself in my
 “behalf, that is security enough for the upright-
 “ness of my intentions; it is your consent to
 “marry me, I ask; to-morrow must make me
 “yours, or, by all that’s sacred, I am gone for
 “ever.

“I trembled to hear so solemn a protestation;
 “(How weak are we when entangled in love!)
 “I sighed, he urged his request, and at last

“gained my consent to marry him privately.
 “The reasons he alledged were of great consequence; his ruin was inevitable, he said,
 “should his master discover that he designed to marry, and to obtain his consent would take
 “up too much time; let us first secure the main point, says he, and I’ll work through the rest:
 “If he should find out that we are married, at least I shall be the better able to stand by you,
 “and have a sufficient excuse for leaving his service.

“Don’t you remember, dear mother, that I asked your leave to visit an aunt about six miles off? it was under that pretext that I was to go to be married; every thing was prepared, and we parted in that expectation.
 “I had never loved him so much before, nor ever given him such convincing proofs.
 “Heavens! that in one moment so fair a prospect should vanish, and the blackest of treasons come to light.

“As my lover went out of the shop, two young gentlemen exceedingly well dressed met him at the door. He was no sooner gone, but one said to the other, was not that the *Marquess* of — who passed us? Yes, answered the other, don’t speak so loud; he squeezed me by the hand when I was going to salute him; there is some mystery carrying on, I suppose he makes love to *Mariana*. I no sooner heard this, but I stood close to the partition between the shop and the closet, the place we used to meet in; I could hear all that passed, and ordered the maid to serve
 “them,

“ them, bidding her say I was gone to bed, if
“ any asked for me. I placed myself so con-
“ veniently, as not to lose one word of their
“ discourse.

“ I should easily believe it, said one of the
“ gentlemen in answer to something that had
“ passed between them; but *Mariana* is dis-
“ creet, and I can't think she has granted him
“ the last favour. So! replied the other, are
“ you weak enough to imagine *Joan* can say
“ nay to a Lord? Of twenty girls of her rank,
“ are not nineteen caught in our nets? Your
“ over-favourable opinion imposes upon you; I
“ am surprized at it. You may banter as you
“ please, answered the first: I'll allow you to be
“ right as to the generality of them, but as to
“ her we are speaking of, I know to a demon-
“ stration she is a modest girl. A person of
“ figure offered her very considerably, even
“ proposed to settle upon her; but to no
“ purpose. It may be, replied he that knew so
“ little of me; but can you imagine she would
“ refuse a person of our rank, who should pro-
“ pose marriage to her? How can she avoid that
“ snare? You little think that the *Marquess*, in
“ conducting an affair of this nature, sets so
“ many engines at work, that he seldom fails of
“ success; he does not stick at marrying a girl
“ he fancies, under a borrowed name: perhaps
“ that is the case here.

“ Imagine, dear mother, my surprize and
“ indignation. Ah! Villian! I cried out,
“ not reflecting where I was. We are over-
“ heard, said one of the gentlemen, and by

“ *Mariana*

“ *Mariana* herself. I am very sorry for it, replied the other ; we must prevail upon her not to speak of what she has heard ; upon this they rushed into the closet, where they found me all in tears.

“ They used their utmost endeavours to comfort me : But I was ashamed to look them in the face, as if what I had heard made me guilty. They urged me very earnestly to inform them what terms I was upon with the *Marquess*, and as they appeared very much like gentlemen, in consideration of the invaluable service they had done, by giving me so much light into the affair, I related to them the whole detail of my adventure ; they seemed to credit what I said : I used that expression, because when they went away, I could hear them say, they knew the world better than that. But before they left me, I was obliged to promise, not to give them up as the authors of my information ; and I was as good as my word. Their backs were no sooner turned, but I threw myself into bed, under an agony not to be expressed. I spent the night in contriving means of absenting myself from the place appointed : In vain did love plead for a perfidious man ; my resolution was never to see him more : A dear-bought victory ! His idea always maintained its place in my breast, not to be removed. The struggles I that night underwent were so violent, as to throw me into a fit of sickness.

“ The

“ The day following, our maid, whom he
“ had gained, brought me a letter from the
“ wretch; I sent it back unopened, and as I
“ thought this a fresh attempt upon my honour,
“ I ordered him to be told, I would hear no
“ more of him. A second letter came, I be-
“ haved as I did with respect to the first: The
“ villain finding he lost his labour that way, sent
“ me word by the maid, that he had things of
“ the last consequence to impart, very much to
“ my advantage, and begged I would not con-
“ demn him unheard; I was so provoked at the
“ servant’s insolence, having before reprimand-
“ ed her severely on account of the former
“ message, that I prevailed with you, under
“ some other pretence, to turn her away, as
“ you may remember.

“ In a very few days after this, I was terribly
“ surprized one morning when I waked, to
“ find my perfidious lover kneeling at my bed-
“ side, and bathing one of my hands with his
“ guilty tears: I snatched it away with too
“ much confusion not to discover the ascendant
“ he still had over my affections.

“ Well then, charming *Mariana*, you no
“ longer love me, said he, with an air the most
“ moving; you refuse to see or hear me; you
“ banish those who might inform you of my
“ faithful ardor. Heavens! that so much beauty
“ and injustice can be so near allied! What is
“ my crime? Is it the concealing my real
“ name? If so, I own myself the *Marquess*
“ ———; I should not have denied it. What
“ a misfortune, to have a more exquisite taste
“ than

“ than the generality of mankind ! to this I owe
 “ my wretched condition ; this has torn from
 “ me all that was dear in the world ? Who is
 “ to blame, *Mariana* or I ? Why did she not
 “ keep her word ? Why did she not come to
 “ the place appointed ? There she might have
 “ discovered whether it was the *Marquess* of
 “ ——— or his Secretary, that would have
 “ married her. Ah ! lovely *Mariana*, why
 “ did you deprive me the uncommon pleasure
 “ of so agreeably undeceiving you, by present-
 “ ing a husband worthy of so much merit ?
 “ Endearing pleasure ! I had proposed to be
 “ personally beloved, and not beholden for the
 “ mighty gift of rank or fortune. Such is my
 “ crime : I have done ; pronounce my doom :
 “ This justification I owed myself, and now
 “ have paid my debt ; placed as I am on the
 “ brink of destruction, I will not survive the
 “ cruel misfortune of having been suspected.
 “ How weak are we when entangled with
 “ love ! His words made an impression on me ;
 “ they were plausible, and my heart through
 “ prepossession pleaded in behalf of the traitor.
 “ But reason came to my assistance ; I could
 “ not forget the discourse I had over-heard :
 “ They had no interest in the affair, being
 “ neither his enemies nor rivals ; this last re-
 “ flection carried it, and I would hear no more :
 “ The *ingrate* committed numberless extra-
 “ vagancies ; he offered to kill himself, putting
 “ me a thousand times in apprehension for his
 “ life : As much an impostor as I thought him,
 “ I could not overcome my fears. Somebody
 “ very,

“ very luckily entering my room, he retired,
“ and, convinced I was not to be deluded by
“ his forgeries, freed me once for all from his
“ company.

“ He was no sooner gone but I blamed my too
“ great severity ; the specious pretence under
“ which he veiled his wicked designs presented
“ itself again, What a wretch am I, if I have
“ wronged him ! Perhaps he really loves me :
“ Perhaps he tells truth : Stay, charmer, I’ll
“ clear these frightful doubts. I thought of a
“ thousand ways to lay open this interesting
“ mystery ; but alas ! what I had heard proved
“ but too true ! I chanced to meet with one of
“ the unhappy instances of his too successful
“ villainy ; she convinced me I had placed my
“ affections on a monster. I often blush to think
“ of my narrow escape, but still loved him to ex-
“ cess, and suffered cruelly on that account.
“ Time might, it’s true, have worn out my
“ passion, had not his behaviour to me about
“ a week since put the finishing stroke to a
“ wretched life.

“ For so lately was it, that a person exceed-
“ ingly well dressed came into my chamber ; he
“ enquired if I was *Mariana*, and aeing an-
“ swered I was the person, Would to God,
“ (said he) another had been employed on this
“ occasion ; your countenance at first sight gains
“ one over to you. My Lord *Marques* of
“ ——— to-morrow is to marry Miss ———.
“ This young lady has heard of several amours
“ of her intended spouse ; among the rest, she
“ has been informed, that he has conversed
with

“ with you as a wife, and some don't stick to
“ say he was privately married to you: This
“ has occasioned a demur; the lady will go no
“ further in this affair, till she receives entire
“ satisfaction on this point: A person will come
“ from her to you for an answer, on which the
“ marriage absolutely depends. The *Marquess* has
“ sworn he is a stranger to your bed, but she
“ refuses to rely on his protestations, and has
“ given him to understand, that if he has de-
“ ceived you, as she is informed, that the match
“ must be broke off. The *Marquess*, who
“ doats on her, is in the utmost consternation,
“ and sends me to assure you, that if you prove
“ an obstacle to his designs, and refuse to be-
“ have on this occasion as is proper, he will
“ find a place for you where you may repent your
“ obstinacy at leisure, and that—— Go, go, Sir,
“ replied I, interrupting him, and provoked at
“ his menaces; tell him, who has honoured you
“ with such a notable commission, I scorn him
“ too much to concern myself with his new
“ engagements; however, I could not have ima-
“ gined, that after having been guilty of so
“ many impostures, with which I am better ac-
“ quainted than he thinks for, he should crown
“ the work with a shameful threatening message
“ to a young person he had offered to marry.
“ Saying this, I turned my back upon the gentle-
“ man, who walked away much astonished at
“ my haughty behaviour.

“ But, vain haughtiness, useless outside ap-
“ pearance! A thousand times was I torn to
“ pieces with bitter regret, too plainly con-
“ vincing

“vincing me of the excess of my passion. My
“lover gone for ever ! I am not only abandoned, but even sacrificed to a rival, nay,
“insulted and trampled on by his ungenerous
“and outrageous menaces ! This it is, dear
“mother, that thus preys upon me, and has reduced me to such a woeful condition : What
“is the whole world to me ? the *Marquess* is
“married, and all is over !”

“Her tears put an end to this melancholy relation. I endeavoured to comfort her, and restore her health ; but the illness increasing, about ten days afterwards, she spoke to me in the following manner, and that with a presence of mind as surprized me, overwhelmed as I was with tears, and holding her in my arms.”

“My hour approaches, said she, and we
“must part ; I find I have not long to live :
“Comfort yourself, my dear mother, and
“don’t oppress me with your sorrow. Nature
“is too apt to shrink in this conflict ; add not
“the weight, your tenderness will occasion ;
“but if you love me, refrain giving me so many
“marks of it ; they shake the steadiness which
“now I stand in need of more than ever.
“Have recourse to God, and beseech him in
“my behalf ; in his mercy I place my trust ;
“above all, thank him for having preserved my
“innocence through so many dangers : What
“a comfort ! That treasure, at least, I shall
“carry to the next life. Let me conjure you in
“the name of God, to leave me to myself
“during those precious moments he is still
“pleased

“ pleased to allow me, that I may employ them
“ wholly in the great affair of salvation ; re-
“ ceive this last kiss, and pardon the uneasiness
“ I give you ; farewell, dear mother, you move
“ me too much.” ‘ Saying this, she turned
‘ her head away, and would not be disturbed af-
‘ terwards. She died as she lived, that is, in
‘ sentiments of piety, as afford me a singular
‘ consolation. After some time, I submitted
‘ myself to the divine Providence ; alas ! it cost
‘ me dear, and does still every day of my life.

Mariana's mother wept bitterly in concluding this mournful history : I was much moved, and cried very heartily. The favourable opinion she had of me, was considerably increased by seeing such marks of my tender affection, and she expressed as much in a very sincere manner. Reflections naturally succeeded, which confirmed me more and more in a steady adherence to virtue : I could not forbear thinking this relation was designed as a preservative against the dangers, to which my innocence would be exposed at *Paris*.

We reached *Valvins*, and meeting with the conveniency mentioned before, we agreed with the waggoner for my fair : The old woman and I embraced each other with great affection, promising a mutual correspondence for the future.

I was no sooner alone in the waggon, but I gave a loose to many a melancholy reflection. Heavens ! said I to myself, What am I doing ? What will become of me ? What will people think ? What will my mother say ? What ! can I
leave

leave a mother bewailing my absence at this very instant ! No, no ; I will go no farther, cried I all in tears ; I had better undergo the reproaches, I so much dread, than expose myself again to those very dangers I have so happily escaped. Yes, dear mother, had I never left you, but had remained under your eye, I should not this day be involved into so many difficulties.

This made a deep impression ; I resolved to return to the village, and rather submit my vanity to the greatest humiliation, than be thus wanting in my duty to my parents. I was just going to bid the waggoner set me down, and was actually preparing to alight, when I saw a man riding full speed after us ; my mind misgave me : But how great was my surprize, when I could distinguish his face, and discovered it was the *Chevalier d'Elbieux* ! I trembled, as well I might, from head to foot, and immediately hid myself under a coverlet, that was designed to keep me from the rain : I lay thus perdue above an hour, without the least motion. At last I grew impatient, and not being able to bear the cruel incertitude any longer, I lifted up the corner of the coverlet. Heavens ! what should I see but the *Chevalier* still following the waggon, and holding a discourse with him that drove it. What a situation was I in ! Which way should I turn myself in this distress ! I knew him too well, not to apprehend the worst of extremities from his brutality. How should he come this way ? Who should direct him hither ? What might I not expect, if he knew I was so near him.

This

This racking mystery soon cleared up; another young gentleman came galloping up to the *Chevalier*, "I have had no better success than you," says he, calling out as he came towards us, "I can hear nothing of what we are looking for." Monsieur *d'Elbieux* only put his finger to his mouth, and pointed to the waggon. This sign implied a great deal, for it plainly showed where I lay hid. When he came up with us, 'Take heed,' said the *Chevalier* to him in a low voice, 'we have her; she can't escape this bout: I don't know what it is, but she suspects something, you see how she hides herself.' The winding of the road prevented me hearing any more. God was pleased to inspire me with a contrivance for escaping: Heaven never forsakes the innocent.

In about half an hour after this, the waggon drove into the wood again; the remembrance of what I had there been exposed to threw me into a fit of trembling. The road happened to be very bad, the depth of the ruts made it exceeding troublesome riding. This forced the gentlemen to quit the great road and strike into a path, so as to leave part of the thicket between them and the waggon. Such an opportunity was not to be lost; but as I apprehended the waggoner, by his slow driving, to be in the secret, I could expect no assistance from him. There hung over the road several large boughs, one of these I laid hold of, and the waggon driving from under me, I climbed into a large thick tree, fully resolved to hide myself there, till I might venture to make off; the road here was straight, and I could see a long way before me.

I was

I was soon convinced of what importance it was not to let slip the opportunity Heaven had put into my hands. I could see the waggon at some distance with the horsemen close by it; the waggoner retired, and the gentlemen quitted their horses. One of them, but which I could not discern, got upon the carriage, he lifts up the coverlet, and seemed vastly surprised not to find me there, looking about on all sides. He jumps down again, they both mount their horses, seem to confer together, and then ride off, taking different roads.

I was fully determined not to leave my post, till I was sure of not falling into their hands a second time. Two hours were passed and nothing appeared. I began to be in good heart when I heard somebody say, 'It's to no purpose to search for her at such a distance, she can't be gone so far, but must be hid somewhere hereabouts; let us look out sharp where we are, this is the place we lost her in. Do you place yourself where the roads cross, and I will stay upon this rising ground, from whence I can see a long way about me.' This information was of great service to me, as I should otherwise have ventured down, and infallibly have fallen into their clutches.

Night drew on apace, the sun was already set, and I suffered very much from continuing so long in such an uneasy posture. My strength, as well as patience, was quite exhausted, when there passed by a chaise escorted by two horsemen; in it sat a lady and a girl. The moment I saw them I resolved to quit the tree and take that

that opportunity of escaping the danger which hung over me. But in putting my design into execution, had the ill fortune to hook the upper part of my gown in the tree, and loosing my footing at the same time, I was left dangling in the air. The fear of falling made me cry out, which brought the two horsemen attending the chaise, and who were then just by, to my assistance; they presently disengaged and took me down. “Good God!” said one of them, “pretty maid, why do you expose yourself to such danger? you must certainly be very fond of birds, to run this hazard in taking their nests.” I had not time to make any reply; the *Chevalier d’Elbieux*, who had heard my voice, was posting towards us. I ran with all my force to the chaise, which my outcries had stopped, and calling out from some distance to the lady, “Save me, Madam, for God’s sake,” I cried, “a villain offers me violence.” The lady looked at me very earnestly whilst I was speaking; for my cloaths, though I was dressed like a country girl, together with my behaviour, had something so very particular as to interest her in my behalf. “With all my heart; poor child, said she, help her in; it were a pity any mischief should befall her.” She had the good-nature to make room for me; the little girl was placed in my lap, I began to take courage, and the chaise drove on.

When I was seated, she enquired who I was, and the occasion of my fears. I related all the particulars with great sincerity, excepting my inclination to the *Marquess*. After she had heard me

me with great attention, " This is wickedness
" with a vengeance," cried she at the end of
my story, " and plainly shews how dangerous
" is the company of men destitute of honour,
" where they take a fancy. Mothers ought
" never to leave their daughters to themselves, nor
" should young girls, who value their character,
" ever take the least step without their mother's
" advice. However, child, you have nothing
" to fear from the *Chevalier*. I don't believe
" he dare molest you while I am by ; neither
" would my servants suffer any such thing, if
" he should attempt it. The *Countess* I am
" well acquainted with, and, when I write to
" her on this subject, will reprimand her son
" very severely." She had scarce done speaking,
when I perceived the *Chevalier* riding by the
chaise-side, and looking in very earnestly, ' Ah !
' Madam, (said I in a low voice) there he is,
' there he is ! ' " Don't be frightened," she re-
plied, " I'll warrant his stay will be but short."

" *Chevalier d'Elbieux*," says she, raising her
voice, " pray come hither ! I am a particular ac-
" quaintance of the *Countess* your mother ; and
" as such, am willing to give you a little good
" advice." He no sooner heard these words, but,
giving the reins and spurs to his horse, he rode away.

" Well, *Fenny*, did not I tell you how it
" would be?" continued she ; " we have a
" fair riddance of him. As to the rest make
" yourself easy ; you shall remain with me till I
" have wrote to the *Countess* your God-mother,
" and her answer will determine what is to be
" done."

I blessed God very heartily for this happy meeting. My protectress appeared to be about forty, was still handsome, but the sweetness of her temper can never be sufficiently admired; I strove, by all the little services I could think of on the road, to endear myself to her. My labour was not thrown away; by the time we reached *Paris*, I had gained not a little on her affections.

The house where we were set down was extremely well furnished; it was her own, and her name, as I soon learnt, *Madame de G——*; her husband a *Receiver* in the *Exchequer*. Every thing was magnificent, and the number of their servants spoke their wealth. The lady had three waiting women, besides a governess for her daughter, who was about ten years old.

Her husband had not so many attendants; his dress was very plain; a great economist in his family affairs, but generous to profuseness in regard of his private pleasures.

The lady introduced me to him as soon as we arrived, but he seemed to take little or no notice of what she said in my commendation. It's very well, says he; how have you enjoyed your health in the country? But without staying for her answer, he retired to his closet, giving me a look, as he passed by, which did not seem to be so unconcerned as his conversation.

The *Receiver* was between fifty and three-score; he was well made, with an engaging aspect. I found afterwards he was very rich, and much given to women, but withal so cautious, that few or none of his intrigues are
come

come to light. Every one has his humour ; this gentleman's ambition was to pass for one who had overcome the common frailties of mankind.

The lady had wrote to the *Countess* as soon as we got home ; I made it my business to ingratiate myself more and more to her, and she seemed to love me with great affection. Her daughter was taught writing and music ; the good lady was pleased to order I should make use of that opportunity for my improvement ; as my voice was naturally very agreeable, it was soon taken notice of. As for writing, in a short time I was able to hold a correspondence, which gave me no small satisfaction ; for I was no sooner rid of my fears, but all my resolutions to forget the *Marquess* were by degrees intirely forgot.

One morning whilst I was studying in a little room, which was allotted to my use, a footman of the lady's came to call me to her ; I made what haste I could, and upon entering the room, ' Sit down *Jenny*,' says she, ' I have received some letters which concern you, I am willing you should know their contents.'

She spoke with such a serious air, as made the blood run cold in my veins ; I listened to her with fear and trembling.

' This,' continued she, ' is from your God-mother : The *Countess* speaks very well of you, but she informs me of some things I don't approve of your being acquainted withal : your heart is tender, and it may not be proper to revive your former sentiments.'

This was more than sufficient to excite my curiosity ; however I dissembled my eagerness,

but was determined to get hold of the letter, that I might unriddle this mystery.

‘The other,’ continued she, ‘is from my God-daughter, who thinks quite otherwise of her brother the *Chevalier*, with regard to you: she advises me to look narrowly to you, and says it is her affection for me which makes her give me this caution. *Miss d’Elbieux* tells me you are a great dissembler, very vain, and very malicious; that you was within a small matter of being the occasion of much mischief; that by your affectation you had inveigled the love of the *Marquess* of *L. V.* that he had fought upon your account; in fine, that she much apprehended your stay in my house would be attended with some fatal consequence, which, too late, might make me repent I had ever received you. That the *Marquess* of *L. V.* father to him who was wounded, exclaims bitterly against you, as the promoter of that danger his son’s life was in, whose recovery is very much doubted.’

I strove exceedingly with myself, in order to stifle the vexation this letter gave me, and the grief I conceived at the desperate condition of my wounded lover. Notwithstanding my endeavours, the tears gushed out; it was in vain to hide them, the lady too plainly saw my trouble.

‘You are in tears, *Jenny*,’ said she, looking steadfastly at me; ‘that convinces me one part of the letter is true; and as for the rest, I give no credit to it; the prejudice is too rank, and I plainly see my God-daughter has taken an antipathy

‘ antipathy to you. I am at a loss to account
‘ for it, as you appear to be sweet-tempered ;
‘ and I don’t find the least resemblance in the
‘ character she has drawn, unless you are the
‘ greatest dissembler upon earth.’

I shed a torrent of tears at these words. ‘ Re-
‘ cover yourself,’ said she ; ‘ I did not send for
‘ you to give you this uneasiness ; behave your-
‘ self well, and I’ll take care of you.’

I was going out of the room, when she
called me back. ‘ Now I think on’t,’ says she,
‘ your father and mother would have you return
‘ home : but you shall be your own mistress to
‘ go or stay.’ “ Ah ! Madam,” cried I, “ as
“ much as I love them”—‘ Well, well,’ says
this amiable lady, interrupting me ; ‘ I see you
‘ have some reasons for not complying with
‘ their orders : Make yourself easy, you shall
‘ stay where you are.’

I retired, quite overcome with so much
goodness. In going from her apartment, the
Receiver met me. “ What is the matter, my
“ pretty girl ?” says he, stopping me ; “ has
“ any one been taking you to task ? I shall be
“ very angry with my wife ; for, except her,
“ nobody here dare use you ill. But be com-
“ forted, I’ll put things upon a better footing ;
“ I have been thinking some time of making
“ your fortune.” ‘ I am much obliged to you,
‘ Sir ;’ answered I ; ‘ your lady’s being pleased
‘ to bear with me, demands a greater return
‘ than I can possibly make. I have all the reason
‘ in the world to be satisfied with her goodness.’
“ Not too much of that, I believe,” says he,
F 3 “ you

“ you would scarce cry for nothing: Some
“ other time I shall enquire farther into this
“ matter; we are not in a proper place to talk
“ any longer; farewell.” Saying this he
squeezed my hand, and went to his lady.

I was no longer so dull of apprehension as not to know the meaning of words; and plainly perceived I was in favour with the gentleman: This made me very uneasy, lest his taste in this particular should clash with my happy situation.

I returned to my chamber, musing on what had passed, and very much resenting the behaviour of *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*. I was taken up in contriving means for getting the letter, which had not been read to me; the mention made in it of the *Marquess*, was alone too great a temptation to be resisted. It was locked up in a drawer, and I often watched an opportunity to lay hold of it.

The *Sunday* following I compleated my design, whilst the lady was at church; for having over-staid the time, she forgot her keys in the hurry. Opening the drawer I found the letters, which I carried off to my own chamber, and read them very hastily.

The first was that from *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*: As much concerned as I was in it, I ran it over very slightly; that of the *Countess* was of greater consequence.

I read it several times: she spoke of me in very favourable terms, excepting, where she mentioned her suspicion of an understanding between the *Marquess* and me. She said, her son had wounded him dangerously with a pistol bullet;

bullet; that several reports had been spread in the country concerning the affair; but that she had unravelled the whole, by the means of an old servant, whom she had intrusted with the care of my education; that notwithstanding the *Marquess* was very reserved, as to the grounds of the quarrel, yet his perplexity at not knowing what was become of me, plainly discovered the violence of his passion; that she had thought herself under an indispensable obligation of cautioning the *Marquess's* father, her particular friend, to provide, in case his son should recover, against the consequence of such an amour; an affair of the greater concern, as she thought me virtuous, and my lover a man of honour.

The letter concluded with advising my being sent back to my parents; that my charms might in time occasion much mischief; and that, if she thought of keeping me with her, it would be absolutely necessary to prevent my ever seeing the *Marquess*.

I bewailed the condition of that dear man, and yet did not disapprove of the cautions given on this occasion; I even resolved to turn them to my own advantage. What I had read convinced me of the little stress that was to be laid on so unequal an engagement. I folded up the letters and carried them back in a great hurry: One moment later, I had been caught in the fact, the *Receiver* coming in just as I was leaving his lady's apartment.

"O! you are here, are you?" says he,
"Well, pretty Jenny, is their any thing troubles
F 4 "you

“you now?” The colour, my apprehension occasioned, the consternation I was in, all together set me off to an advantage. That air of assurance most women are fond of, is far from being always a charm; and I have since heard the men acknowledge, that however fond they may be of the sex, they are more taken with a modest and reserved carriage, than that forward free behaviour.

Monsieur de G—— was just then an instance of this remark, by extolling me, at least in appearance, beyond such as I have just now mentioned. “But,” says he, “you make me
 “no answer: Do you stand in any awe of me?
 “If you do, it’s wrong judged; I am more
 “your friend than you imagine. For it is
 “owing to me that my wife, without knowing
 “my inclinations, shows you so great a regard.”
 Indeed, soon after I came thither, I had a sattin gown given me: The lady’s women were very fond of me, they taught me how to behave, and their instructions were not lost, as girls are ready enough in learning such lessons. “I had
 “my reasons,” continued *Monsieur de G*——,
 “or I should have ordered your cloaths myself,
 “which would have been after a much genteeler
 “mode; but we must have a regard to the cir-
 “cumstance of time, which you may make
 “more suitable whensoever you please. When
 “say you, *Fenny*? Shall I reckon you in the
 “number of my friends?” “I could not wish
 “for any thing better, Sir,” I replied at last, without knowing the extent of that word.
 “Ay, now you speak!” continued he. “You
 “are

“are love itself; upon this condition you shall
“be as happy as a queen. Adieu; I am apprehensive my wife is coming in, and would
“not for the world she should surprize us together: As she is extremely apt to be jealous,
“this would be sufficient to make her run mad.
“Be upon your guard, and take care not to
“drop the least hint of this to any one.” I stood like a statue after hearing such a discourse: *Madame de G——*, who just then came, found me in that condition: “What was you
“doing here?” says she, “My husband went
“from hence but now, what has he been saying to you? Methinks you are thoughtful;
“there is something more than ordinary in it.
“Come, tell me what has passed: My husband
“is amorous; I’ll lay a wager he is in love
“with you, and has been telling you as much.”
“With me, Madam!” replied I. “Don’t
“tell me any lies,” continued she, throwing herself into an easy chair; “I am not angry
“with you; but if you conceal any thing, we
“shall be no longer friends.” “I can easily
“satisfy you, Madam,” I replied; “it’s true
“*Monsieur de G——* has said some obliging
“things to me; but I imagined it was only in
“consequence of the favours for which I am beholden to you.” “Mighty well!” cried the lady interrupting me: “That is to say, he will
“love you for my sake. But let me hear what
“he said.”

Upon this, I repeated word for word his whole discourse; only I stopped short where he proposed being my friend; upon second thoughts

I had guessed how much it imported. The more I hesitated, the more her curiosity was raised. "Well, and what answer did you make?" said she very seriously. I repeated my words. "And what did he say to that?" continued she. "Ah! Madam, what very much surprized me," answered I, "and convinced me I did not rightly understand the expression he had used." I then related the rest of his discourse, and she mused upon it a little.

"Your tender years plead a pardon for your answer," said she; "but do you know to what you have obliged yourself; by virtue of what you said, my husband will secure your person; you are his, and in that case, honour, reputation, and all is gone." "God forbid," cried I, interrupting her, and alarmed at what I heard; "my heart would break, to think I had given the least occasion to any such thing." "I believe it," replied the lady; "and you have done very well in giving me this detail; otherwise you might have been fatally engaged, without suspecting any ill, till it had been too late to prevent it. Therefore look to it, *Jenny*, and for the future do nothing without consulting me: The dangers you have already escaped, ought to make you more circumspect than another."

The lady's discourse had too great an appearance of truth, not to make a deep impression. I was soon convinced she was not mistaken in what she had said; and I had great reason to think myself happy under the direction of so skilful a guide.

Two days after this, one of the lady's women, for whom I had a particular esteem, came to my chamber: "What! in bed still, lazy one?" said she; "Come, rise and dress yourself; I am going out, and you must go with me." "With all my heart," answered I, getting up; "if you had given me the least notice over night, I should have been ready before this." "There is no harm done," answered she, "it is not late; however, get ready as fast as you can."

This servant could not be less than sixty years, forty of which she had passed in the family, where she was very much respected; I made my court to her from the beginning, for I soon perceived she was the *Governante* of the house, and that nothing was transacted but what had her approbation. I had the greater reason to be fond of her, having one day overheard her speak much in my behalf to her lady, prevailing upon her to keep me, when she had thoughts of sending me away. I never let her know, that I was sensible what obligations I had to her, but strove by every thing in my power to make a suitable return.

We went in a hackney-coach to a silk-mercier's in St. *Honore's* street. She consulted me upon some flowered damask; I gave my opinion of what I liked, and she fixed upon the piece I had fancied. She called for some gowns fit for autumn and spring; still I was consulted, and spoke my mind with the same frankness as before.

She bought three gowns, besides a bed-gown. From thence we drove to a sempstress, where she bought a dozen fine laced shifts, and a dozen plain ones, with other linen suitable,

From thence we went to the *Palais*; here she bought head-clothes, tippets, ribbons, and other like attire.

We went back to two or three other different shops, for stockings, gloves, &c. at last we alighted at St. Ruch's Bank, and were conducted to an apartment, not very large indeed, but nobly furnished.

The old servant, I mentioned, brought table linen; a footman, who by the livery I knew belonged to the *Receiver*, came in; he laid the cloth very neatly, and then retired.

I stared, not being able to comprehend what all this meant: far from suspecting any thing, I was with a person of some consideration, one that I looked upon as a second mistress; my want of mistrust on this occasion was not at all blameable.

About half an hour afterwards somebody knocked at the door. The footman brought up a young woman with hoop petticoats. My directress having chose one of the handsomest, 'Come,' says she, 'let us see how this will fit you.' I put off my gown, it was tried on, and I thought it no small addition towards a graceful appearance; a secret complacency arose when I viewed myself in the glass, and saw I was not at all despiseable.

My vanity was discovered by my directress. 'You are not mistaken, pretty *Jenny*, in thinking

“ing yourself handsome,” says she, “you are very lovely; I must have the pleasure of dressing your head according to my fancy.” As I was not against it, she fell to curling my hair, and then put me on one of the bought heads; only to try it, she said. I made great difficulty when we came to the red: “You are a simpleton,” cried she, “don’t you see it’s only for diversion? We have nothing to do now but only to adorn these little ears: and for that too we have the good luck to be provided.” Upon this she pulled out her purse, which seemed to be none of the lightest, from whence she took a paper containing a pair of brilliant ear-rings. “What do you think of them?” “Exceeding fine,” answered I. “Well, then, let us see if they become you as well as the rest.” I viewed myself; the alteration was so great, that through surprize I was not able to speak. And indeed, *Jenny* was no more; a well-made young lady, killingly handsome, had taken her place; the red gave new lustre to my eyes, and, to speak the truth, I thought myself transcendently charming.

Let me be indulged in this folly of vanity; especially as I am a woman: When *Monsieur de la Valle*, the fortunate peasant, placed his personal merit in so strong a light, I, who am speaking, was not disgusted at it; I ask but the same favour at the hands of the public.

Whilst I was thus taken up with the contemplation of my own dear self, a *mantua-maker* came in. “Come, Miss,” said my directress, “put off your gown, that your measure may be

“ be taken: Your cloaths will be made to admiration. *Mrs. Pagode* has the best hand in *France* for setting off a handsome woman.” Thus far I had not the least suspicion: But the taking my measure, and these expressions, opened my eyes; at once I saw clearly into the whole affair. O Heavens! said I to myself, I am betrayed! I had not strength to reason any farther.

By this time they had undrest me, and the *mantua-maker* was busy in taking the measure, but with an air that had a mixture of sorrow and compassion. I said nothing; quite at a loss how to evade the mischief that threatened me: The *Chevalier d'Elbieux's* behaviour was too fresh in my memory, not to make me dread every thing that had the least appearance of that kind. I recommended myself to God, who certainly directed me on this occasion.

I pretended a desire of being left alone a few minutes on a certain account: The wicked directress, for such I began to think her, told me there was no one there with whom I might not make free. But I appeared so naturally ashamed, as in truth I was, that she cried out, “ Let her have her way; she is a meer child, “ and every trifle startles her; in time she'll “ know better.”

The moment they were gone out of the room, with my pencil, on a scrap of paper, I wrote the following note.

Jenny is undone, Madam, unless you snatch her from the precipice, on whose brink she stands. Want of time prevents her saying any more.

This

This I directed for *Madame de G*——: I had already contrived how to send it; the *mantua-maker's* behaviour convinced me she was virtuously inclined, she having frequently sighed when she looked at me. Whilst she was employed in folding up the things, I approached her, under some pretence, and slipped the note into her hand, telling her at the same time, if she had the least regard for virtue, as I believed she had, she must carry that note immediately, as directed, and God would reward her.

I found I had no time to lose; one moment more had been too late: The door opened, and who should come in but *Monsieur de G*——! Although after what had passed, I might reasonably expect him, yet I was thunder struck at his appearance, and looked like death itself.

“What a charming creature!” cried he, not observing my perplexity, “I was not mistaken: “is there any thing can surpass this!” He came up to me and viewed me on all sides, (the others left the room at his coming in.) “Well, my charmer, you are not displeased with your condition I hope? Is not the master’s service as good as the mistress’s? But all this is nothing in comparison of what is to come. The first moment I saw you, I pronounced you happy. Come, my pretty creature, why won’t you talk with me? You are melancholy; what is the matter? Do you fancy any thing——you need only speak. Some jewel? perhaps a ring? accept of this, it’s your’s.”

Saying

Saying this, he took a fine diamond from his finger, and presented it; but I thrust it aside, How great is the confusion of a virtuous young woman in such circumstances! ‘Let me alone, Sir, (said I at last) keep your presents to yourself; they are infectious. Little did I expect such favours, and much less an adventure of this sort. God knows my heart, I never intended to give the least encouragement.’ “How!” cried he very gravely, “I have misunderstood you certainly; or what is it you mean? When I offered to provide for you, did you not give your consent?” ‘Not in the least, Sir,’ answered I very smartly; “I am unacquainted with your manner of expressing things, and we did not understand one another.” “Why, what did you understand then?” said he interrupting me. ‘That you made an offer of your friendship,’ replied I, “which was doing me a great honour.” “But nevertheless,” continued he, “you have brought yourself into——” ‘Ah, not at all, Sir,’ answered I in tears; ‘you are too much of a gentleman to use violence——’ “How!” said he interrupting me very calmly; “you don’t know me surely; I love you too well to give you the least uneasiness; and though I should have a far better title, yet nothing would be exacted that is incompatible with your tranquillity. Dry up your tears then, my lovely *Jenny*; reign sole mistress of yourself and me: Nobody shall presume to controul you; independent of all about you, their only study shall be to obey your orders. The
“ return

“ return you may hereafter think fit to make for
“ all this, lies entirely in your own breast: In the
“ mean time, enjoy yourself in the endearing
“ reflection, that you are entirely at your own
“ disposal. This apartment is yours, and what-
“ ever else you can fancy shall be provided
“ without delay.”

All this was so far from allaying my apprehensions, that it only served to increase them.

“ How unhappy am I!” cried I, “ that you
“ you should entertain so ill an opinion of me!
“ Better far to be in my grave than accept of
“ such presents. Good God! what obligations
“ must I lie under!” “ None at all” replied he:
“ I don’t pretend to influence your affections,
“ dispose of them as you shall judge proper. My
“ word and honour shall be engaged; a security
“ you ought to think me incapable of violating.
“ The liberty of seeing you from time to time,
“ and obliging you in every thing, is all I ask;
“ a sufficient recompence for the greatest service I am able to perform. A farther acquaintance will convince you that I am in a different way of thinking from those, who, full of the benefits they have conferred, fancy they have a right, on such frivolous grounds, to tyrannize, and exact a servile compliance to every thing they think fit to demand. No, no, *Fenny*, once more I give you my word, I look for no return. Your niceness in this affair, far from giving the least disgust, charms me infinitely, and raises my esteem to an equal pitch with my love; and whatsoever my passion may be, you shall never have any
“ reason

“reason to complain. In order to convince
 “you of the truth of this, I shall leave you at
 “present, and not return till you think proper
 “to send for me.” Saying this, he made a
 low bow and retired. Where experience is
 wanting, the appearance of things must carry
 it: The sentiments he had expressed, were
 not unworthy a man of honour, and made a deep
 impression, insomuch that I was under a kind of
 concern for having suspected the virtue of *Mon-*
sieur de G——. I was not in the wrong;
 his conduct in regard of me from that moment,
 demonstrated he was very capable of putting in
 practice the generous maxims he had laid down:
 I even wished to have had it in my power to re-
 call the note. These reflections were followed
 by the emotions of self-love: as I was alone, I
 consulted the glass upon those beauties I had
 heard so often extolled; I examined my several
 features, and without perceiving of it, ap-
 plauded my own charms: the stuffs were rich,
 I tried their effects upon me. Were I in such
 clothes, said I to myself, and seen by the *Mar-*
quess, I might not for the future, perhaps, be
 so long without hearing from him. But where
 is the harm, continued I, in accepting these
 fine things? I am not obliged to make any re-
 turn. *Monsieur de G——* has given me his
 word.

I was going on in this train of thought, when
 the waiting-woman came in: she was too sly
 not to discover the bent of my soul in those mo-
 ments. “How now! pretty *Jenny*,” says she,
 “you have let my master go away. He seemed
 “much

“ much disturbed : sure you would not say any
“ thing disagreeable to him.” “ No, God for-
“ bid !” answered I ; “ at first indeed, methought,
“ he seemed to drive at something out of the
“ way.” “ He !” cried the waiting-woman,
taking me up with an insinuating air ; “ Alack !
“ you know little of him : a very moderate
“ compliance will purchase presents without
“ end from him. Go, go, he deserves you
“ should be a little more complaisant ; few
“ women in *Paris* would scruple to——” “ Very
“ fine ! very fine indeed !” cried out *Madame*
“ *de G——*,” who had been listening at the
door, and that moment entered the room ; “ a
“ pious exhortation truly this same of yours to a
“ young girl ! Wicked wretch, I am glad I
“ know thee. Heavens ! who would have
“ thought it, that I should be so long imposed
“ upon by her hypocrisy ! Be gone, vile dis-
“ sembler ; be gone this instant : see my face no
“ more ; for depend upon it, if you do not
“ leave *Paris* before this time to-morrow,
“ I’ll confine you for life. Good God,” con-
tinued the lady, throwing herself, quite
fatigued as it were, into an easy chair, “ that
“ ever I should employ such a creature !” But
the wretch did not stay to hear all this out, the
first *apostrophe* being sufficient to pack her off :
For my part I was as much at a loss, as if I had
been the criminal myself.

The lady seemed to be in a profound medi-
tation : But presently recovering herself, and
looking on me with all the goodness imaginable.
“ Your discretion and prudence I shall never for-
“ get,”

‘ get,’ said she; ‘ the note you sent, was
 ‘ brought me by a person whose conduct had a
 ‘ great appearance of virtue. Lay aside your
 ‘ tears in regard of my husband; your modest
 ‘ behaviour will increase his esteem, and he will
 ‘ be the first man to encourage you for having
 ‘ done your duty. I know him too well, to
 ‘ doubt of what I say. Wretched servant!
 ‘ You are likewise a promoter of these disor-
 ‘ orders. It’s you have put my husband on
 ‘ such exploits: It is to such base compliers with
 ‘ their masters inclinations, that we justly at-
 ‘ tribute so many misunderstandings and di-
 ‘ vances. Very genteel and pretty furniture, in
 ‘ truth!’ continued she, looking on the table,
 and the other things provided for me: ‘ Poor
 ‘ child!’ added she, beholding my head-dress and
 paint; ‘ seducing allurements, too often fatal
 ‘ to youth!’ This detail shamed me very much;
 I snatched up a napkin, and immediately de-
 molished my patches and paint. ‘ Embrace me,
 ‘ my dear *Jenny*,’ said the good lady, ‘ I am
 ‘ charmed with your virtuous indignation; now
 ‘ you are fit to appear. Call some of my ser-
 ‘ vants, and order up the master or mistress of
 ‘ the house: I would fain know who it belongs
 ‘ to, and in whose name these lodgings have
 ‘ been taken.’

The mistress came herself: one of those who
 always fawn upon their company, and pique
 themselves on being the very pink of courtesy;
 our landlady was so to such a degree, that it was
 impossible to discourse with her in any other
 strain. “ Lord, Madam, do me the honour to
 “ believe

“believe—” Every word was so smoothed with compliments, that I am apt to think, when she abused any one, it was “under favour, with submission, &c.” Her eyes languished so much whilst she spoke, that they were often in a manner closed up; at every word she was sure to moisten her lips, and each phrase was distinguished by a small spitting, being introduced by an affected *hem*, and ended in a most agreeable squeak.

This whining gentlewoman informed us, that *Monsieur de G*—— hired the lodgings, and furnished them; that she did not know my name, but the gentleman assured her I was a married woman, and came to *Paris* in order to sue for a separate maintainance, my husband squandering away his effects in continual debaucheries; that he had received great recommendations in my behalf, being related to the best families in *Bretaign*.

‘The story is well enough contrived,’ replied the lady; ‘but I can assure you the gentleman has imposed upon you; ’tis all a fiction,’ ‘Adieu,’ continued she; ‘another time be more circumspect whom you take into your house. A very little reflection would have convinced you, that if this lady was so well recommended to *Monsieur de G*——, he being a married man, the stranger might have had an apartment in his house; and you are the more inexcusable in this affair, as you own we are no strangers to you.’ Saying this, she locked up every thing; we got into the coach, and returned home.

Monsieur

Monsieur de G—— had been gone but a few minutes; he was acquainted with what had happened by a note which, as we found afterwards, the waiting-woman had sent: We were told he was gone into the country.

Although this gentleman had been engaged in several intrigues, he was always so circumspect, and the regard he had for his lady so particular, that he would not for the world give her the least uneasiness, or suffer any thing of this kind to become public. He was no sooner arrived at his seat, but he wrote to beg pardon for what was past, assuring her, she should have no reason to complain of his future conduct; and as a proof of his sincerity, he was willing I should be sent home. The lady, whose goodness to me increased continually, read me his letter, and her answer to it: she told him, he was to blame in absenting himself on such a trifling occasion; that no one can always command their inclinations, and if his were never more out of the way, it would be very well; that she herself had a particular value for me, as I justly deserved; that she had no thoughts of sending me away, being very secure in my discretion: the letter concluded with repeated assurances of the tenderest affection.

Did every wife behave in this manner, as often as the nuptial state lies under a cloud, divorces would not be so much in vogue in these our days.

I passed almost a year, without hearing any thing of the *Marquess*: Time and reflection had allayed that ardent passion so visible in the beginning

ginning of these Memoirs. *Madame de G*— was so fond of me, as to make no distinction between her daughter and me ; under the masters, who attended her, I had made some proficiency, and I sung with so much judgment as to gain the applause of all who visited the lady. *Mademoiselle*, her daughter, far from resembling *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, loved me very tenderly, and was never easy in my absence. *Monsieur de G*—'s love fit was become a paternal affection, of which he soon gave me very convincing proofs ; but however commendable his intentions might be, I could look upon nothing, which came from that quarter, with a very favourable eye.

Several of the company who resorted to the house made their addresses to me ; but the most importunate suitor was a certain *Monsieur Gripart*, Farmer-General of the Taxes, immensely rich and frightfully deformed. People may pretend that a young woman ought to be directed in her choice by reason, and not by fancy ; but for my part to deal ingenuously, I could not think *Monsieur Gripart* any other than insupportably disagreeable. Nevertheless some regard was due to him as he was really in earnest. *Madame de G*— assured me of it, and added she should think herself very happy if she could make it a match. I did not dare to enter on the subject of my dislike to him ; but was in hopes my mean birth, and the disadvantages attending it, would prove a sufficient obstacle, without my appearing in the affair : But the misfortune was, *Monsieur Gripart*, who came
from

from nothing himself, looked upon great extraction no more than a lucky hit, and consequently did not feed upon such illustrious chimeras: Considering the great share he had in some of my adventures, it will not be amiss to draw his picture.

He was of a middle stature; one half of his body, as well as his face, very different from the other: It's true, he was not hunch-backed, but was equally graceful; for when he stood as straight as he could, one would imagine he was stooping to take something up. The description of his countenance will be no easy task; I never saw any thing like it. His head was an oval inverted, the top of the forehead making the point; his eyes inclined to each other in proportion as the figure diminished, and consequently their lower parts were as much at a distance: his mouth was made arch-wise, but instead of being turned downwards, which is usual enough, the upper lip and his nostrils seemed to be but one piece; and when he laughed, it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other: But both his lips, contrary to what we generally see, turned inwards; and his nose, proud of its pre-eminence, was puffed up very fiercely on all occasions.

His eyes were as big as those of an ox, without any advantage in point of sight; their lids were so fond of each other, that they never parted without tears.

The left eye-brow was at a considerable distance from the eye to which it belonged, and took in at least one half of the forehead, being turned

turned upon itself; whereas the other could scarce be distinguished from the right eye.

The height of his forehead must have been excessive, had not the border of the eye-brows, we just now mentioned, formed an agreeable point of view. The bushy perriwig, which *Monsieur Gripart* usually wore, looked like a suitable frame to so frightful a picture.

This gallant, just such as I describe him, loved me to distraction: Not a day passed but he made me a visit; which liberty, and that of discoursing with me at pleasure, he had taken up of his own accord: Whilst I was ignorant of his designs, the droll figure and humorous conversation of the man was an amusement. It was a considerable time before he made any declaration, and till then I could not believe a man of his mold capable of love like other people: Nevertheless, personal deformity is no bar to virtue, wit, nor love; and instances are not wanting where the most contemptible aspect has deserved a character infinitely preferable to the merits of those, whose personal qualifications have been altogether charming.

At last he declared himself, taking an opportunity whilst *Madame de G——* was writing. He came up to me, as I was at work, with some disorder in his countenance; ‘Lay by that useless task,’ said he, ‘will you never be tired with embroidering?’ ‘Why so?’ answered I! ‘Ah, ah!’ continued he, ‘I have something to say to you, of that consequence, as to deserve all the attention you are mistress of.’

‘ Do you know that for these eight months,
 ‘ six days, and four hours, I have been in love
 ‘ with you? You laugh, but this is not a trifle
 ‘ to be jested with. The deuce! a *Gripart* in
 ‘ love? Why there never was such a thing
 ‘ known in the family before; the whole race of
 ‘ us, from father to son, always married with-
 ‘ out any such thing as love in the case: I am
 ‘ the first that ever forfeited so noble a preroga-
 ‘ tive. Till now I never looked at a woman
 ‘ but through the wrong end of the perspective;
 ‘ the miracle was reserved for you. That ever
 ‘ I should be in love! To speak the truth, I
 ‘ could not have believed it myself, had I not
 ‘ been convinced of it by my sleeping so sound
 ‘ ever since I came acquainted with you; before
 ‘ that, I had not time to eat or sleep, being so
 ‘ taken up with getting money; at present I
 ‘ eat, sleep, and now and then spend a penny;
 ‘ wonderful effects of my passion, enough to
 ‘ move a rock! What, are you insensible?
 ‘ Well, to convince you at once, I’ll tell you
 ‘ more: You cannot but know that interest is
 ‘ all in all; judge then how much you engross
 ‘ all my thoughts, by what I am going to relate.
 ‘ The other day, a person brought me a sum
 ‘ of money; it was no sooner counted out,
 ‘ but I locked it up in my strong box; the man
 ‘ who paid the money, waited for an acquit-
 ‘ tance: No I thank you; my thoughts were so
 ‘ busy about you, I quite forgot that piece of
 ‘ form, as well as that I had received the money;
 ‘ at last my debtor, whom I was sending away
 ‘ without any acknowledgment, told me, he
 ‘ supposed

‘ supposed I was too busy to give him an acquittance. What acquittance? replied I. Why a receipt, continued he. A receipt! cried I; for what? You are disposed to be merry, Sir, says he, I perceive; it’s for the money——Oh! right, said I, whenever you pay me the nine thousand five hundred *Livres*, you shall have the discharge: at present I have business, and you must leave me; saying this, I put him by the shoulders out of my closet. The poor fellow, astonished to see me in earnest, and believing I intended to cheat him of his money, bellowed like a sucking calf. This odd behaviour awaked me out of my dream; and after laughing very heartily at my absence of mind, I gave him a receipt in form; and, that he might remember as long as he lived, that *Gripart* was in love, I generously bestowed upon him a whole shilling. The man was so surprized, that he never staid to thank me; I warrant you, he thought himself as happy as a prince.’

“ No doubt on’t,” replied I, “ with so considerable a sum!” “ Yes, indeed, considerable,” added he; “ with twelve pence much may be done. Some of these days I’ll give you the history of my life; why, with such a sum I made my fortune. But, let us return to my love-affair; deuce take me, that’s more to the purpose.”

Monsieur Gripart embellished his declaration with all the oratory-peculiar to a *financier*, much of which I can’t call to mind: What I remember is, that he compared me to a large sum,

the employing of which was to be his property; and he concluded with saying, he foresaw the price would be enhanced upon him, through the number of bidders; but that he was resolved to carry his point at the sale, and not be such a tony, as to let the candle burn out before he bid his last price.

In the mean time, I learnt that this extraordinary lover's designs were carrying on with great earnestness: A waiting-woman of *Madame de G——* named *Christina*, my bosom-friend, over heard some discourse, of which I was the subject. *Monsieur de G——* argued very strongly in favour of the match, and his lady was entirely bent upon it.

I was no sooner apprised that the affair was concluded upon, but I gave myself up to a frightful disquiet. I called to mind the beginning of that passion, once so dear to me; I ran over all that ever the *Marquess* had said and vowed to me. Heavens! cried I to myself, is it possible that he should forget it all; and in so long a time, never once to let me hear from him? And yet how much did I confide in it! Fatal credulity! False, deceitful man! A torrent of tears succeeded; certainly none were ever shed with greater sincerity.

One morning when I was overwhelmed with reflections of this nature, *Christina* came dancing and jumping into my room. 'What will you give me for my good news?' I had wiped my eyes, hearing her come; but the marks of my trouble were too fresh to be undiscovered at first sight. 'What ails you?' said she very compassionately,

compassionately, 'you have been crying; there is something troubles you, which is kept a secret from me. You are very cross, but I'll come even with you, and will know the bottom of it very shortly: At present let me tell you, your mother is in the house, and is just now coming up stairs.'

This piece of news, so very unexpected, surprised me much, and gave me great joy. To see a mother after so long an absence, what an endearing comfort! I slipped on a gown, and ran to throw myself into her arms. I met her, folded my arms about her neck; she embraced me with great affection. What a happiness! My sister accompanied her; by turns I gave them the most ardent marks of the transport I felt, and then conducted them to my chamber. Our discourse at first, through eagerness, was too confused to be understood. By degrees I became acquainted with our family affairs; my father was in good health, and on his way hither: *Colin* had married my sister out of mere spite; I was not a little pleased at this news for my sister's sake; the young fellow had very good dispositions, and where-withal to make her very easy in her circumstances.

The steward, who always shewed me much respect, hearing my parents were come, sent a breakfast to my chamber; I exerted myself in doing the honours of the house, finding an infinite satisfaction in it. My sister stared at me with astonishment. 'Look, *Mamma*,' said she, 'she is no longer our *Jenny*; this is a fine lady. How she is drest! What linen!'

I had on a bed-gown, nothing extraordinary; yet was much pleased with my being taken notice of. Vanity is always at hand, and for those who have left their home, there cannot be a greater pleasure than to be seen again by their friends genteelly dressed; but I intended to surprise them far more in my best clothes.

‘Do you know, *Jenny*,’ said my mother after breakfast, ‘what has brought me hither?’ ‘To see you married.’ That word made me turn pale. To whom? not to *Colin*, there I was safe: I could think of nobody but *Monsieur Gripart*. My mother saw the trouble I was in. “Is it joy or grief that moves you thus?” said she. “You cannot sure have so far for-
“got the education I gave you, as to set your
“heart upon any one?” “No, dear mother,” answered I in great confusion; “only I did not
“expect any such tidings.”

“Well then, I am the bearer of them,” continued she, looking pleasantly again; “I
“must tell you, that you are extremely happy,
“after all that has passed, to have fallen into
“this lady’s hands! She has left nothing unsaid
“to your God-mother, in your praise; but
“her last letter has crowned the work. The
“*Countess* sent immediately for me, and ordered
“me hither in all haste, telling me, that
“*Madame de G——* had provided a husband
“for you, who would heap wealth and honour
“upon the family: This is all I know of the
“matter.”

Just as my mother had done speaking, a footman came to let her know that *Madame de G——*
must

must speak with her: She went immediately, leaving my sister with me.

Her sentiments in regard to me were entirely altered; her joy at seeing me again, and the sincere caresses she bestowed upon me, banished all resentment of her former behaviour: Where there is a fund of good-nature, injuries are easily forgot.

I was not yet sufficiently acquainted with her to make her my *confident*: Nevertheless, as I had a strong inclination to know what had passed in my absence, I ventured to ask how the family did at the Castle? 'The Countess,' answered she, 'is much the same; she comes very shortly to Paris with her daughter, who has been court-
'ed for some time by *Monsieur de F——*.
'As to the *Chevalier*, nobody knows what is
'become of him; he is rarely seen ever since
'that affair: It has made much noise, and is
'variously related.

'Good God!' continued she, 'how pleased
'was I, to hear you was so well placed! You
'acted in the discreetest manner possible, not to
'return with *Colin*. Lord! how you would
'have been pointed at in the village! To this
'hour, scarce four words are spoke, in which
'your name is not mentioned.'

"Dear sister," cried I, "tell me on what
"grounds I am thus censured, and then I will
"satisfy you how far they are just." 'You
'cannot be ignorant,' replied she, 'what one
'must expect in all such little places; every
'trifle is magnified into an affair of conse-
'quence: Neighbours are always upon the
G 4 watch,

‘ watch, as to what passes in the next house, so
‘ that nothing escapes unobserved; and if the
‘ true motive is not discovered, a much worse
‘ is invented: The report is, that the *Marquess*,
‘ *Mademoiselle de Parc*, and you, had laid a
‘ design for your being carried off: They add,
‘ that *Monsieur le Chevalier* being likewise in
‘ love with you, guided by jealousy, discovered
‘ the plot. You are blamed for being the oc-
‘ casion of the duel your two admirers fought,
‘ by giving them both encouragement at the
‘ same time. All which was the more readily
‘ believed, because *Mademoiselle d’Elbieux* was
‘ heard to say, that your coquetry with the men
‘ was to her insupportable.

‘ However these surmises, through my mo-
‘ ther’s usual discretion, began to lose ground:
‘ The inquisitive were put on the wrong scent,
‘ by her giving out you was gone to one of her
‘ aunts. This found credit: But *Colin*, com-
‘ ing home frightened out of his wits and
‘ soundly thrashed, spoiled all again, by the
‘ account he gave of his meeting with you; he
‘ told every one how much he had endeavoured
‘ to bring you home, without being able to
‘ prevail; that your head was certainly turned,
‘ by listening to the nonsensical discourse of the
‘ fine gentlemen; that nevertheless he had com-
‘ passed his design, if the *Marquess’s* cursed
‘ *Valet de Chambre* had not interposed; that the
‘ fellow must certainly deal with the devil, be-
‘ cause, notwithstanding *Colin’s* gun, and his
‘ companion *Christopher’s* cudgel, they were
‘ both handled very roughly.

‘ He

• He was so enraged, in fine, that he talked
• more against you than any one, and said, he
• did not doubt but the *Marquess* had you in
• some house in the neighbourhood.

• The same day that *Colin* came with this
• story, the *Chevalier* arrived; when he was
• informed of what had passed, he called for
• *Colin*, and was shut up with him a considerable
• time. We saw him go away foaming like a
• madman; swearing he would take up *Colin's*
• quarrel, and teach *Dubois* to abuse his tenants.

• As for the *Marquess*, he sent constantly
• twice a week during your absence, to know
• if you had been found. As soon as he was
• able to go abroad, the *Chevalier* disappeared;
• which gave room to a great deal of talk. For
• some time it has not been known what is be-
• come of him.

• Notwithstanding those reports, you are still
• beloved by every one, except *Mademoiselle*
• *d'Elbieux*, who lets slip no opportunity of
• falling upon you. As soon as she heard where
• you were, she told several they must expect
• to hear very shortly of some new adventure;
• that you are a fly baggage, and are not at
• *Paris* for nothing, as she has good reason to
• suspect.

“ Good God !” cried I, “ what have I done
“ to deserve her hatred in this manner ?” “ We
“ know well enough,” continued my sister;
“ she is secretly in love with the *Marquess*, and
“ he is as indifferent on his side, having no great
“ opinion of her beauty. She has discovered
“ that it's owing to you——” “ To me ! she

“ is much in the wrong,” replied I, overjoyed to put my sister on the subject: “ I never could perceive there was any grounds to think the *Marquess* so fond of me as people imagine. From the time I left the Castle, I have not so much as heard him mentioned.” “ Had he been so indifferent,” replied my sister very sily, “ he would scarce have sent so often to enquire after you. But he lost his labour; for the *Countess* expressly charged us not to give him any account of you. Whether he was acquainted with this order of hers, I cannot say; but we have never heard any more of him since: It was said indeed at the Castle, that he retired into another country, I don’t know the name of it; that his father had endeavoured by all possible means to bring him to Court again, but without success; and that his physicians, by his own directions, had advised the country air, that he might avoid any farther importunities on that subject.”

This account revived all my tender sentiments for the *Marquess*: A deep sigh forced its way. “ Ah! Fenny, I plainly see you are in love with the *Marquess*,” said my sister; “ I cannot blame you; his merit deserves no less; but have a care how you indulge your passion; the settlement now proposed will be in danger of miscarrying. Look to it; you cannot but see the inequality between the *Marquess* and yourself; on the other hand you are on the point of being married very advantageously, unless your indiscretion in favour of the *Marquess* overturns the whole affair.” “ I thank you,” replied

replied I, " for this good advice, dictated by a friendly heart; I shall endeavour to put it in practice, and make a sacrifice of myself." This was followed by a torrent of tears, which moved my sister, very much. ' Here,' says she, ' I cannot bear to see you in trouble; I deferred telling you I had a letter, which, notwithstanding the strict injunctions to the contrary I shall venture to give you. Make yourself easy then; *Mademoiselle de Parc* put it into my hands the night before we came from home: She is still fond of you, and, if I am not much mistaken, has sent very acceptable tidings. *Dubois* often sees her, as I have discovered, though it is very privately. You'll pardon my reservedness, *Jenny*, when you reflect on these reasons, and the hazard I am exposed to in the affair.'

I opened the letter with great precipitation: the address was in a woman's hand; but agreeable surprise! within I discovered the *Marquess's* writing. I blushed and trembled while I read as follows:

WHERE are you, my charming *Jenny*? Will this mark of my tender love and fidelity ever come to your hands? Heavens! what anguish and torture do I not suffer from the cruel uncertainty of your situation! Death itself cannot be compared with it. What has befallen you? Where are you? I would have gone to the farthest corner of the earth, on the least prospect of finding you; but something tells me I am not far from you. Still I live in hopes of a favourable hour: It must not be long in coming,

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coming, my patience is at an end. I conjure you by all that is dear, if this comes safe, to let me hear from you. Nothing else can possibly save a life long since devoted to you alone.

The MARQUESS of L. V.

April —
Castle of L. V.

I had scarce time to read the letter ; when my sister, who stood upon the watch, came running to tell me, she heard somebody on the stairs ; I put up the letter very hastily, and being sent for by the lady, I went with a heavy heart, foreboding the ill news I expected to hear.

‘ I am overjoyed, *Jenny*,’ said the lady as soon as she saw me, ‘ that I have it in my power to make you amends for what, through a principle of virtue, you heretofore declined. The proof you then gave me of your discretion is not forgot ; and from that time *Monsieur de G——* and I were determined on making your fortune. A match is agreed on for you, the articles are drawn, and I sent for your parents to rejoice with you on this occasion. *Monsieur Gripart* is the person designed for you : his riches are very considerable, and are like to increase : he is much in love with you, and will make you happy, he has already settled twenty thousand crowns upon you. Is not this a convincing proof, that Heaven sooner or later rewards those who walk in the narrow paths of virtue ?’

‘ You make me no answer, *Jenny* ! That blush becomes you, and is a mark of your modesty.’

‘modesty.’ “Very true,” replied my mother; “but that ought not to hinder her from “throwing herself at your feet, Madam, and “thanking you with the most profound acknowledgments for all your favours.” I did so immediately, kissing her hand. ‘Rise, my ‘dear,’ said she, taking me in her arms; ‘I ‘look upon you as my own, and will be at the ‘expence of the wedding, which shall be at our ‘country seat. My husband is there already; his ‘present consists of some things you have seen ‘before. As for *Mignonne* (meaning her ‘daughter) to whom you are very dear, as she ‘has not much to give, insists upon your accepting of her pearl necklace.’ My mother, charmed with such marks of affection, was at a loss how to express her gratitude. Just at that instant the lady was informed that company was coming in. We retired to my chamber, whither we were followed by several of the servants, to congratulate with us upon the good news, I having gained their affections by my affable behaviour.

The day following my father came: such an alteration in his daughter was a great surprize to him; my sister told me he even cried for joy.

The *Tuesday* following, to which there were but three days, was appointed for the wedding. It was not possible for me to prevent it: what reason could I alledge against it? A marriage that gratified the ambition and compleated the happiness of our family: I heard nothing else talked of; it was only at night I had an opportunity to vent my sighs and bewail my condition.

At

At last the fatal hour came; on the day before *Monsieur Gripart* sent me jewels to the value of twenty thousand livres. The same day we had repaired to the Castle of C——, the place appointed for our nuptials. The news was spread in the neighbourhood, and drew a great concourse of people from all parts.

The morning following I was called up at four, to be led a melancholy victim to the altar. They did me the honour, 'tis true, to attribute my uneasiness to the fear and apprehension usual with young women at the approach of marriage. Alas! my thoughts were far otherwise employed.

Two days before this, I had struggled very hard between the suggestions of love and decency. Love prompted me to acquaint the *Marquess* with the intended espousals; I knew how to direct to him, the thing was feasible. If he really loves me in the manner he expresses, thought I, and has those honourable designs he seems to hint, it would not be a difficult matter for him to break off this fatal match; or, should his intentions be of a different kind, my new engagement would be attended with less regret. On the other hand, decency disclaimed any such conduct, too forward to become a young woman well educated: it was running after a husband. What a disgrace, methought, if I should act thus, and he be backward on his part! I should sink under such a load of affliction. No sooner did I resolve one way, but immediately I found myself inclined to the other. Frightful is such a wavering situation; and much I pity those who are so unfortunate as to

lie under a perplexity, without being able to come to a determination.

Nevertheless, they led me to church; mass being over, the usual exhortation was made: the ceremony was already begun; *Monsieur Gripart* had even pronounced the fatal *I will*. When, the priest turning to me for my consent, a voice was heard from the bottom of the church, crying out, Hold, hold.

The curate was at a stand: every one looked back. A young woman made her way through the crowd, and coming up to the altar, desired to speak with the priest in private. He took her into the vestry, together with *Madame de G—*, and *M. Gripart*. I remained in my place, astonished, and unable to divine the occasion of such an accident.

In the mean time the people, surprized at what had happened, crowded to the altar. Their eager and curious eyes were fixed on me. Some said the bride was very handsome, and worthy of her good fortune; others said, it was a pity any thing should thwart it; a countryman cried, *Ne'er moin'd, she'll get a husband for all this*.

At last the vestry door opened: one of the church-wardens came to call me; I was no sooner entered but the door was shut again.

'Your wedding, *Jenny*, is put off for the present,' said *Madame de G—*, 'till such time as *M. Gripart* removes a difficulty made by a woman, to whom, it seems, he formerly promised marriage. She lives in the neighbourhood, and hearing she was on the point

‘ point of espousing you, has put in her claim by this person. ’Twas something late, indeed, and might have been slighted, but it is better to wait till the parties have compromised the matter.’

“ I am extremely afflicted, Miss, at what has happened,” said *M. Gripart*: “ Youth has its follies. I had entirely forgot this promise; but this delay will only make surer work on’t, as I am certain the person in question will hear reason.” “ No doubt of it,” replied the young woman who had interrupted our nuptials, “ she only insists upon marrying her, or nobody.” “ That’s a little hard,” answered *M. Gripart*; “ but this is not a place to argue in, you shall go with me in my coach to her.” He presented her his hand, and making a low bow, retired.

We returned to the Castle; my father and mother very much down in the mouth. But my concern was to hide my joy, which seemed, I knew not why, to promise a deliverance from what I so much dreaded.

But this did not last long: *M. Gripart* returned the next morning very gay, he had removed the obstacle, notwithstanding his avarice, which was forced to give way on this occasion: Money carries all before it. My apprehensions returned, my father and mother were as much elated. The day was once more fixed for the wedding, and nothing remained that could possibly be any hinderance.

The evening before we were to be certainly married, we took the air on a high terrace; it looked

looked upon a meadow, at the end of which about forty paces distant, was the great road: The company talked on several diverting subjects. *M. Gripart* addressed me with his tedious courtship. As I was leaning in a melancholy posture on the baluster of the terrace, amusing myself with the different objects that presented themselves, several horses, followed by a pack of hounds, passed leisurely along the road. This sight reminded me of what had happened in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*, the dear moment that brought me first acquainted with the *Marquess*: My eyes dwelt with pleasure on the prospect. I seemed to divine all that was to befall me.

A single person, dressed in green trimmed with gold, came very gently cross the meadow, in a bye path at the foot of the terrace; the horse, as the reins lay upon his neck, taking the advantage of his rider's profound contemplation, frequently stopped to graze. The gentleman, by his folded arms, and head hanging down, seemed to meditate on some important affair.

A situation so exactly resembling my own, made me consider him very attentively: My heart began to beat; in viewing his features as he drew nearer, methought I knew him. Alas! it was the *Marquess* himself; his image was too deeply engraved to be mistaken. As he passed by the baluster where I stood, he looked up and put off his hat: This gave me a full view of him; I was no longer myself, but shrieked out, being suddenly taken ill.

Every one ran to my assistance: As I did not faint away, my eyes were never off the dear object

ject that caused my tender emotion. The *Marquess* had stopped, hearing me cry out, and looking very earnestly, "Good God!" he cried, "'tis she." Saying this, he clapt spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

The company was too busy about me to observe what passed. *M. Gripart* and my father led me to a room, and laid me upon a couch.

As my surprize was the effect of joy, it was not attended with any ill consequence: I presently recovered, and felt an unusual tranquillity. *Madame de G——* had enquired, when the *Marquess* passed by, if any one knew that Nobleman; for such he appeared to be by his numerous retinue: My father's common sense convinced him at once he ought to hold his tongue on this occasion: But my mother, either through vanity, or an itch of talking, was not so discreet. "Yes, indeed, we know him well enough," she cried; "'tis the *Marquess* of *L. V.* who brought our bride the gratification so much talked of." "O ho!" replied the lady; "if that be the case, our wedding is like to meet with another rub: I thought our damsel did not change colour for nothing." "Colour me no colours," cried my father in a pet, "the marriage shall go on: I'll be bound, Madam, for the performance. If it miscarries, the fault shall not be on her side. The *Marquess* is no husband for her." "I am mightily pleased," replied *Madame de G——*, "with what you say; but I am at a loss how to behave in case he comes here: However, it is very well *M. Gripart* did not per-

“perceive what happened: Let every one be
“upon their guard, and not take any notice of
“it when he is present.” I heard all this from
the next room.

It was not long before the lady was informed
that a gentleman desired to speak with her: I
easily guessed who, and from thence was much
disturbed. My father and mother immediately
observed my looks, which were presently fixed
on the ground. *Monsieur Gripart* coming in at
the delivery of the message, cried out, ‘He is
‘welcome, and must honour us with his com-
‘pany at supper.’

After a quarter of an hour’s private discourse
with the *Marquess*, *Madame de G——* sent for
me. I entered the room in a sort of agony,
“Come hither, my dear child,” said she:
“employ the sway you have over this Noble-
“man, to assert your own right and the for-
“tune offered to you: He opposes your mar-
“riage, and protests he’ll leave nothing un-
“done that may prevent it.” The *Marquess*
was on his knees before *Madame de G——*; but
leaving her, he addressed himself to me in the
same posture: ‘Ah! *Jenny*, have I deserved’
says he ‘to be made the most forlorn of man-
‘kind?’

How powerful is a lover in such a submissive
posture! I asked him, with tears in my eyes,
“What can you expect I should do? I, that
“am not my own mistress. In the name of
“goodness, leave me.” I said; “be gone,
“don’t overwhelm a virtuous disposition, too
“much shaken by your presence.” — ‘Must I
‘go?’

' go?' replied he, ' Ah ! Miss, is this the re-
 ' ception you afford a person who adores you,
 ' and that too after so long an absence? One
 ' who lives but for you, from the first moment
 ' he saw your face? Does your good fortune
 ' dazzle you, ungenerous as you are, and pre-
 ' vail upon you thus to sacrifice me? I have
 ' wrote twenty letters to you; and what an-
 ' swers have I received? What an one was it you
 ' you sent me but yesterday? that I should
 ' trouble you no more; that you never loved
 ' me; and as a proof of it, would accept of
 ' the first match that was proposed; that I
 ' should never know your abode, till you was
 ' secure in the arms of a husband——" Ah !
 " hold Sir," I cried, " I don't deserve any
 " such reproach: I never wrote to you."
 ' You never wrote to me? Cruel creature !
 ' I am not to be believed then without a proof
 ' of what I say ! Heavens ! this is a new in-
 ' sult ; can you think me capable of being an
 ' impostor ? But I must prove my words ; this
 ' letter' continued he pulling one out, ' will
 ' justify me. Is this the essay you make, after
 ' learning to write?' Looking upon the paper,
 what should I discover but *Mademoiselle d'El-*
bieux's hand ! *Madame de G——* came to look
 upon it, and knowing her writing, assured him
 of the truth. ' Ah ! Madam,' said he, ' you
 ' restore me to life ! Charming *Jenny*, com-
 ' pleat what this lady has begun, by promising
 ' me not to marry your new admirer." " As
 " if that' cried I, interrupting him, ' depended
 " on me ! Is it not to you I owe all my af-
 " fection ?

“fiction? Am I to withstand a father and a
“mother? Must I frustrate the good intentions
“of this lady? Heaven knows, how little
“either affection or interest influences me, in
“going to the altar.” ‘Then you will go?’
replied the *Marquess* in a melancholy voice;
‘You are willing to compleat your nuptials,
‘and end my life in the same instant? “God
‘forbid!’” cried I redoubling my tears; “It’s
“too dear; Heaven’s my witness. Alas! I
“love you but too well to enjoy any peace of
“mind; nevertheless, how can I decline this
“match? What reasons would you have me
“give for disobeying my parents?” ‘Your love
‘for me, my charmer,’ answered the *Marquess*.
“Ah! were such a declaration sufficient,” re-
plied I, “with how much pleasure could I
“make it!” ‘Tis enough, ’tis enough, my
‘charming *Jenny*,’ cried the *Marquess*. ‘Pardon.
‘Madam, my transports; your countenance
‘tells me my situation moves you to compas-
‘sion: I have already acquainted you with the
‘purity of my intentions: Do you believe me?
‘Will you perform your promise? Speak;
‘you see this lovely creature does not disown
‘her passion. Answer me,’ cried he, throwing
‘himself again at her feet; ‘Heavens! she
‘hesitates: what am I to expect? Will no-
‘thing less than the last drop of my blood pre-
‘vail upon you?’

“How much you perplex me, my Lord!”
answered *Madame de G*— after some pause.
“By what means can an affair, so far advanced,
“be broken off? It is true, *M. Gripart* is your
inferior

“ inferior in point of birth, nevertheless he is a
 “ person of some distinction in the world. He
 “ is our friend: What colour then can we give
 “ to our refusal? On the other side, *Jenny* is
 “ truly dear to me. A thousand things occur
 “ at once. Your honour nothing can surpass,
 “ I believe: your word, inviolable, without
 “ doubt: Nevertheless, you must own, my
 “ Lord *Marquess*, that your father can never be
 “ brought to approve of so unequal a match:
 “ he has already explained himself on that sub-
 “ ject, and would never forgive me, did he
 “ suspect me capable of giving the least en-
 “ couragement in an affair of this nature. The
 “ most I can possibly do, is to fulfil the promise
 “ my compassion extorted in your behalf: I will
 “ find means of deferring the wedding eight
 “ days longer, during this time do you en-
 “ deavour to break it off, without drawing any
 “ suspicion on *Jenny*.” Saying this she left the
 room; I was about to follow, but the *Marquess*
 stopped me.

‘ Stay one moment,’ said he with a sorrow-
 ful distracted air, ‘ unless you will see me dead at
 ‘ your feet. Can you abandon me thus to de-
 ‘ spair?’ “ Good God!” replied I, terrified at
 seeing him in this condition, “ What can I do?
 “ What answer would you have me make to
 “ the reasons you just now heard alledged?”
 ‘ That you slight them all for my sake’ said he;
 ‘ and declare against this detested match.’ “ How!
 continued I, “ would you bring my character in
 “ question with persons to whom I am so
 “ much obliged?” ‘ Far from it,’ cried he,
 ‘ your

“ your reputation is dearer to me than life itself ;
“ I would not, for the world, be the occasion of
“ your ruin. I am ready to marry you myself ;
“ receive my plighted troth, my solemn vows ;
“ I call Heaven to witness I will marry none but
“ you. This has all along been my design, and
“ I only waited a favourable opportunity to con-
“ vince you of it. I have a father, it’s true ;
“ but if you will consent to make me so happy,
“ we may easily be married without his knowing
“ of it : He is advanced in years, and cannot
“ live long ; though God forbid I should desire
“ his death ! I would sooner die myself. I am
“ even unwilling to give him the least uneasiness,
“ and for that reason propose being married pri-
“ vately. If you love me——” “ I do love
“ you ;” cried I, “ alas ! beyond what can be
“ expressed. But, my Lord, I’ll never consent to
“ such a marriage to gain the world. I love
“ you, again I repeat it ; do you ask a proof ?
“ I’ll disobey my parents, if it is necessary ;
“ yes,” continued I redoubling my tears “ I’ll
“ set every one against me, but that is all you
“ must expect.” “ What !” cried the *Marquess*
with great emotion, “ will you refuse me ? do
“ you suspect my protestations ? can you think
“ me so perfidious a villain ? “ No, no !” re-
plied I, interrupting him, “ I have an entire con-
“ fidence in you, and am fully convinced what
“ honourable sentiments you are pleased to en-
“ tertain in my regard, and by conquering the
“ weaknesses my passion inspires me with, will
“ in some measure deserve them. My honour
“ is all I possess ; in the name of goodness,
“ do

“do not seek its ruin, nor tarnish it with such proposals.” I had no sooner said this, but I ran away as fast as possible. *Madame de G——*, who had overheard us, stopped me: ‘Come into this room,’ says she, ‘I have something of the greatest consequence to impart to you.’ She locked the door upon us; and making me sit down, spoke in the following manner:

“I shall never forget the proofs you have, in my hearing, just now given of your discretion,” continued *Madame de G——*; “when we have more leisure, I shall express my satisfaction; in the mean time, let me exhort you never to swerve from so fair a path. Whilst my ear, attentive to your tender conversation, enjoyed the pleasure of a scene, wherein virtue triumphed over love: my eyes fixed on the park, were struck with the sight of several people in motion: astonished to see strangers passing backward and forward, I placed myself at the window, so as not to be seen; judge of my surprise, when I observed among five or six horsemen, a livery belonging to one, whose name will make you tremble: a park-keeper led the way, and opened them a door into the *green-house*. After this he discoursed a while with a person in laced cloaths; I tremble to think it must be the *Chevalier d’Elbieux*; that wretch has certainly got intelligence where you are, and, hurried on by his brutal appetites, has some wicked design” — “Ah! Madam,” cried I trembling, “I am ruined unless you stand my friend! your conjectures are but too well-grounded: what you say, reminds me of something that gave me no small

small uneasiness. It was with difficulty I put it out of my head; only last night," Madam, continued I, as well as fear would let me; "I heard a noise at my door; I waked your chambermaid, but was obliged to speak pretty loud first. Upon this a voice, which I am sure I have heard before, said, *We must retire*. I was terrified and crept close to *Isabel*, but she only laughed at my apprehension, saying it was only some of the servants who had been at the ale-house whilst the family was in bed, and hearing me speak, were afraid of being discovered. But for all she could say, I remained very much frightened, still fancying I heard the same noise." "I easily imagine," replied *Madame de G*—— who heard me with great attention, "that there might have been over-night a design of carrying you off; but the great company at supper, and who staid very late, might oblige them to defer it: this is a troublesome affair, and I am at a loss how to disappoint their enterprise; it is well the *Marquess* is still here; he is fully sufficient to curb their insolence, and his interest in the affair will not suffer him to stand neuter."—"Good God," Madam, cried I, "take care; he must not know that the *Chevalier* is here, if it be he; be pleased to recollect what has already passed between those two rivals, and the dire resentment they bear to each other.—Heavens! what have I done to deserve so much cruelty at your hands!" This exclamation was attended with a flood of tears: "But," continued I, alarmed at the danger which surrounded me, "would it not be best for me to make my escape whilst it is
VOL. I. H practicable?"

practicable?" "Good God! whither would you go, my dear child!" cried *Madame de G*— interrupting me; "Besides, you cannot imagine but we are observed: Nevertheless, I must approve of your proposal, as it is the only expedient for preventing the intended mischief; as for this village, it is not only inconsiderable, but cannot afford one man who will face any of the people I have seen. It is true, now I think on't, there is a place of security, not far off, where you would be welcome; but besides the *Chevalier's* spies, I apprehend the *Marquess* himself will oppose the execution of such a design; he is far from satisfied in the situation wherein you left him; he must see and talk farther with you; lovers never think they have said all; and as if these obstacles were not enough, *M. Gripart*, my husband, and your relations, are all waiting for us." "That signifies nothing, Madam," cried I; "tell me but the place, where you say I shall be safe from these pursuits, I'll run any hazard to reach it." "The *Abbe's* of a monastery about two leagues from hence," replied *Madame de G*—, "is my particular friend, and owes her fortune to me." "Dear Madam," cried I kissing her hands, "order somebody to conduct me thither; every moment is precious, I tremble; do you acquaint *M. de G*— what has happened, whilst I join the company, and put the best face I can on the matter. When you have contrived the means for my escape, upon the least item, I'll slip away, or feign an indisposition,

“ position, which will not be suspected after
“ my fainting fit; they will imagine I am
“ in my chamber, and consequently make no
“ inquiry; as for the rest, I have been used
“ to riding, and if a horse be provided at the
“ end of the village, I shall easily join the
“ person you appoint for my guide.” “ Ah!
“ *Fenny, Fenny,*” cried *Madame de G——*
taking me in her arms, “ how ingenious is a vir-
“ tuous mind; your scheme is perfectly well
“ concerted, and will, I hope, succeed: De-
“ pend upon it, you will always find a mother
“ in me; your virtue at once charms and in-
“ terests me in your behalf.” “ Indeed, Ma-
“ dam,” replied I with tears in my eyes, “ I
“ will sooner forfeit my life, than my reputa-
“ tion; but alas! I am going to lose you,”
added I, crying very heartily. “ No, no, *Fenny,*”
replied *Madame de G——*, “ I shall ever be a
“ tender parent to you, I’ll come to see you,
“ and when things are settled will bring you
“ back; dry up your tears, and let us not lose
“ one moment.”

Madame de G—— embraced me, and we
were on the point of leaving the room, when
the door was thrown open on a sudden; it was
the *Marquess*; he fastened the door after him,
looking upon us with distraction in his eyes. “ I
“ have heard all that has passed, Madam,” cried
he, addressing himself to the lady; “ there is a
“ design to rob me of *Fenny*, but you must take
“ my life first. Alas! what have I done to deserve
“ such treatment! Heavens! cannot my wretched
“ condition move your pity!” Saying this he threw

himself at the lady's feet, and took me by the hand, assuring us both that I should not go away, let what would happen; and that if we did not immediately promise as much, he would lay himself dead at our feet.

The apprehension for my lover's life, the danger he would be exposed to, in meeting with the *Chevalier*, who might every moment surprise us and open a tragical scene, emboldened me to act in a manner far different from my inclinations and usual behaviour. 'Rise, my Lord,' said I, looking stedfastly on him, with a dissembled anger, 'and if you really love me—' 'If I love you? Ungrateful creature!' replied the sorrowful *Marquess*; 'is this the first time?' 'How well convinced ought you to be? What I have suffered——' 'I ask it as a favour,' continued I in the same tone, 'that you would hear me without interruption; and since I may depend on your affection for a punctual compliance with what I am going to propose, I shall look upon such a deference as a convincing proof of what you have so often vowed; otherwise, you must expect no return from me: call reason to your assistance; without it, love is but folly. I should be unworthy of the regard you express for me, and what you seem to propose, did I blindly follow the dictates of your passion; sooner or later, you would be the first in making me repent my weakness: The intentions you have declared in this lady's presence, leave me no room to doubt of your esteem, the greatness of which honour I am fully sensible of; but
the

‘ the more you debase yourself in my behalf, the
‘ more I ought to rise above myself: She is no
‘ longer *Fenny* the country lass, who speaks to
‘ you, but a person inspired by the honours this
‘ lady has conferred upon her, and elevated far
‘ above her birth; who reserves herself for
‘ you by such methods, as you will one day
‘ approve of, and who, through a disinterested-
‘ ness not very common, sacrifices to you a
‘ present establishment, for an uncertain one
‘ to come; for who can assure me that you
‘ will not change your mind hereafter in re-
‘ gard of one who has nothing but her virtue
‘ to balance the wretchedness of her birth.
‘ I am engaged to *M. Gripart*, and to-morrow
‘ I must receive him for a husband; a monastery
‘ is the only means left me to ward off the
‘ blow you dread so much, and to prove how
‘ entirely I am yours. Would you therefore
‘ by an unseasonable opposition, compleat a
‘ marriage, which must separate us for ever:
‘ The cloyster will be an honourable pretext,
‘ and, by declaring a vocation of a long standing
‘ to it, I may with credit break through the
‘ engagements I am under. Can you be so
‘ unreasonable as to oppose a project, entirely
‘ formed to oblige you alone? This, my Lord,
‘ is what I had to say. I shall argue no longer;
‘ but I solemnly declare (continued I in a very
‘ positive manner) if you will not agree to
‘ such proper methods, and retire from hence
‘ this very moment, I am resolved to marry
‘ *M. Gripart*, and never see your face more.’

Saying this, I turned my head aside lest my tears should betray me. The *Marquess* rose quite astonished, seized my hand and bathed it with his tears. How dangerous is a man beloved, when he appears in such an attitude! A virtuous young woman should never look on such a spectacle; and it was happy for me, that so respected a person as *Madame de G——* was present; otherwise, my heart would have soon recalled what my virtue had advanced. On such occasions, flight is our compleatest victory: I forced my way and shut myself into a closet. The lady at last appeased the *Marquess*; promising to send him an account of me; and behaved so well to him, that after expressing himself in the most affectionate terms in my regard, he retired. My heart was attentive to all he said, and shared his transports. Ah, love! if thou dost afford some sweets, thy pains are cruel! My lover was no sooner gone, but all my resolution vanished; I ran over every syllable he had uttered, and the weakness I am going to acknowledge, is at least a balance to the lofty airs I just now assumed; I have my choice, whether to divulge it or not, for no one can contradict me as to what passes in my own breast; hitherto I have concealed it; but in entering upon these Memoirs I professed sincerity, and am resolved to keep my word; besides it may be of some service to young persons of my own sex, for whose benefit I write these Memoirs, to be let into the methods I was so fortunate as to put in practice for curbing the vivacity of inclination; a rock on which they
are

are frequently cast away, and which cannot be avoided, unless, not only sure guides in the paths of virtue be consulted, but all occasions are carefully shunned of calling to mind such deluding ideas. Excuse this digression; those who think it tedious, will do well to skip it; the book will be the sooner read.

As soon as *Madame de G*—— was rid of the *Marquess* she went to her husband: the account she gave startled him; he was of the same opinion, that it was highly necessary to remove me; a trusty servant, according to his direction, carried me that very evening, unperceived by any one, to the monastery of *St. N*——, where I was courteously received.

The continual disquiets I had undergone, harrassed me too much to think of any supper. Being desirous of going to rest, I was conducted to a neat little chamber, and presently went to bed, abandoning myself wholly to grief. The greater part of the night I suffered cruelly, the *Marquess*, present to my imagination, seemed still to lament himself at my feet; I comforted him in a language, alas! far different from what I mentioned before. How happy would he have thought himself, had he been by! I blamed myself for not giving him the tenderest proofs of my affection. Those who know what love is, will easily enter into my condition, and must own such a night to have been very frightful. The oppression I laboured under, at last gave place to a broken, terrifying sleep, arising from my present circumstances; I dreamt of nothing but rapes and duels: Methought the

Marquess, overpowered by the furious *Chevalier*, with his last breath protests his love. O Heavens! I am seized by the conqueror. This dream was so lively, that I started out of my sleep with a loud shriek.

The sun was already above the horizon, and shone into my cell; I cast a melancholy look on the several objects which surrounded me; a large wooden crucifix, with a death's head at its foot made me shudder; a torrent of tears ensued. When the heart is oppressed, every thing affects it; a devout reflection terrified me; methought a crucified God, whose sufferings I there saw represented, reproached me with my weakness. Alas! what could I address to him but my tears; and they were very plentiful. I threw myself at the foot of the crucifix, I called upon God, and found my affliction abate—Methought he spoke, teaching me that patience, of which he shewed himself so perfect an example. Looking towards one end of my chamber, a picture of hell, wherein multitudes of devils were represented tormenting the damned, struck a terror into me; I turned away my eyes from so hideous a sight. Alas! methought I shall one day fall a prey to these enemies of mankind, if I continue thus to follow the bent of my inclinations! Our Curate's exhortations came fresh into my mind; I prayed to God to have mercy on me. Nature must yield when long assaulted; I grew faint, and threw myself into the bed again, pulling the clothes over me; I shivered, and as often as the idea of my lover offered to reassume its usual sway,

sway, I drove it from me with great earnestness, looking from time to time on the crucifix as a salutary antidote against such a deluding poison. Part of the morning was spent in this manner, when my chamber door opened: "*Ave*," said an ancient Nun coming in, "dear Miss, how have you rested? What, not up yet? *Madame de G*—— is below in the Abbess's parlour, who has sent for you". "Good God!" cried I transported at such agreeable news, "How long has she been here? How does she do? What does she say?" I asked a thousand questions at once. "Put on your clothes," replied the good Nun, without giving me any answer; "you'll know all by and by, you are waited for; but be sure you say your prayers before you leave your chamber; the first duty of the day is to offer our hearts to God; somebody will come for you in a quarter of an hour." Saying this she left me counting her beads very devoutly. I jumped out of bed very hastily, saying my prayers and dressing myself all at once, to save time, expecting to hear of the *Marquess*. How small a matter dries up a fit of devotion, founded only on the folly of a passion. *Madame de G*——'s arrival replaced the *Marquess* in my heart. "But, my God," said I with an air of confidence; "I love thee with all my soul; and may I not reserve a little love for a man, whose intentions tend to nothing but what is lawful?" I began to think myself not so very much to blame; my heart was busied in regulating these things suitably to its inclinations, when another Nun,

whose beautiful countenance was exceedingly amiable came into my chamber, telling me in a very engaging manner, she was come for me, “ Good God !” said she, “ you have been crying : I am concerned for you ; I am apt to think you do not relish a monastery. Alas ! you are not the only one.” I looked earnestly at her, finding a comfort in what she said ; but she cast down her eyes, and seemed vexed with herself for speaking her mind so freely. There are persons, the first sight of whom gains our affections ; this handsome Nun was one of that number ; I embraced her with great tenderness, after which we went down stairs.

When I came into the Abbess’s parlour, I ran hastily, without reflection, to *Madame de G—*, who was at the grate : “ Good-morrow, my dear,” said that good lady ; “ but you ought first to salute your worthy superior, she is of a sweet disposition ; I have spoke to her in your behalf, and she is willing to take the charge of your education.” Struck with this harangue, which boded me no good, I turned to the Abbess and kissed her hands ; she embraced me, bidding me not to cry (for the tears stood in my eyes.) “ She never was among religious people before,” said she, “ I perceive ; she is frightened, but use will make it easy.” “ Pardon me, Madam,” I cried, thinking she meant that I had no religion, “ I love God with all my heart.” “ I don’t doubt it,” answered the Abbess with a cough of a quarter long ; “ I believe you are very devout and very virtuous.” “ She is a very good girl,” added *Madame de G—*;

G——; “the air of a convent is not very agreeable at first, but there are many things which require patience and reflection; but more of that another time.” Saying this she winked upon me, as much as to say, stay till we are alone, I have a great deal of news.

The Abbess having mastered her cough, with plenty of mallows and liquorish to loosen her husky lungs, began to open again and make a *confident* of her old friend, *Madame de G——*, concerning all the little animosities on foot in the convent; she gave her a long detail of the various humours and different interests among them. ‘Would you believe,’ said she very vehemently, not thinking of her weak breast, ‘that the Director, our dear Father, who had always been my friend, that he should behave with great coldness to me; Surprizing! The very first time I perceived it, I employed Mother *Gertrude*, in whom I have an entire confidence, to find out the reason. Could you imagine, my dear lady, what I then discovered? That he was grown very intimate with Mother St. *Elizabeth*, who whilst in the world, as well as here, you know never loved me! now judge whence the blow comes. Nevertheless, God is my witness, I made a sacrifice of my resentment, it being in my power, as Abbess (unworthy) to make her sensible of it; instead of that,’ continued she, growing warmer and thumping the board, ‘I have promoted her to the best offices in the community, even that of Treasurer: Judge now, Treasurer! so considerable, that in one

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‘ point

“ point she may controul the Abbess herself.
 “ She is a very *serpent* whom I have cherished
 “ in my breast.” That word was very distinct,
 passion uttered it, while charity was forgot; it’s
 true every invective was qualified with a *God*
forgive me; but still *she is a very serpent* was the
 burden of the song. “ To rob me of the friend-
 “ ship of our Director, our Father, such a Fa-
 “ ther! he that absolves us, purifies us, and
 “ conducts us to Heaven! Do you apprehend the
 “ great consequence? Ah! Madam, I shall
 “ never be comforted.”

This conversation, which, from my longing
 to be alone with *Madame de G—*, became
 insupportably tedious, was fortunately inter-
 rupted by a Nun’s coming in with her veil over
 her face; at her entrance she bowed to the
 ground and then kissed the Abbess’s hands, who
 very devoutly embraced her head, telling her to
 put up her veil, for there were no men present:
 “—What would you have with me, dear Mother?”
 continued the Abbess. The Nun began to whis-
 per in her ear; but she certainly thought we
 were deaf, for she spoke so loud that I heard
 every word. “ Mighty well,” replied the
 Abbess, “ I am coming; do you stay for
 “ me on the stairs.” “ Would you believe,”
 said she, addressing herself to *Madame de G—*,
 “ what they are doing? there is another cabal on
 “ foot; I am told three of the Ancients and the
 “ good Father and Director are now plotting
 “ against me in the Trinity parlour; there is a
 “ private place from whence I can over-hear
 “ them, unless my continual coughing does spoil
 “ all;

“all; but Heaven will support me. Adieu,
“mum, you see the consequence.” Saying this
the Abbess retired, giving me a little pat as she
passed by, and muttering something to herself.

“Come near, *Jenny*,” said *Madame de G—*,
as soon as we were alone; “let us take this op-
“portunity the Abbess has given us, to whom,
“what I have to say to you must be a profound
“secret; we should be ruined, were it known
“you are the cause of what has happened last
“night. Resolution is requisite, my dear; the
“news I bring will not be very agreeable, but
“rather far from it.” Here she paused a while
to recollect herself. This melancholy prologue
went to my heart, and scarce left me strength
to hear the new catastrophe, which she related
in the following words:

“You had scarce left my house,” continued
Madame de G—, “when *M. Gripart* came
“to me in a violent hurry. What’s this I hear,
“Madam, said he? I had like to have been
“finely bubbled here; I chanced to overhear
“two footmen talking together in the park,
“otherwise my market would have been made
“in a very notable match truly! Would any
“one have believed that she could look so de-
“mure, and yet marry a husband and retain her
“gallant? I had pleased myself with the thoughts
“of making her fortune, but, thank my stars,
“I am very easy as to that particular; the only
“thing which gives me any uneasiness is, Ma-
“dam, that you, who know how much I am
“your friend, could see me thus imposed upon,
“being no stranger, in all probability, to this
“country.”

‘country girl’s behaviour. Whoever thought
 ‘it so easy to gull me, were much mistaken;
 ‘for I would have the world know, that the
 ‘*Griparts* were never taken in yet, and what’s
 ‘more, never will; and whenever I am fool
 ‘enough to commit matrimony, I’ll warrant be-
 ‘fore hand the success of my choice.’

A small digression must be excused; for it
 would not be fair to let any of the heroes in
 this History make their exit, without commu-
 nicating to the reader their various fortunes.
 As to this, he proved no prophet, for in a few
 years he married the noted Miss *Fanny* —
 the ticket suffices. Her cunning was such du-
 ring *M. Gripart*’s courtship, that he never sus-
 pected her virtue, and fortune was so favour-
 able to her, that though she was in keeping to
 the very wedding day, he never discovered it;
 nay it might always have remained a secret to
 him, if her ill and unguarded conduct after mar-
 riage had not extorted from him, notwithstand-
 ing all his prevention in her favour, an acknow-
 ledgment of his wretched destiny. In his first
 transports, he raved like a madman, beat her,
 and confined her, as he said, for life. However
 his anger abated, and in less than a twelve-
 month, he brought his wife home again, but
 quite another woman; her confinement had af-
 forded leisure for proper reflections on her for-
 mer behaviour; and she is at this day a pattern
 to the best of wives.

Let us return to what *Madame de G* —
 was relating to me. ‘In spite of all I could say
 ‘to *M. Gripart*, continued she, ‘he went out
 ‘dissatisfied,

‘ dissatisfied, got into his chaise and went away
‘ murmuring. My husband in the mean time
‘ had put every body we had under arms, to
‘ protect us in case of an attack; but it proved
‘ an unnecessary precaution as to our house,
‘ chance disposed of things otherwise, and it
‘ was said, there was no foreseeing the misfor-
‘ tune that was to happen.

‘ The *Marquess* of *L. V.* was no sooner re-
‘ tired, which, notwithstanding all I told him to
‘ the contrary, he did with so little precaution,
‘ pretending the servants, by the *Chevalier d’El-*
‘ *bieux*, knew his livery, than they acquainted
‘ their master, who was highly enraged at it,
‘ imagining that under the appearance of mar-
‘ rying you to *M. Gripart*, they intended to
‘ make his rival happy: With this prepossession
‘ he hastily quitted his post, and entered the court
‘ of the Castle with his attendants sword in hand.
‘ He furiously demanded the *Marquess*, and
‘ striking a terror into those he met, obliged
‘ them to shew him which way he went. The
‘ fright into which he put a shepherd was the
‘ reason of his being wrong directed as to the
‘ road your lover took, and that he pursued
‘ the road *M. Gripart* had taken. The *Che-*
‘ *valier*, who went full gallop, was not long
‘ before he came up with a *Valet de Chambre*,
‘ belonging to the *Financier*, who was following
‘ his chaise at some distance.

‘ The *Chevalier* began the tragedy, by fetch-
‘ ing him down with one of his pistols, after
‘ which, he pursued his way; *Gripart* at the
‘ report of the pistol looked out of his chaise,
‘ and

and seeing his *Valet* fall, thought they were attacked by thieves: He immediately got out of his vehicle, and through fear fell on his knees in the middle of the road, with his purse in his hand, begging in a suppliant manner for mercy and his life. The *Chevalier d'Elbieux* in his fury rode over him without the least regard to his intreaties, thinking to find the *Marquess* in the chaise: As soon as he was got within reach, he discharged his pistol, the ball went through the vehicle, and shattered the postillion's shoulder. *D'Elbieux* was surprized to the last degree, when looking into the chaise, he did not meet with what he sought for, but found himself mistaken, and his rival escaped. The way being narrow, he once more rode over the unfortunate *Gripart*, now quite crippled: But he ran on his own ruin; the time of vengeance was come, Heaven was going to punish him for all his wicked attempts.

The *Marquess* of *L. V.* who was returning very gently home, like a chagrined lover, awaked from his melancholy, with the noise of pistols, and turned his horse with precipitation towards the place from whence it came. "O Heavens!" he cried "Fenny is on the road, can this be any thing regarding her; some fresh enterprize!" "We are always solicitous for what is dear to us, and are apt to recall to our minds the most tragical events. The *Marquess*, struck with this idea, entered the road we have just now mentioned full speed; he was too well acquainted with the *Chevalier*
d'El-

‘ *d’Elbieux* to mistake him : An empty chaise,
‘ the peasants flying and imploring succour,
‘ the lamentable outcries of maimed *Gripart*,
‘ two men laid on the ground ; all this seemed
‘ to intimate to him a second rape. As to *D’El-*
‘ *bieux* he had the same opinion of the *Marquess*,
‘ he sought him too earnestly to avoid him : his
‘ eagerness to be revenged made him forget his
‘ pistol was discharged, and he faced his rival with
‘ it unloaded in his hand : “ Thou shalt not
‘ escape,” cries he, as soon as he came up to him,
‘ pulling the trigger in vain, “ I will make thee
‘ know a second time the *Chevalier d’Elbieux*.”
‘ The *Marquess*, without answering him, gave
‘ fire, and lodged the whole charge in his body ;
‘ the shock of which was so great, that he dis-
‘ mounted the *Chevalier* from his horse : “ Re-
‘ ceive the punishment due to thy crimes,” says
‘ the *Marquess* alighting and presenting the
‘ other pistol at his head ; “ thou art a dead man
‘ this instant, if thou dost not tell me where
‘ *Jenny* is, and what you have done with her.”
‘ “ I have not seen her,” replied the *Chevalier*
‘ *d’Elbieux*, in a low dejected voice. “ I con-
‘ fess, I had formed a design of taking her away
‘ this night, but hearing by chance you was at the
‘ Castle, and suspected you might also intend to
‘ secure her to yourself for ever, I quitted the
‘ place, where I lay concealed, in pursuit of you.”
‘ “ Art thou sincere ?” cried the furious *Mar-*
‘ *quess*, fearing lest he should be imposed upon.
‘ “ Yes, truly,” replied the wounded man, “ you
‘ have vanquished me ; and may take your re-
‘ venge : Afford me but time to recollect my-
‘ self,

“ self, and to implore God’s pardon for all my
 “ offences: My eyes are open, I see my errors,
 “ and I am in the utmost anguish for having com-
 “ mitted them; pray’forget——” Here through
 “ the loss of blood the *Chevalier’s* speech failed
 “ him. The *Marquess*, whose sentiments are
 “ generous, was moved to compassion; after
 “ ordering his servants to help him and carry him
 “ to the Castle, he left him and came to me, in
 “ the mean while, to acquaint me with this trans-
 “ action. Do but judge, my dear *Jenny*, of
 “ the grief with which this fatal news has over-
 “ whelmed me.

“ Fly, Sir, fly,” I cried as soon as he had
 “ done speaking; “ this is an affair of the utmost
 “ consequence, and I greatly fear lest it plunge
 “ you into such an abyss, as perhaps we shall
 “ all together find great difficulty in extricat-
 “ ing ourselves.” “ Alas!” replied the *Mar-*
 “ *quess*, “ the plain truth will clear me; but I
 “ tremble to think of my charming *Jenny*. If
 “ her *Asile*, where she now is, should take air
 “ at court, you may depend upon it she will
 “ be confined the remainder of her days, by
 “ virtue of a *Lettre de Cachet*.” I answered,
 “ I am uneasy on that head; measures have been
 “ so well taken, there is but one man, and he I
 “ can depend upon, who knows of her retreat;
 “ besides, that she passes in the convent where
 “ she is, for a relation of mine, who has thoughts
 “ of becoming a Nun; I have prevailed with
 “ her father and mother to say, that their daughter
 “ had absented herself, and they knew not
 “ what was become of her: thus you see, let
 “ them

‘ them make what search they please, it is impossible to discover her.’ “ Now I begin again “ to live,” says the *Marquess*, kissing my hand. ‘ Go, get you gone,’ says I, time is precious, ‘ perhaps they are even now in search of you, ‘ I will not have you stay to make me any answer ; as soon as you are secure from all ‘ accidents, let me hear from you, and I will ‘ inform you of what regards us.’

‘ The *Marquess* was scarce gone, when word ‘ came they were bringing in the *Chevalier d’El- ‘ bieux* ; motion had brought him to himself. ‘ My husband’s surgeon, who never leaves him, ‘ on account of an apoplexy of which he is in ‘ danger, has probed the wound ; he thinks it ‘ dangerous, but says, however, he may get ‘ the better of it.

‘ The *Valet de Chambre*, belonging to *M. ‘ Gripart*, was killed, and his master so full of ‘ contusions, he will not be able to stir these six ‘ months ; the postilion lies dangerously ill : in ‘ short, dear child, my house is become an ‘ hospital. As we are very much beloved upon ‘ our estate, we have desired it might be a secret : it was not talked of this morning, but I ‘ much apprehend I shall hear dismal news at my ‘ return. I ran hither in a hurry to prepare ‘ you, lest, if it should happen that this story ‘ comes out, you may be upon your guard, ‘ not to let it be suspected you were the cause ‘ of these tragical events. You must effect a ‘ great deal of unconcern, without that you ‘ are lost yourself, and will involve us all in ‘ the same fate. Such, *Jenny*, such are the ‘ effects

‘ effects of your cruel charms ; I wish to God
 ‘ you had been less beautiful, you had then
 ‘ inspired less love ; had I hearkened to *Made-*
 ‘ *moiselle d’Elbieux*, we had avoided a great deal
 ‘ of chagrin.’

This last stroke of *Madame de G——*’s was a thousand daggers in my heart ; I was in such a consternation as to remain motionless, without being able to utter one word : my tears, as well as voice, stuck in their passage, and I should have fainted away had not a Nun, who came in, supported me ; it was her for whom I had conceived so great an affection ; she came from the Superior to make her excuse for not returning. This amiable young woman, alarmed at the condition in which she saw me, took me in her arms, with a thousand tender caresses.

Madame de G——, moved with these marks of amity, recommended me to her care. “ Do not leave her,” says she, “ she is in trouble, there is nobody more capable than yourself to give her consolation ; her father will have her be a Nun, but she has a reluctance to it, and this is the reason why she is so much dejected.” “ Ah my God !” cried this charming young woman, “ Why will they render her so unhappy ? Ah Madam ! have pity on the poor child.” “ I can stay no longer,” replied *Madame de G——* “ business calls me away, and I am waited for ; assure her, when she comes to herself again, that I shall always look on her as my daughter, and that she shall soon hear from me.” Saying this she went away.

Not-

Notwithstanding my fainting, I heard every word; my patroness was no sooner gone, but I found myself extremely out of order.

‘Take courage, my child,’ says young *St. Agnes* to me (for that was the Nun’s name) ‘I sincerely pity you: endeavour to bear up, and let us get to a convenient place: be not dejected, pluck up a good heart, I will set you an example; in me you shall find a true friend.’ With these words she gave me her arm, and conducted me to my chamber, where she immediately obliged me to go to bed. I lay a long time without uttering one single word, or making any other answer, but squeezing her most tenderly by the hand; ‘Well,’ says she, my good girl, sitting down upon my bed, ‘how do you find yourself?’ ‘Alas!’ replied I, bursting at length into tears, ‘how do I find myself? the unhappiest of creatures! there is a fatal destiny attends my actions, the most cruel events succeed one after another:’ ‘Certainly,’ says I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, ‘never wretch was overwhelmed with so many misfortunes.’

‘If it be true,’ replied *Saint Agnes*, folding me in her arms, ‘that the consolation of those that suffer depends upon their finding companions more to be pitied than themselves, you would soon be relieved. Behold, my dear child, behold in me, the most unfortunate of persons; were even your afflictions greater than they are, they could not be compared to mine: you at least are at liberty, but I am doubly engaged: Under this veil I carry a
‘wounded

' wounded heart pierced with a thousand
 ' darts; deplorable victim of caprice, I drag on
 ' a life of wretchedness, by so much more
 ' insupportable, as I am obliged by decency,
 ' honour, and the interest of my relations,
 ' to stifle all resentments. What do I say?
 ' I have not yet had the comfort of a
 ' friend, to whom I might unbosom my secrets
 ' and my troubles. You are the only one to
 ' whom I have said so much, and for whom I
 ' have so tender a concern. Let us blend our
 ' misfortunes; make me your *confident*, you
 ' are mine already; we shall reap equal benefit
 ' from our mutual afflictions. Shall it be
 ' so, my dear *Jenny*?" "Ah!" replied I with
 great ardency, "what comfort it is for me in
 " my present condition, to find so much com-
 " passion in a place that is so disagreeable!"
 ' How kindly I take your sentiments!" said
Saint Agnes; ' your aversion to the cloister
 ' is so conformable to mine, you deserve, on
 ' that title alone, to be let into the secret of my
 ' affairs. I am going to lay open my heart to
 ' you; you shall judge how highly I value
 ' your friendship, since as soon as I know you,
 ' I deliver myself entirely up to you; we
 ' have still almost an hour to ourselves without
 ' interruption I am persuaded my story will in
 ' some manner mitigate your sufferings.

' I shall touch but slightly on my birth, altho'
 ' there was something very particular in it. I am
 ' of *Pont-a-Mousson* in *Lorraine*, daughter of
 ' one of the principle persons of that town.
 ' My mother was extremely handsome, and
 ' married

‘ married to a man of quality, who generally
‘ resided at an estate not far from that place;
‘ she was five and twenty when I was born,
‘ and for some reasons, which I shall mention
‘ hereafter, she concealed her pregnancy, and
‘ was privately brought to bed; I was brought
‘ up under the notion of being a gardener’s
‘ daughter who lived four or five leagues off.
‘ The first years of my childhood were spent
‘ in mean employments, such as suited with the
‘ profession of my adopted father. The jealousy
‘ of my two sisters, as I took them to be,
‘ rendered me continually the object of their
‘ hatred, was the reason why, out of mere pity,
‘ they charged me with the care of tending the
‘ sheep; the hardships with which I was con-
‘ stantly oppressed, made this occupation very
‘ supportable, and I blessed my stars for the
‘ alteration.

‘ The Lord of the village where I lived was
‘ named *M. Mellicourt*, he was Counsellor in
‘ the Parliament of *M——*, and he came
‘ down to his estate every year during the va-
‘ cation. He had a son who was in his studies,
‘ that never failed to accompany him thither.
‘ This young gentleman was very handsome,
‘ well shaped, and graver than those of his age:
‘ instead of employing himself in hunting
‘ or other pastimes, he spent part of it in read-
‘ ing; his only recreation was walking in the
‘ fields near the village in the cool of the even-
‘ ing. I met him almost every day with a book
‘ in his hand; as often he passed by me, and
‘ that was not seldom, he took off his hat. At
‘ that

‘ that time I was near fourteen ; lively, and
 ‘ liked young *Melicourt* extremely. Notwith-
 ‘ standing I always looked down on the ground
 ‘ when we met, and should have been mightily
 ‘ vexed to have been deprived of the pleasure of
 ‘ seeing him.

‘ One day, when I had drove my sheep
 ‘ near a Warren a little way from *Trese*,
 ‘ (for that is the name of the village) I spied
 ‘ young *Melicourt* a sleep on the grass, under
 ‘ a beech tree : I was not sorry for the occasion ;
 ‘ my heart had long wished for an opportunity
 ‘ of gazing on him without bringing my mo-
 ‘ desty in question ; though I was unacquainted
 ‘ with the effects of love, yet I plainly felt
 ‘ an inclination prevailing in my soul, and in
 ‘ spite of my low education, I had so much
 ‘ command over myself as not to give a loose
 ‘ to it.

‘ This favourable conjuncture encouraged
 ‘ me ; I was all alone, he fast asleep ; I ad-
 ‘ vanced towards him step by step, stopping
 ‘ sometimes for fear of waking him ; in my
 ‘ hand I had a small stick, with which I moved
 ‘ the leaves to try if his sleep was sound : it
 ‘ was needless, for the youth gave me all the
 ‘ reason in the world to think he enjoyed a
 ‘ most profound repose. Thus encouraged,
 ‘ I drew very near him, my heart in my mouth
 ‘ for fear. *Melicourt* is of a brown com-
 ‘ plexion, charming eyes, sweet countenance,
 ‘ very fine hair, curled, and negligently tied
 ‘ up with a ribbon ; in the attitude in which
 ‘ he lay, his face was entirely seen, on
 ‘ which

‘ which there sat so much serenity and com-
‘ lineess, that one could not behold it with-
‘ out delight; my tender heart was so sen-
‘ sibly affected, that its captivity was com-
‘ pleated by this rash scrutiny. There lay
‘ on the ground a book, and it came into
‘ my head to secure it; my father, who
‘ was school-master at *Trese*, had taught me
‘ to read: I was curious to know what I could
‘ make of this book: After I had put it into
‘ my pocket, I purposed to retire, lest I should
‘ be suspected of the theft; but I had not force
‘ to move, some secret power withheld me.
‘ Fatal curiosity to young persons, which often
‘ entangles them against their will! If I re-
‘ tired a step or two, it was only to return
‘ with greater eagerness. *Melicourt* was a
‘ loadstone, from which I could not separate;
‘ however, I was withdrawing myself, on
‘ his stirring, as if he had been going to awake,
‘ when a wasp came and settled on his face.
‘ I stooped immediately, too much interested
‘ not to stretch out my arm and drive it off;
‘ but it was done so awkwardly, or rather
‘ in such great confusion, that in endeavouring
‘ to remove this dangerous insect, I gave *Meli-*
‘ *court* a great slap on the face. He bounced
‘ up in a sudden surprise, and muttered some
‘ words which I did not understand, I was so
‘ frightened. On my endeavouring to run
‘ away, he snatched hold of my gown, and
‘ with a smile, that quite charmed my heart;
‘ “Tell me,” he said, “my pretty maid, what in
‘ the name of God have I done to you, that
VOL. I. I “ you

“ you should disturb my rest ? ” ‘ Alas ! Sir,’ answered I all in amaze, ‘ I ask your pardon, my intentions was not to hurt you ; being in search of a strayed sheep, I happened in passing by, to see a wasp just going to sting you ; I immediately ran up to prevent it, and the hurry I was in, might occasion the hurt you complain of.’ Whilst I was making, with a dissembled innocence, this apology, the youth examined me with all the attention imaginable, and expressed a wonder that seemed to flatter my vanity. When I had done speaking he would have thrown his arms about my neck to thank me, as he called it, for the service I had done him. Covered with blushes, I avoided his intended kindness. “ Dear creature,” he cried, “ be not angry ; can you be displeased with the sallies of my gratitude ? Pristhee stay ; I will be more reserved, if you think me to blame for yielding to the transports your charms have raised in my breast ; you are the first that has been able to inspire them.” Taking me by the hand, “ God God,” says he, “ how handsome you are ! the only one to whom I ever said so much before, because you alone have appeared so in my eyes.”

‘ I pretended not to understand this discourse. But I do assure you, my dear child, young as I was, I easily comprehended it favoured too much of flattery ; and notwithstanding my affection for this young man, I retired. “ Ah ! don’t run away,” cried *Melicourt*, endeavouring to stop me, “ the sun is not set ; why
“ will

“ will you deprive me of the pleasure of your
“ company? Cruel creature!” continued he,
“ seeing me at some distance, “ better for me to
“ have been stung by the wasp! the smart it
“ would have caused had been soon over;
“ whereas the wound, the dart has made that
“ came from your eyes, will never be healed.”

“ Whilst he was thus talking, I came up with
“ my flock; *Melicourt* followed me at some
“ distance, but whilst I saw him coming one
“ way, I went another, underpretence of keep-
“ ing my flock together; he soon discovered my
“ roguery, and stood still with his arms across,
“ looking on me with an air that I believe had a
“ great deal of meaning in it: I seemed not to
“ mind him, and went on to the village; and,
“ often looking back, brought home an im-
“ pression that still lives in my mind. You see,
“ what giddy girls expose themselves to, through
“ curiosity.

“ I will not entertain you, my dear friend,”
continued the Nun, “ with all the opportunities
“ we had of meeting and conversing together.
“ Young *Melicourt* had a tender honest heart,
“ and I prepossessed in his favour, it was not
“ long before I owned to him the progress he
“ had made in my affections; he was over-
“ joyed at it, and in spite of my mean birth,
“ he vowed to be mine for ever. Oh, what
“ flattering joys! what happy days! But alas!
“ the vacation was expired, and he must go
“ away; bathed in tears we bid each other fare-
“ well, without any other comfort but the hopes
“ of seeing each other again; for my part, tho’

‘ he promised a speedy return, - I was incon-
 ‘ soleable for three months. I uttered my
 ‘ mournful sorrow to my poor sheep, I trusted
 ‘ none but them; but their pacific silence did
 ‘ not ease my distracted breast.

‘ Returning home one evening more fatigued
 ‘ with the pangs of my heart than with my
 ‘ day’s work, I saw running towards me a
 ‘ daughter of the person who passed for my
 ‘ mother; she seemed in a great hurry, and by
 ‘ the signs she made had earnest business with
 ‘ me; I made haste to meet her. “ So *Minette*,”
 ‘ says she, (for that was the name I went by,
 ‘ because they thought me fly) “ what will you
 ‘ give me for my good news? Don’t be sur-
 ‘ prized; somebody is come you’ll be glad to
 ‘ see.” At this I could not help blushing; I
 ‘ immediately thought it was *Melicourt* she
 ‘ meant, or, as a guilty conscience needs no
 ‘ accuser, that our amour was discovered; I
 ‘ did not dare to ask my sister any questions.
 ‘ “ Sure you have very little curiosity,” says she,
 ‘ and embraced me, which was very unusual
 ‘ for her to do. “ Methinks of late you have
 ‘ been very indifferent as to every thing. Well,
 ‘ to punish you, I have a great mind not to
 ‘ tell you that there is come a fine great lady
 ‘ in a coach to our house, who asked for mo-
 ‘ ther, and went into a room all alone with
 ‘ her; nor, that being curious, I contrived
 ‘ slyly to hear all their conversation. Marry,
 ‘ I know it all. I won’t tell you neither,
 ‘ that it seems you are not our sister, and that
 ‘ the lady claims you as her own daughter.”

‘ How

‘How now!’ cried I, struck with this discourse
‘(which would not have surprized me so much,
‘if I had read as many romances then as I
‘have since) ‘what do you mean by all this?
‘By pretending to keep me in ignorance, you
‘tell me strange things, and which I can hardly
‘believe; I know very well you want to laugh
‘at me; for what can I think of all this story?’
“You may be in the right,” answered my sister
‘very maliciously; “however, I suppose there
“is something in it, for I heard them telling
“money, and they say people take care how
“they part with that.” The girl had scarce
‘done talking, when up comes another of my
‘sisters, with the same emotion, crying out to
‘me to make haste home, and leave her to
‘tend the sheep, my mother having ordered it
‘so. I obeyed, and came my ways. I was
‘scarce got in, when my mother, or rather she
‘I looked upon to be such, took off my hand-
‘kerchief, and shewed a mark that I have on
‘my neck to a fine lady there present. “’Tis
“certainly her,” says the lady; “not that I
“should have doubted it though you had not
“shewn me this, her face speaks it.” Then
‘directing her discourse to me, “My dear
“child, will you come and live with me?” says
‘she, in a very gracious manner; “I have
“your mother’s consent: I’ll take care of you,
“and it will be an ease to her.” “Your lady-
“ship is mighty good,” replies the gardener’s
‘wife; “*Minette* will go along with you with
“all her heart; she is very tractable and good-
“natured. Your goodness will excuse her if
“she

“ she does not answer as she should, she has
“ not been used to fine folks.” The lady not
“ much minding what she said, got up and
“ whispered something in her ear : I was or-
“ dered to go and put on my holiday gown in
“ all haste, not to make people stay for me. I
“ obeyed, quite dejected, and could not re-
“ concile what my sister had told me with what
“ I had just heard. I burst into tears as I was
“ putting on my cloathes. Alas ! I shall never
“ see my dear shepherd (for so I called *Meli-*
“ *court* at our endearing interviews), he will for-
“ get me, and I shall be undone. And what
“ will become of you, my poor dear little sheep,
“ shall not I make much of you once more
“ before I go ? All these reflections increased
“ my fears : They recommended me to the lady
“ and to my mother, being construed as the ef-
“ fects of a tender heart. I embraced, with
“ the utmost affection, the parents I was going
“ to leave ; it was a moving sight, I believe
“ our grief was mutual.

“ I was no sooner on the road, and alone
“ with this strange lady, but I began to re-
“ volve in my mind all my sister had said to me :
“ The manner in which I was treated did not
“ agree with what she had flattered me withal.
“ The lady seemed very thoughtful and ab-
“ stracted ; she did not so much as speak to me,
“ but seemed taken up with some very serious
“ matter ; as simple as I was, I could not help
“ saying to myself, Sure if she were my mother
“ what should hinder her, now we are alone,
“ from embracing me as a daughter ? I was
“ tempted

‘ tempted twenty times, at all hazards, to throw
‘ myself about her neck. We had not gone
‘ two leagues, before a very genteel man on
‘ horse-back rode up to the coach door, and in
‘ a familiar manner saluted the lady; he looked
‘ very stedfastly on me all the rest of the
‘ journey, asked me several questions, often
‘ saying I was very pretty.

‘ This brought us to the Castle, where we
‘ alighted. I went with the gentleman and
‘ lady into an apartment, where they seemed
‘ to be expected to supper; the cloth was
‘ ready laid, and they sat down to table. My
‘ supper was brought me to the fire-side where
‘ the lady had placed me; their eyes were con-
‘ tinually upon me. Notwithstanding the per-
‘ plexity I was in, there was a *je ne scai quoi* that
‘ encouraged me, and made me find a pleasure
‘ in looking at them in my turn, the lady often
‘ crying, “Let me tell you this will be no
‘ slovenly girl when once she comes to have
‘ some good cloathes on;” the gentleman was
‘ entirely of her opinion: He made me stand
‘ up to consider my shape, and had the curiosity
‘ even to look at the mark on my neck. I was
‘ ashamed, and would not let him: “There is
‘ no harm, *Minette*, you need not be so re-
‘ served from that gentleman,” says the lady,
‘ “whatever you are to others.” As soon as
‘ ever he saw the mark, he seemed extremely
‘ satisfied, and embraced me with all the good-
‘ ness imaginable. All this put me so much
‘ out of countenance, that I could not swal ow
‘ one morsel, although intreaties were not want-

ing. When they thought I had supped, a waiting-woman, whom I heard them call *Mrs. Bretigny*, was ordered to conduct me into a closet that joined to the room. She bid me go to bed; and offered to help me to undress, caressing me very much: I did whatever she bid me; as soon as I was got in to a little bed that was prepared for me, she went out of the room and shut a glass door after her.

I was too much disturbed with all I had seen that day, to fall asleep immediately; I could not help thinking of what my sister had told me, and had not forgot the very stratagem she made use of to satisfy her curiosity. One is more inclined to follow bad example than good; accordingly I got up as softly as possible in order to hearken: I just lifted up the corner of the silk curtain that was over the glass door; the gentleman and lady were still at the table, they spoke so low, I could not hear what they said, but could easily see by their motions they were on some earnest business. The waiting-woman had got into my place, and seemed to be of the consultation.

I began to despair of satisfying my curiosity, and was going to bed, when the lady unexpectedly raised her voice. "After all, my friend," says she, "what risk do we run, and where's the great harm for people to know, that instead of being in the islands, where you were supposed to be, you lay hid all the while somewhere near my house? My reputation won't suffer by that; the concealing

“ cealing my pregnancy, and this child, the
“ world will know, was to favour your sup-
“ posed absence; but since your affair, thank
“ God, is made up, I see no reason why we
“ should not own this child.” “ Bless me,
“ Madam,” replied my father (for I could
“ not doubt but it was him;) “ besides giving
“ the public a handle to talk, you fall into an-
“ other difficulty you don’t think of; your
“ eldest daughter is married to one of the most
“ selfish men in *France*; what will he say when
“ you declare the birth of *Minette*, though you
“ let him, as you certainly must, into the whole
“ secret of this adventure? He will not be-
“ lieve a word o’nt, and will look on the child
“ as suppositious, on purpose to be a joint
“ heiress with his wife; he’ll prosecute you; the
“ world is malicious, and the Court will be ap-
“ prised of my non-compliance: You know very
“ well when I had the misfortune to kill the Count
“ of *D——* in a duel, his family was prevailed
“ upon to have the proceedings against me
“ stopped, on condition that I departed the
“ kingdom, the contrary of which we must
“ prove, and consequently will make me liable
“ to a fresh indictment: the repealing my ba-
“ nishment (which is now brought about by the
“ death of him that was my greatest enemy in
“ the affair) depends, as to its validity, upon my
“ having performed the conditions imposed on
“ me. Only reflect that this will spoil all, and,
“ in order to prove the birth of this child,
“ which your son-in-law will assuredly oppose,
“ for the reasons I have just now assigned, you

“ must make it appear, I repeat it again, that I
 “ staid in the kingdom, and did not comply
 “ with the precise orders of the Court. These
 “ are my motives,” adds my father; “ can
 “ you, on your side, assign better?” My
 “ mother would not give it up. “ The mean-
 “ ing of all this is,” says she in a great passion,
 “ that this poor infant, who is your lawful
 “ daughter, must be deprived of her birth-right,
 “ to which she will one day be so justly intitled,
 “ and throughout her whole life will remain un-
 “ acquainted with the condition to which she
 “ was born.” “ I allow,” says my father,
 “ her situation is very unhappy: Times may
 “ alter; but at present, how can we reconcile
 “ these matters?” “ There is no great diffi-
 “ culty in that,” cried the waiting-woman
 “ interrupting them, who not being sensible of
 “ maternal affection, could not be expected so
 “ naturally to consult my interest; “ Miss is
 “ young; she takes herself to be far different
 “ from what she really is; clap her into a con-
 “ vent, and make a Nun of her; truly she may
 “ think herself well off so? when she is pro-
 “ fessed, let her know that she is your daughter,
 “ nay, you may publish it if you please. Pray
 “ what can your son-in-law object to that?”
 “ The advice is not amiss,” answered my mo-
 “ ther, “ I’ll think of it.” My father said not
 “ a word, but it was easy to know by the man-
 “ ner in which he sat musing, he did not much
 “ like the scheme. Silence ensued, and thinking
 “ all was over, I returned to my bed, where I
 “ dropt

dropt asleep in the midst of a thousand perplexing thoughts.

“Early next morning *Mademoiselle Bretigny* came to call me; she tried on several gowns that had been my sister’s, some of them fitted me very well. I was dressed in an instant suitable to my birth; and from thence I went into my mother’s chamber. “*Minnette*,” says she, calling me to her bedside, “hearken well to what I am going to say. Your mother was formerly my servant. I love her, and for that reason I promised to take one of her daughters; I have pitched upon you, because I liked you; my intention is to place you in a monastery for education; you are old enough, and have sense to know what is for your good; if they knew you was but a country girl, they might not shew you all that regard I desire, in the house where I am going to place you: If it should happen you have a mind to be a Nun, they would not admit you on account of your birth; therefore it is now come into my head to make you pass for my niece just come from *Provence*; I have bid *Bretigny* instruct you to this purpose. She shall go with you this very day to *M—*, where you shall have clothes made; then you shall come to me again, where you shall stay till you have got rid of your fashions, that you may enter the convent without disgracing the name you bear.”

“Whilst my mother was thus talking to me, I looked at her very earnestly; I could not
I 6 help

‘ help being moved : My father was gone,
 ‘ and left me alone with her ; I burst into a
 ‘ flood of tears ; there is no getting the better
 ‘ of nature it will recur on all occasions ;
 ‘ my mother was an instance of it, she could
 ‘ not contain herself, but caressed me with the
 ‘ utmost affection ; unless *Bretigny* had come
 ‘ in, she would have betrayed all. “ What
 ‘ are you about, Madam ? ” says the waiting-
 ‘ woman as she entered the room ; “ there
 ‘ wants nothing here but my master.” “ Pri-
 ‘ thee take her away,” says my mother, “ I
 ‘ cannot bear it any longer.” At these words
 ‘ my tears redoubled ; and now I began to act
 ‘ the part of a daughter, by shewing my obedi-
 ‘ ence ; *Bretigny* taking me by the hand, put
 ‘ me into a chaise, and we went away.

‘ In vain did she try to make me speak, my
 ‘ heart was too full ; I scarce could get down
 ‘ one mouthful at dinner. That night we got
 ‘ to *M——*. The first thing she did at the
 ‘ inn, was to send for the tradesmen to be-
 ‘ speak what was necessary for me, which they
 ‘ promised should be ready in a two days.

‘ The next morning *Bretigny* having a great
 ‘ deal of business, went out in the town, but took
 ‘ care to lock me into my room ; I went to the
 ‘ window quite taken up with all that had hap-
 ‘ pened ; *Melicaurt* was not forgot. I was
 ‘ just then musing on the beginning of our
 ‘ amour, when I cast my eyes on a young man,
 ‘ who passed under the window ; methought I
 ‘ should know him, I looked again ; guess my
 ‘ astonishment,

astonishment, when I saw it was my shepherd himself! Clapping my hands for joy, I called out to him: He looked up, and for all the alteration of my fine clothes, knew me again. "Bless me!" cries he, "'tis *Minette*." He staid only to say that, and came running to the chamber door. "*Minette*," says he through the key-hole, "let in your unfortunate shepherd: What transports! what joy! who could have dreamt of you here! Is it on my account? How comes it you are no longer a shepherdess? open the door quickly." The poor boy asked me a hundred questions at a time. I let him know I was locked in, that I had a thousand things to say, but that it was impossible for me to speak to him through the door, when every moment we were liable to be surprised. He asked me how I came to be locked up: I satisfied him as well as I could. We agreed in a hurry, that he should lie hid in some part of the house, and that as soon as *Bretigny* came in, I was to endeavour to get loose, and come and talk with him. He went away, but promised me that notwithstanding his school hours, to which he was still unfortunately confined, he would not quit the house, till he had assured me of the sincerity of his passion: We agreed upon a signal, and as it was a public-house, he took the opportunity of calling for a breakfast.

If he had staid a moment longer *Bretigny* had caught him. The pleasure I had conceived at the sight of my lover, was easily seen.

' seen in my countenance ; she immediately
 ' took notice of it. " There's my good
 " girl," cried she and embraced me ; " I love
 " to see you so pleasant and gay ; it makes you as
 " pretty again : with a great deal more of the
 " same kind." I answered her very chearfully
 ' as there is nothing like a contented mind.
 ' *Bretigny* was soon called away about business,
 ' of which she had a great deal upon her hands.
 ' Love is very instructive ; in order to compass
 ' my design, I sauntered from one room to an-
 ' other, backwards and forwards, as if I did not
 ' know what to do with myself.

' The deceit passed, and *Bretigny* did not
 ' observe me : As soon as I saw the coast clear ;
 ' I gave the signal to *Melicourt*, who watched
 ' me ; he came instantly to the foot of the stairs ;
 ' I pointed with my finger to a room, he
 ' stepped into it, and it was not long before I
 ' joined him.

' I am apprehensive, fair lady,' says the Nun
 fixing her eyes upon me, ' lest I should give
 ' you a bad opinion of me. Don't you think it
 ' a little too bold in me, to have taken these
 ' steps at the age I then was ? but love and my
 ' want of education may serve to excuse me ;
 ' I thought there could be no harm in this meet-
 ' ing.' As soon as *Melicourt* saw me, he threw
 ' himself at my feet. I will not repeat our con-
 ' versation, it was very affectionate ; an ac-
 ' count of all that had happened to me, my
 ' birth, the private project of my parents, no-
 ' thing was forgot ; I loved too much to
 ' hide any thing from my shepherd. " The al-
 " teration,"

“teration,” says he, “that has happened in
“your affairs, charming *Minette*, does not in
“the least augment the respect I have for you.
“Your elevation is so far from pleasing me,
“that it clashes with the purity of my inten-
“tions; I delighted myself with the thoughts
“of one day making my shepherdes’s fortune,
“and may I depend upon her loving her shep-
“herd as well as she did before?” I encouraged
“him as well as I could; ’twas love that spoke,
“always eloquent: But when *Melicourt* heard
“where I was going, and the designs they had
“against me, he burst into sorrowful com-
“plaints. “Alas! how wretched am I,” says he,
“not to be my own master, I would frustrate
“all these proceedings: Must you go then,
“dear *Minette*? Shall I never see you again?
“must I lose you for ever?” In pronouncing
“these words he cried most bitterly. “Alas!”
“answered I, pierced to the soul, “I cannot
“cease loving you. Young and obliged to
“silence, dependent of all the world, tears and
“sorrow is all I have to defend myself with.”
“This mournful entertainment was interrupted
“by *Bretigny*’s calling me. I had forgot myself;
“leaving him in haste, I had but just time to
“squeeze poor *Melicourt*’s hand, and came in
“with great precipitation wiping my eyes:
“You have been crying,” says the waiting-
“woman, “that is not well done; you shall not
“be left alone again in haste; come near the
“fire, and let us see no more on’t. I’ll hear
“how you can read, that will pass away the
“time agreeably.” She gave me the Lives of
“the

‘ Saints to prepare me betimes for the life I lead
 ‘ at present (it happened to be the life of *Saint*
 ‘ *Agnes*); I read it aloud; but (from my heart’s
 ‘ being taken up another way) all this Martyr
 ‘ said, with a tender devotion, I appropriated to
 ‘ the present disposition of my soul. The read-
 ‘ ing had such an effect upon my mind, that I
 ‘ began again to shed tears in such abundance,
 ‘ I could not go on.

‘ *Bretigny* took things quite in another light:
 ‘ she said she was glad to see I had so much re-
 ‘ ligion, and took occasion of making me a fine
 ‘ exhortation on the subject; as soon as this ser-
 ‘ mon was over we went to supper, and I wait-
 ‘ ed impatiently for bed time: as soon as I found
 ‘ myself at liberty I called to mind all *Melicourt*
 ‘ had said to me; the more I thought of him,
 ‘ the greater aversion I had to a monastery. I
 ‘ could not but wish things would take such a
 ‘ turn as to make me happy with my shepherd.
 ‘ I dwelt with such pleasure on these ideas, it
 ‘ was all my comfort: Nothing flatters young
 ‘ people more than the thoughts of matrimony;
 ‘ how comes it they are so much indulged in it?
 ‘ A child can scarce speak, when they ask Miss,
 ‘ if she is almost married yet. Little Master is
 ‘ called her little husband; parents are apt to
 ‘ idolize their own offspring, they make these
 ‘ matters the subject of their diversions, and are
 ‘ always talking of them. Would they not do
 ‘ much better to be more reserved, especially
 ‘ before young people, who in proportion as
 ‘ they grow up, grow more knowing as to all
 ‘ the objects around them? future prospects, the
 ‘ more

• ‘ more they please us, the deeper impressions
• they make. How wretched are they from
• whose breasts such deep-rooted ideas must be
• torn away ! But to return to our history.

• ‘ The next morning my clothes were brought
• home : I found so great an alteration in my-
• self when I was dressed, I seemed another crea-
• ture ; even my way of thinking was altered.
• ‘ Why should different situations elevate or de-
• press our sentiments ? a great deal of my past
• life recurred to me, that appeared very con-
• temptible. *Bretigny* interrupted this discussion ;
• as soon as she had finished all her affairs, the
• chaise was at the door, and we went away. I
• looked round for *Melicourt*, I thought he ought
• not to omit this occasion of seeing me, and I
• was truly mortified not to discover him.

• ‘ We had scarce got four leagues on our
• journey, when coming into a narrow road,
• I saw a pilgrim walking by the side of the
• chaise, who often fixed his eyes on me ; I
• was so taken up with sorrow for having been
• deprived of the sight of my lover, that I
• took no notice of this man. *Bretigny* bid me
• mind him. “ Look, Miss *Minette*,” say she,
• “ at this poor young man, how he is forced to
• “ walk in these bad ways ; he has something
• “ very agreeable in his face, perhaps the per-
• “ fections of his mind may answer those of his
• “ body ! How unjust is fortune ! Is it not
• “ frightful that at his age he should suffer so
• “ much hardship, whilst there are people,
• “ without half his merit, who wallow in
• “ riches.” I was looking at this pilgrim, whilst
she

' she was thus talking to me: Imagine my
 ' surprize, it was *Melicourt*; I knew him not-
 ' withstanding his disguise. It was very lucky
 ' for me that *Bretigny*, who had taken a great
 ' liking to my lover, put her head out to bid
 ' him take care of the wheel, otherwise she
 ' would have discovered the confusion I was in:
 ' My eyes had met those of *Melicourt*, which
 ' made me blush and look down, but I smiled
 ' in my heart. I was sorry however to see him
 ' walking thus in the mire: He seemed very
 ' chearful, and taking this opportunity of
 ' *Bretigny's* civility, fell into discourse with her;
 ' he said, he had been performing a pilgrimage,
 ' and that he was two hundred leagues from
 ' home. The waiting-woman blessed herself at
 ' this, and told him he ought to rest himself.
 ' *Melicourt*, who perceived he had gained the
 ' good-will of this woman, endeavoured to
 ' please her. He had learnt from the postillion,
 ' with whom he had been talking, that she
 ' managed every thing in the family, he thought
 ' he could more easily attain his ends, and
 ' secure her in his interest by amusing her: To
 ' this purpose he told her extraordinary stories,
 ' just as they came into his head, I believe,
 ' with which she seemed enchanted: We were
 ' now come to the place where we dined.
 ' *Bretigny* made the pilgrim sit down to table
 ' with us; telling me I should never be haughty
 ' to the poor, and that one was obliged to assist
 ' them especially on the road: you may imagine
 ' I did not contradict her.

' If

‘ If ever you have been in love, my pretty
‘ Miss, judge of the pleasure I felt in the en-
‘ joyment of my lover’s company, who gave
‘ me such evident marks of his tenderness. I
‘ will own to you frankly, all my cares ceased ;
‘ how great soever my shepherd’s joy might be,
‘ he possessed himself very well, and with great
‘ address, made me sensible that though he
‘ made his court to *Mademoiselle Bretigny*, it
‘ was for my sake. It was comical enough to
‘ observe him hesitating every minute, and to
‘ see the good waiting-woman helping him out
‘ in his story ; she carried her affection so far for
‘ the pilgrim, as to propose to him to ride be-
‘ hind our chaise, lest he should fatigue himself
‘ with walking ; and I believe if there had been
‘ room in our vehicle, she would have incom-
‘ moded herself to receive him. Love, love,
‘ no age nor condition is secure from thy darts !
‘ Whilst *Bretigny* was gone to pay the reckon-
‘ ing, *Melicourt* took that opportunity to speak
‘ to me ; he said a hundred endearing things.
‘ I am sensible,’ said I, ‘ of the marks you
‘ give me of your passion ; it grieved me to see
‘ you on foot whilst I am at my ease ; but,
‘ dear shepherd, tell me what all this signifies ?
‘ We must part, had we not better do it now ?’
‘ Ah ! charming *Minette*,” says *Melicourt* in
‘ a very sorrowful tone ! “ must I then die ?
‘ Do you know that my life depends on the
‘ happiness of seeing you ; and that I value
‘ nothing so much in the whole world ? To
‘ bid me go, and leave you ! O Heavens,
‘ what a cool indifference this is ! What can I
‘ think

“ think ! You no longer love me ! ” In utter-
“ ing these words, tears came into his eyes.
“ Moved as I was, reason came to my assistance:
“ Hide your tears,” says I, stifling my own;
“ alas ! I love you, it is but too true ; but if I
“ am dear to you, and that you will not leave
“ me, take care *Mademoiselle Bretigny*, who is
“ coming in, perceive nothing of it ; if she does,
“ we are lost ; she would suspect something ;
“ endeavour to please her, her interest is con-
“ siderable ; she seems prejudiced in your favour,
“ and if I am not mistaken, you are not indif-
“ ferent to her, that will facilitate our seeing one
“ another ; I do assure you, my dear shepherd,”
“ continued I, giving him my hand, “ that
“ thought is not at all disagreeable.” As he was
“ going to answer me, *Bretigny* came in, to
“ tell me we must go : She had contrived it
“ with the postillion that the pilgrim should be
“ seated behind the chaise at his ease, each of us
“ took our place, and in this manner reached
“ our journey’s end.

“ The Castle which we entered, did not seem
“ to be the same, which we went from ; this
“ was much larger and better furnished, whereas
“ the other, belonging likewise to my father,
“ had been inhabited only since he was obliged
“ to be concealed. My mother received me
“ very affectionately, and as *Bretigny* had in-
“ structed me, I called her aunt, to which I
“ had much a-do to bring myself, knowing how
“ false it was.

“ *Melicourt* was not neglected : *Bretigny* had
“ been talking with him, as we came out of the
“ chaise,

‘ chaise, and finding that he was qualified to
‘ serve in the capacity of a steward, she promised
‘ him she would procure him that place; in the
‘ mean time he must be content to be under him,
‘ who was then in that office, which could not
‘ last long, being extremely old and infirm.
‘ *Melicourt* received joyfully these marks of the
‘ waiting-woman’s regard. The part she has
‘ in my story, is too considerable to neglect
‘ giving you her portraiture.

‘ She was five and forty, and looked well for
‘ her age: I cannot tell if she had been hand-
‘ some in her youth, at least she had no remains
‘ of her having been so: Her complexion, much
‘ upon the wainscot; blue eyes, round, and a
‘ little spotted; her eye-brows but thinly
‘ sown, and were scarce perceptible, they
‘ withdrew themselves with such an antipathy
‘ from her eyes, that she appeared always in a
‘ fright; her mouth was well enough, had it
‘ not been for a wart upon her upper lip: One
‘ could not say that a down covered her chin,
‘ but she had a strong brisly beard, she could
‘ never destroy. She had a picked chin, which
‘ naturally presented itself as a handle; the rest
‘ was as usual, and like other people, flat cheeks
‘ raised up by two strutting bones near the
‘ eyes: Had a hoarse voice, the last syllables
‘ generally terminating in a false treble; her
‘ fore head was so little that her head-clothes,
‘ always ruffled, hung over her eye-brows; she
‘ would have been pretty well shaped, only she
‘ was larger in the waist than about her shoulders,
‘ which made an exact shape the wrong way.

‘ Her

' Her humour was agreeable enough, re-
 ' markable from her childhood for a tender
 ' heart, but the infidelity of several lovers had
 ' given her a disgust to the conjugal state. The
 ' youth, or rather the engaging behaviour of
 ' *Melicourt*, removed these disgusts, and re-
 ' kindled her dying flames. She took his com-
 ' pliments to be sincere; and her heart going
 ' now as fast, as it had been slow in determining
 ' before, took the resolution, as she was rich,
 ' of making *Melicourt's* fortune; and things
 ' were so disposed, that without an unforeseen
 ' incident, this would have produced a most ex-
 ' traordinary mistake. All this while I received
 ' daily lessons for the regulating my conduct.
 ' Three weeks were now passed since I had
 ' been at the Castle. The time grew near
 ' when I was to go to the monastery; *Melicourt*
 ' and I often bewailed the hard fate that was
 ' going to part us. Love that extended his
 ' dominion in our hearts, had so enlightened
 ' our minds, we carried ourselves in such a
 ' manner that nobody in the family suspected us;
 ' but of what use were all these precautions?
 ' We were going to be separated. However,
 ' *Bretigny's* passion for *Melicourt* put the most
 ' ridiculous stratagem that ever was employed
 ' into my lover's head, for securing our hap-
 ' piness. "Dear *Minette*," says he to me
 ' one day in the garden where we often met
 ' one another, "I adore you, you cannot
 ' doubt it; though they conceal your birth,
 ' it is not the less certain; you cannot judge
 ' me capable of imposing on you in regard to
 ' mine;

“ mine : So that things are pretty equal, and there
“ can be no obstacle to our union ; in the mean
“ time they are sacrificing you, and you cannot
“ be ignorant they design to oblige you to take
“ the vows ! Reflect only how miserable you
“ would be if that should happen, you would
“ infallibly languish all your life : Take courage,
“ the time presses, let us take this interval to
“ ascertain our felicity ; what can happen from
“ it, though we should be discovered ?” Says I
“ quite struck, what do you mean ? ‘ Let us
“ beware that nobody suspects our corre-
“ spondence, you would ruin me. I have
“ told you the reasons that obliged——’
“ I know that,” replies *Melicourt* hastily ; “ but
“ if once you go into the convent, I shall never
“ see you again, you will be compelled to be-
“ come a Nun, and there will be an end of all my
“ hopes.” ‘ Alas !’ cried I, ‘ how shall I pre-
“ vent it ?’ “ Dare but do what I tell you,”
“ continues *Melicourt* ; “ *Bretigny* has been
“ pressing me this fortnight to marry her ; at
“ first I opposed it, but I have since thought I
“ could take that opportunity to unite us.”
“ What’s that ? ungrateful man,” cried I, mis-
“ understanding what he said ; ‘ can you forget
“ your oaths, who you are, and betray me to
“ that degree !’ “ Ah ! why do you reproach
“ me,” says my lover, “ is it to forget you to
“ seek the means of uniting us for ever ? Adieu,
“ here comes somebody,” continues he ; “ I will
“ give you an account of my project as soon as
“ I can, and if you love me as sincerely as you
“ have given me room to flatter myself, we
“ shall easily surmount all obstacles.”

W.

‘ We were obliged to part, he slipped into
 ‘ one of the alleys, and seeing my mother come,
 ‘ I went to meet her : although she had armed
 ‘ herself against her natural tenderness for me,
 ‘ she gave me continual marks of it under the
 ‘ name of neice.

‘ In the mean while my father returned from
 ‘ Court : His arrival decided my lot ; they de-
 ‘ clared to me that in eight days I should go
 ‘ into a convent, I had no reason to expect
 ‘ otherwise. I was not prepared for this stroke :
 ‘ from that time my aversion to the cloister
 ‘ grew very manifest. I had not seen *Melicourt*
 ‘ for three days, I thought I had a thousand
 ‘ things to say to him. I went into the garden
 ‘ to walk away my uneasiness, with grief painted
 ‘ on my face.

‘ I was just going in again, when I saw at a
 ‘ distance *Melicourt* coming up to me singing ;
 ‘ I took it heinously ill of him. ‘ You are very
 ‘ happy for your part,’ says I when he was
 ‘ come near me, ‘ to rejoice whilst I cry ; I be-
 ‘ lieve you intend it me as a favour, that I may
 ‘ leave the world with less regret.’ “ Fie !
 ‘ charming *Minette*,” says he, putting on a
 ‘ sorrowful countenance, “ how cruel is your
 ‘ reproach, and how little do you know me !
 ‘ If I have appeared easy, it is because it now
 ‘ depends on you to unite us with indissoluble
 ‘ bonds ; the day is fixed, the Priest is ready ;
 ‘ *Bretigny*, that woman in other things so dis-
 ‘ creet, has engaged him ; he is her cousin, a
 ‘ *Preceptor*, about two leagues off ; this man
 ‘ owes every thing to her : she has explained
 ‘ the

“ the whole matter to him, and he will do
“ every thing she desires ; she will have the
“ ceremony performed in the night, and will
“ keep it secret till she be gone from hence. I
“ have pretended to agree to all this, intending
“ thereby to engage us two more than ever. The
“ *Preceptor* is to be here to-night, he knows
“ me ; I have seen him several times on this
“ affair. There is no distinguishing objects in
“ the night time. Instead of performing the ce-
“ remony at two o’clock, I will advance the time,
“ and you and I will be in the chapel at twelve ;
“ the bad light, and the head-dress you’ll have
“ on covering your face, will befriend the pro-
“ ject. In fine, when we are joined we shall
“ do very well for the rest.” I could not help
“ laughing at this pleasant contrivance ; but it
“ gave way to serious and pressing thoughts,
“ that occurred to me. ‘ The stratagem is
“ practicable,’ replied I, ‘ but where would be
“ the use of it, if it did succeed ? By the little
“ knowledge I have of the world, I plainly see
“ such a marriage is not according to form ; but
“ suppose it should be, since I shall be forced to
“ hide it, shall I go the less to the convent ? for
“ my departure is unalterably fixed since my
“ father’s return ; perhaps they have fresh
“ reasons for burying me alive in a cloyster.’
“ ‘Tis for this reason,” replies *Melicourt*, that
“ we must lay hold of this opportunity. We
“ will fly, the wide world lies before us. Are you
“ not sensible of the cruelty they shew in your re-
“ gard,” continued *Melicourt*, to influence me,
“ seeing me fluctuating ; “ the shameful sacrifice
VOL. I. K “ they

“ they are going to make of your liberty, your
 “ birth-right and fortune, of which they will
 “ frustrate you under the most frivolous pre-
 “ tences? Is not all this sufficient to alarm you?
 “ Ah! dear *Minette*, young as I am, these
 “ things strike me with horror; I know
 “ the respect and obedience we owe our parents,
 “ but it is not forbid in such a case to seek for the
 “ means of putting them in mind, that they
 “ that gave us birth—but no more of this. I
 “ agree with you that we shall be removed from
 “ another: If you once enter the cloyster,
 “ who can rescue you from thence?” ‘ In
 ‘ what manner,’ says I, ‘ will this marriage
 ‘ prevent it? to run away is what I can never
 ‘ bring myself to: If you declare this match,
 ‘ I am undone; if you conceal it, it will be
 ‘ the same thing to me. Pray how do you
 ‘ propose to come off with *Mrs. Bretigny*? I
 ‘ suppose you intend to marry her.’ I could not
 ‘ help laughing at these words; my lover did so
 ‘ too, notwithstanding his serious face. Youth
 ‘ will assert its privileges. “ Good God! my
 “ dear *Minette*,” says he, putting on his air of
 ‘ importance again, “ you are mighty prudent!
 “ you overwhelm me with difficulties that I did
 “ not foresee.” ‘ It is what we must think of for
 “ all that,’ says I; ‘ at present all I can say to
 “ you is, that I will suffer the last extremity be-
 “ fore I will become a Nun: I have an invin-
 ‘ cible repugnance to it, and I will lay any
 ‘ thing in the world you are the cause of it.’
 “ O very well,’ continued *Melicourt*, “ I stand
 “ then to my first proposal, I may possibly im-
 “ prove

“ prove it ; but be sure you hold yourself in
“ readiness, I will come and fetch you when it is
“ time.” My lover quitted me in pronouncing
“ these words, and I returned to my mother’s apart-
“ ment in a terrible agitation. However, I be-
“ haved myself so as not to let her perceive it.
“ I was taking up my work, but she called me.
“ Draw near the fire, neice,” says she, “ I
“ want to speak to you,” I did so, not sus-
“ pecting what she had to say to me. In this
“ discourse all the objections vanished I had form-
“ ed from my low education, against the project
“ of the night, to which I had before this, a
“ most insurmountable repugnance.

“ You know very well, *Minette*,” says my
“ mother, “ who you are ; from the time I
“ first saw you, I had compassion on your con-
“ dition, it is on that account I have preferred
“ you. You kept sheep, you was at all times
“ exposed to the extremity of heats and
“ colds ; own to me how many hundred times
“ you lamented this your life, and see what I
“ have done ; in order that you might be the
“ more considered, I take you to my house,
“ where you pass for my neice : You seem
“ to deserve my regard, I must try to compleat
“ your happiness. I am sending you to a nun-
“ nery, pray to the Lord to keep you there,
“ the world is full of trouble ; those that are born
“ to be the happiest in it, groan under its disap-
“ pointments ; every step we make chagrins us ;
“ if you had more experience, I would convince
“ you by a hundred examples before your own
“ eyes. Marriage for people of your sort, is

“ a source of troubles, not to mention the risk
 “ of falling into bad hands ; besides the danger
 “ and misfortune that attends it, the detail of
 “ which is shocking. Look therefore on the
 “ cloyster whither you are going, as a safe port
 “ against all the storms of this life, where you’ll
 “ be securely sheltered from all these rocks. If
 “ the grate has a frightful aspect, custom will
 “ render it pleasant and easy ; it is in retirement
 “ we truly enjoy ourselves ; pleasure is resigned
 “ with great difficulty by those who have an early
 “ acquaintance with it (luckily for you, ’tis
 “ not your case) ; but a very little reflection gets
 “ the better of the dislikes of the children of
 “ this world. When the occasions are re-
 “ moved, they disappear of course : You will
 “ not resemble those religious persons, de-
 “ tached from the world indeed, yet who not
 “ only carry the remembrance of it in their heart,
 “ but even look on it in their parlour, as
 “ through a window, from whence they never
 “ retire but with constant regret for having em-
 “ braced that state of life. For your part,
 “ dear *Minette*, it will not be your case, the
 “ simplicity of your heart will make you find
 “ a thousand charms : Taken up with the
 “ thoughts of your salvation, with a tranquil
 “ life, and a thousand innocent amusements,
 “ you will pass away your days in serenity and
 “ peace of mind : I will come sometimes to
 “ partake and envy your happiness.”

“ These last words seemed to soften my mo-
 “ ther ; her eyes were full, she strove to hide
 “ her tears by turning away, and covering her
 “ face ;

‘ face; I was too much moved, to dispute any
‘ part of nature’s right over me. ‘ Ah, dear
‘ mother,’ cried I, throwing myself at her feet,
‘ what have I done, that you should make me
‘ a sacrifice?’ She embraced me; these words
‘ escaped me, and my passion got the better of
‘ the rule I had imposed on myself, never to
‘ betray my secret.

‘ My mother, however, understood but half
‘ the import of these words. The time was fa-
‘ vourable. Ah! why did I not take hold of
‘ it! Quite possessed with my ignorance on this
‘ subject, and sustained by the aforesaid reasons,
‘ she began again, “ You are in the right,” con-
‘ tinued she, “ my dear *Minette*, to call me a
‘ mother; yes, “ you are in the right, I repeat
‘ it, you will know one day, when you are a Nun,
‘ that I am really so.” This word Nun pierced
‘ my heart; and such cruelty towards me, sus-
‘ pended the sentiments I had for my mother.
‘ I thought no more but how I should snatch
‘ myself from the state they designed for me.
‘ Policy took place of filial tenderness; I
‘ constrained myself, and kept up the conver-
‘ sation with so much calmness, that ’twas im-
‘ possible to know by my countenance what
‘ passed in my heart.

‘ People coming in upon business, I took the
‘ opportunity to go and find *Melicourt*. I went
‘ backwards and forwards, my enquiry was in
‘ vain. Into the garden, into the back court,
‘ I asked for him every where, nobody had seen
‘ him: My heart trembled, it presaged some-
‘ thing. Fatal prognostic! I went out of the

‘ Castle and came into a lane that led to the
 ‘ village ; I thought at the end of this lane I
 ‘ should find my lover. Alas ! do we carry in
 ‘ our hearts the tokens of what is to come ?
 ‘ Ah, Madam, what do I see (forgive my
 ‘ tears) a chaise and four men who seize *Meli-*
 ‘ *court*; he sees me, he cries out, he resists:
 ‘ Vain efforts ! he is now at a great distance.

‘ This sight had so startled me, I stood im-
 ‘ moveable ; as long as the chaise fixed my
 ‘ eyes, I remained in that posture ; as soon as it
 ‘ was gone I wept bitterly ; happily for me
 ‘ that I was alone, nobody heard my lamenta-
 ‘ tions. I came in, like one distracted, supper
 ‘ was ready, the bell had rung, they were
 ‘ looking for me. The first I met was *Bre-*
 ‘ *tigny*, she had a joy in her face that soon va-
 ‘ nished, when I told her what had just hap-
 ‘ pened. “ Oh ! Heaven,” she cried, quite
 ‘ furious, “ what is it you say ? I am in de-
 ‘ spair !” “ You shall know the reason an-
 ‘ other time ; go and sit down to supper, I’ll
 ‘ run to the village and know what is the mat-
 ‘ ter ;” “ No, stay, you are all in tears, poor
 ‘ child, good-natured thing. Come along
 ‘ with me, they will be asking what ails you.”
 ‘ On this, away she runs ; we came to the inn
 ‘ where this scene was transacted. The respect
 ‘ they had for *Bretigny*, whom they looked
 ‘ upon as the mistress, made them answer im-
 ‘ mediately to her questions, and they gave us
 ‘ this account:

“ Four days ago,” says the landlord, “ a
 “ gentleman came here in the evening, with
 “ three

" three more men ; he passed for a recruiting
" officer ; his first questions were, Who lived at
" the Castle ; and what living there was there ?"
" You know, Madam," continued the land-
" lord, " it is my business to please all the world ;
" I satisfied him, the Captain spent his money
" very freely ; but what surprised me was that
" he eat with his men, and instead of running
" about like those that recruit, and are upon
" the watch for young fellows, he kept close.
" One of his comrades went out from time to
" time, and as soon as he came in spoke to him
" privately. This humour was carried on till
" this day, without my troubling myself about
" it, because he paid me very well.

" About an hour ago, Madam, this pre-
" tended Captain warming himself at the
" kitchen fire, said aloud to one of his servants :
" Go, and tell that young man whom you see
" coming out of that house, there is one here
" would speak a word with him. "*Mr. Brunet*"
" (for it is by that name *Melicourt* went at the
" Castle) came in a minute. The poor lad
" little thought of what was preparing for him.
" Before he entered the inn, the officer whis-
" pered in my ear : ' You are going to see a
" little bustle, landlord,' says he, ' can you
" guess who that young man is that I have sent
" for ?' " No truly," answered I, surprised,
" I know him, he does business for our Lord,
" and every body gives him a good word.
" What ! is there any thing bad against him ?"
" we all love him." " I believe you," says the
" officer, ' and 'tis because he is beloved else-
" where

‘ where we are going to take him away. I
 ‘ give you warning in case he should pretend to
 ‘ resist, to be quiet : He is son to *M. de —*,
 ‘ Counsellor in the Parliament of *M—*,
 ‘ he is a loose one, and went away without say-
 ‘ ing a word ; we have been in search of him ever
 ‘ since ; only for *M. de R.* Lord of *Bise*, who
 ‘ knew this young man carrying a letter to a
 ‘ *Preceptor*, and had often seen him at his
 ‘ father’s, we should not have known where he
 ‘ was.’

“ The *Valet de Chambre*, for such he was,
 “ had scarce pronounced these words, but the
 “ young man came ; he instantly knew his fa-
 “ ther’s servant, and turned as pale as death.
 ‘ Come, Sir,’ says the *Valet de Chambre*, ‘ take
 ‘ courage, there is no harm ; I am glad we
 ‘ have found you ; you must go along with us,
 ‘ your father expects you.’ “ During this dis-
 “ course the poor boy would have escaped ; but
 “ seeing himself collared, fought like a dragon,
 “ though the number over-powered him, and
 “ in spite of his efforts, they put him into a
 “ chaise ready for that purpose. They have
 “ scarce been gone a moment.”

‘ *Bretigny* was so astonished at this news, that
 “ she went away without answering one single
 “ word. As soon as we were got by ourselves,
 “ she squeezed me by the hand, and began to
 “ cry bitterly. I joined in the chorus very sin-
 “ cerely : this poor woman embraced me with
 “ affection, imagining my tears to be the effect
 “ of my compassion. She gave me my lesson
 “ as we went along, what I was to say when
 “ we

‘ we came to the Castle, lest when they should
‘ know this adventure, it should appear that we
‘ had any sort of concern in it.

‘ Three days after this cruel accident, spent,
‘ as you may well believe, in tears, my mother
‘ brought me hither: I was received with a
‘ great deal of kindness and friendship. No ar-
‘ tifice was left untried to induce me to take
‘ the veil. The sorrowful air I had not yet laid
‘ aside, into the cause of which they did not
‘ penetrate, gave room without doubt to think
‘ I had no relish for the cloyster: this was too
‘ contrary to the interests of the house, by rea-
‘ son of the portion they expected with me,
‘ not to use their utmost efforts to make me
‘ change my mind. Liberty is a charming
‘ thing, I was entirely left to myself; not be-
‘ ing suspected of any intrigue. I went, when
‘ I would, into the parlour, they never followed
‘ me, nor hearkened after what I said. *Bretigny*
‘ would often come to cry with me; she told
‘ me she intended to go to *M—* to get some
‘ tidings of her beloved pilgrim. Alas! little
‘ did she know with what impatience I sighed
‘ to hear from the dear man.

‘ One day as I was walking by myself in the
‘ garden with a book, that precious book I
‘ mentioned in the beginning of my story, and
‘ which I so much valued because it belonged
‘ to my lover, the Nun, who waited at the
‘ turn, came and told me, there was an officer,
‘ who called himself my relation, waited for me
‘ in the parlour: This news startled me; I did

'not know who this could be, unless it were
 'somebody who came from my lover. I flew
 'to the parlour; scarce was I entered, when
 'the sound of a well known and much-loved
 'voice, swift as lightning reached my heart.
 'Is it you ther?' said I to him, 'Is it you?'—
 'I had not power to say any more. Drawing
 'near, I gave him my hand through the grate,
 'he took it, he moistened it with his tears,
 'he hurt me, he knelt down, he cried, he
 'talked, and all this without my being at all
 'sensible of the matter.'

The Nun was at this part of the story, when
 somebody came and interrupted her, to tell us
 they were in the refectory; we got up and
 agreed to return to my chamber after dinner was
 over.

I will not describe to you the modest, quiet
 manner, in which thirty of those holy women
 devoutly made their meal. I was taken up
 with weighty cares, and if I had been obliged
 to give you an account of a pious lecture, that
 was then made, it would have very much puz-
 zled me. The Superior rang a bell that was
 over her head; every body rose from table,
 grace was said; *St. Agnes* and I returned to my
 chamber, where she resumed her story.

'As soon as I was recovered from the dis-
 'order, into which the sight of my lover had
 'thrown me, I wanted to know, to what
 'lucky accident I owed so charming a pleasure,
 'and after what manner he had made his escape
 'from his father's house. "Could you one
 "moment doubt," cried he, "so much in
 "love

“love as I am, that I should not find an opportunity of returning to you, supposing even things had not taking the fortunate turn they now have? Nothing can ever shake my constancy, if you continue in the same sentiments.”—“Can you doubt it, ungrateful man?” says I; “the tears I have shed in your absence, and the alteration you may easily perceive in me, are but too sure proofs.” *Melicourt*, transported with this acknowledgment, at which, however, he ought not to have been much surprised, expressed his sentiments for me in the tenderest manner; I enquired into the most minute circumstances of what had befallen him, ever since the moment he was forced from me. I began by imparting to him the present situation of my affairs: “We shall put an end to them,” replied he, “if you will enter into the lawful measures I shall propose to you; but in order to prepare you for it, I must give you an exact detail of all that has happened to me since I saw you.

“You have no room to doubt, lovely *Minnette*,” continued *Melicourt*, “of the anguish that seized my soul, when I saw myself taken; I wearied all those that had a hand in carrying me off. The *Valet de Chambre* cursed a thousand times the commission he had undertaken: In reality, he had enough to do; and if it had not been for the precaution they took, and the constant watch they kept over me, I should have abandoned myself to all the excess of my passion. In this condition I arrived at my father’s house;

“ they gave him an account of all my extra-
 “ vagancies, of my refusing to take any suste-
 “ nance ; on this consideration, he changed the
 “ conduct he had proposed to himself in my
 “ regard, and, instead of the chastisement he
 “ intended for me, treated me with great lenity ;
 “ nothing would appease me: Is there any
 “ consolation for a person truly in love? All
 “ this complaisance was to no purpose, I was
 “ determined not to eat till I was at liberty, all
 “ possible endeavours were thought of to com-
 “ pel me to it. I persevered in this frenzy, and
 “ after laying four days in continual transports
 “ of passion, on the seventh I was seized with
 “ a fever.”

“ Here I interrupted *Melicourt*, to let him
 “ know how sensible I was of these proofs of
 “ his love ; he was touched with the marks of
 “ my tenderness, and thus resumed his discourse.

“ When my father found the thing to be
 “ serious (for he always imagined that under-
 “ hand they brought me victuals), he came to
 “ me, the better to clear up his doubts ; the
 “ condition in which he found me, startled
 “ him extremely ; nothing less than my life
 “ was at stake ; this was evident, and he was
 “ very sensibly affected ; taking me by the
 “ hand, he awakened me from the dosing into
 “ which the violence of my illness had thrown
 “ me, gave me his word of honour, if I would
 “ admit of some assistance for the re-establish-
 “ ment of my health, he would leave me quite
 “ at liberty to go where I pleased. I could de-
 “ pend upon his word ; his favourable promises
 “ induced

“ induced me, in my turn, to be governed,
“ and become all obedience. In order to give
“ him the first proofs of it, I took some broth
“ before him; the house rung with joy at this
“ change in me: My mother ceased to cry,
“ whose continual tears could never induce my
“ father to what I desired: She came to my
“ bed-side, and embraced me with the most
“ lively transports, confirming to me what my
“ father had said, and added on her side all that
“ could contribute to my entire satisfaction.
“ But all her tenderness had like to have been
“ to no purpose: The many days I had been
“ without taking any thing had so inflamed my
“ habit of body, and ruined my stomach, it
“ would retain nothing, and I lay two days at
“ death’s door.

“ The extremity to which I was reduced,
“ soon put an end to the joy they had conceived
“ of my recovery: Tears and apprehensions
“ succeeded in its place; my mother never
“ went from my bed-side; however through
“ their care and assiduity I recovered by degrees,
“ and a fortnight after they judged me out of
“ danger.

“ When I found myself in a condition to
“ talk, my mother behaved herself in such a
“ manner as to gain my confidence, by tenderly
“ complying with me on all occasions; I made
“ her acquainted with the situation my heart
“ was in; and you are sensible, dear *Minette*,
“ that could not be without betraying your se-
“ cret, for which I ask you a million of par-
“ dons; but I thought it a lawful indiscretion,
“ in

“ in order to forward the point I had proposed
 “ to myself. My mother heard your history
 “ with astonishment, she went directly and told
 “ it my father, whose surprise was still greater ;
 “ he would be satisfied of all these particulars
 “ from my own mouth, I made him master of
 “ the whole affair you had imparted to me, as
 “ well as I could : He promised to take it into
 “ his serious consideration ; he said you had
 “ equity on your side, and if there could be
 “ the least proof of your birth, he gave his
 “ consent to our union, and that he would
 “ afford me his assistance for the accomplishing
 “ of all my designs.

“ Imagine my joy, adorable *Minette*, upon
 “ this promise coming from such a worthy
 “ father, whose weight and authority were sure
 “ warrants of its success ; I would have thrown
 “ myself at his feet, he with-held me, and
 “ prevented it ; the ardent desire I had of see-
 “ ing you again, and bringing you these good
 “ tidings, soon restored me to a perfect state of
 “ health.

“ In the mean time, my father, who had
 “ not forgot his promise, did not permit me to
 “ languish : He told me the law was on our
 “ side, O charming *Minette*, and that the
 “ proofs which I alledged were sufficient for
 “ you to be loudly proclaimed the daughter of
 “ *Monsieur de ———*, that all we had to fear
 “ was, that being in the power of your parents,
 “ nobody would care to espouse your interest.
 “ I asked him his advice thereon, and his
 “ answer was, that it was not proper for him to
 “ advise.

“advise on the like occasion, but were he in
“my place, he would pursue it with the utmost
“vigour and resolution. These words were
“as so many oracles to me, and I knew how
“to expound them. I gained a Chaplain to
“my interest, who had been formerly my
“tutor; I communicated to him my designs,
“hinting at the same time to him the tacit
“consent my father had expressed to me; ac-
“quainting him likewise of how much con-
“sequence it was to expedite this affair; this
“man, who had the care of my education,
“and who knows, perhaps, better than I the
“views of him who gave me life, has promised
“me his assistance, and has all the kind dis-
“positions in my regard I can desire: Having
“taken these measures, I came away im-
“mediately: Judge of my despair, upon
“missing you at the place where I had left you;
“I spent three days in pursuit of you, till I
“found you here.

“At present it is your turn, my dear
“*Minette*, to give me a proof of the affection
“with which you have so often flattered me;
“if you love me sincerely, you’ll not hesitate
“one moment to make your escape, and go
“along with me; you shall plight your faith
“to me, and I will do the same to you on my
“side; from thence I will conduct you to my
“father’s, who will instruct us in taking the
“proper measures our present circumstances
“require: You’ll find a second mother more
“affectionate, and more indulgent than her
“who has abandoned you to your ill stars; in
“a word,

“ a word, O *Minette*, you will complete my
 “ happiness!”

“ At this place *Melicourt* stopped, and fixed
 “ his eyes tenderly upon me, expecting my
 “ answer: I remained thoughtful for a long
 “ while, an extreme perplexity agitated my
 “ mind; what torments one suffers on such
 “ occasions! I was doubtful, and could not de-
 “ termine with myself: My lover easily per-
 “ ceived my incertitude; he continued to lay
 “ before me the most moving and most powerful
 “ reasons: The better to persuade me, he re-
 “ called to my remembrance the situation in
 “ which I was placed, by my parents slender
 “ regard, so different from what my birth, and
 “ the ties of blood required: He did not forget
 “ to make me sensible that I was a victim they
 “ were sacrificing to a sordid interest they had
 “ then in view; in one word, that I was lost if
 “ I did not take a vigorous resolution; that I
 “ should be obliged very shortly to take the
 “ veil, that my profession would ensue, and that
 “ once done there was no longer any hopes.
 “ He said a great deal more equally convincing,
 “ making me clearly see the barbarity there was,
 “ in rendering me unhappy, for the sake of a
 “ sister, who ought to be no dearer than myself;
 “ this determined me. “ Retire, my shepherd,”
 “ said I to him, “ I fear they will mistrust so
 “ long a conversation; be here again to-mor-
 “ row at this time, I promise you an answer,
 “ and I fancy you will not be dissatisfied with
 “ it.”

“ I returned

‘ I returned to the house in an agitation easily
‘ to be conceived: The aversion I had to the
‘ cloyster inclined me joyfully to embrace the
‘ honourable means proposed to me for quit-
‘ ting it; but on the other side, I judged the
‘ step so dangerous, I could not come to a re-
‘ solution. Notwithstanding my low educa-
‘ tion, blood supplied its deficiency, and my
‘ birth asserted its rights. I thought it was offend-
‘ ing in point of honour and decency, to quit a
‘ convent, where I was placed, to follow a
‘ young man blinded perhaps by his passion;
‘ The remainder of that day, and the night
‘ following, I passed in cruel incertitude. At
‘ last love and the hatred of a convent carried
‘ the day; I believed myself excuseable as to those
‘ who had given me life, since they not only
‘ disclaimed me as their daughter, but treated
‘ me with unparalleled severity. After weigh-
‘ ing these considerations, I inclined to the side
‘ that called me to happiness; the advantages
‘ that were proposed, appeared to me to be solid;
‘ I had a father and mother, who refused to let
‘ me call them by that name; I found others
‘ who embraced that title, without any merits
‘ on my side; I took no notice to myself that it
‘ was the husband alone prevailed; be it as it
‘ will, I entirely delivered myself up to these
‘ pleasing ideas, and thought of nothing but by
‘ what means I could get out of the fatal con-
‘ vent with the greatest privacy.

‘ What cannot love effect? Difficult as it
‘ was to make my escape without being dis-
‘ covered, this did not perplex me; an ex-
‘ pedit

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‘ vent with the greatest privacy.

‘ What cannot love effect ? Difficult as it
‘ was to make my escape without being dis-
‘ covered, this did not perplex me ; an ex-
‘ pedient

' pedient occurred presently, and seemed to
 ' promise success. I had taken a fancy to the
 ' Portress, she was merry and good natured,
 ' and her employment engaged her in various
 ' affairs; I seldom quitted her, and enjoyed the
 ' company of all those who went backwards
 ' and forwards to the turn, as well as the news
 ' that was stirring; I often took an oppor-
 ' tunity of answering for the Portress, and to be
 ' with her when she opened the gates, as
 ' often as the affairs of the house required
 ' it.

' The keys of the inclosure were hung up
 ' in the parlour; the grate opened upon the
 ' outward Portress's room; it often happened
 ' that I was alone at the door, I was perfectly
 ' well acquainted with all the ways about the
 ' house, and it was upon this idea I formed
 ' my measures.

' *Melicourt* was punctual to his appointment,
 ' I communicated my thoughts to him; he he-
 ' sitated upon the apprehension he had of my being
 ' surpris'd in the execution of my design, in
 ' which case we should never have had the like
 ' opportunity again, or else I should run a risk
 ' of being once more removed by my parents;
 ' in his opinion it was better to wait till night
 ' time; I convinced him how difficult that
 ' would be, for as soon as night came, ac-
 ' cording to the rule of the house, the Por-
 ' tress brought the keys of the inclosure into the
 ' Superior's chamber. I bid him to be of good
 ' courage, and shewed him that provided he
 ' had his chaise in readiness at some distance from
 ' the

‘ the convent gate, and he could depend upon
‘ his horses, it would be easy for me to jump
‘ into the vehicle ; and being once got into a
‘ village, there would be no danger of our
‘ being stopped, although they were to see me
‘ in the very instant of my flight; that the only
‘ critical moment was the opening the
‘ gate ; but since I was once determined, I
‘ should take my measures so justly in so
‘ favourable a time, as not to be surprised
‘ in the fact. *Melicourt* agreed with me on the
‘ feasibility of this enterprise ; he was charmed
‘ with it ; having settled all that was to be
‘ done we parted, and from that instant he
‘ held himself in readiness : I never could get
‘ a favourable minute, and according to our
‘ agreement, the affair was put off till the
‘ next day.

‘ I passed that night in the most racking
‘ anxiety of mind, nor ever went to bed : What
‘ seemed to me so easy in speculation, appeared
‘ much more difficult in practice : What com-
‘ forced me was, that I was not in the least sus-
‘ pected, and as I generally rose late, I was re-
‘ solved to execute my design whilst they were
‘ at *Matins*. Mother Portress was accustomed
‘ never to miss being present, and it was her
‘ practice, before she went, to put the key of
‘ the first door into the turn that belonged to
‘ the outward Portress, that they might be able
‘ to do the business of the house ; I left the door
‘ of my cell on jarr, by which mother Portress
‘ was obliged to pass ; I heard her by the jing-
‘ ling of her keys, and knew her step ; I staid
‘ till

‘ till she had done her business, and was gone to
‘ choir; as soon as I thought she was there I
‘ ran to the parlour. You may judge of the
‘ joy when I spied the keys, I seized them and
‘ opened the door of the inclosure: I had the
‘ presence of mind to shut it after me, and
‘ carry away the keys, that I might have time
‘ to join my lover, having all the reason in the
‘ world to apprehend being discovered by an
‘ old Portress, who happened to be up, and
‘ who had asked twice *who’s there*, and rang the
‘ bell, uneasy without doubt not to hear any
‘ body answer.

‘ My prudence in locking the door was what
‘ saved me. Otherwise I should infallibly have
‘ been brought back again, on account of my be-
‘ ing so long before I could get open the street-
‘ door, which had a very difficult lock: The
‘ Nuns were run up to a window, saw my de-
‘ sign, and cried out for assistance: Happily for
‘ me it was early in the morning, and nobody
‘ passing by at that time. *Melicourt* upon the
‘ watch, as you may imagine, ran up with a
‘ footman to the door, and used all his efforts
‘ to force it open: Seeing him so near, I re-
‘ covered my spirits, and having bethought my-
‘ self of making use of another key in order to
‘ have the greater force in turning, that which
‘ was in the lock, it opened all at once; I
‘ screamed for joy, and threw myself into *Me-
‘ licourt’s* arms, not without trembling how-
‘ ever from head to foot. The Nuns, despe-
‘ rately enraged at my flight, continued their
‘ cries, and we could hear them at a distance
‘ from

‘ from the village. We went post that whole
‘ day, without stopping, and lay in a *French*
‘ village, where we were out of danger of being
‘ taken. The Chaplain whom *Melicourt* men-
‘ tioned to me, waited for us in this place; and
‘ suitable to the design, he had given notice to
‘ the Curate, that he intended to say mass the
‘ next morning by break of day. Under this
‘ pretext he married us, in presence of four
‘ peasants who were witnesses, and signed a
‘ marriage certificate (ready for that purpose);
‘ not suspecting the least contrivance. After
‘ this, we set out with mutual satisfaction; for
‘ my part, I was extremely pleased to follow a
‘ husband I loved, and glad to reconcile my in-
‘ clination with my duty.

‘ The *Valet de Chambre*, who was on horseback,
‘ went before to *M—*, where he apprised
‘ *Monsieur* and *Madame de Melicourt* with what
‘ had happened; the kind reception I found,
‘ made me easily forget the small regard my real
‘ parents shewed me; it was nothing but
‘ daughter and dear daughter at every word;
‘ the whole house adored me, and I had all the
‘ reason imaginable to bless my lot: but alas!
‘ how cruel are the turns of fortune! this
‘ proved but a short calm that was soon to be
‘ followed by a dreadful storm. Ah! I cannot
‘ reflect on it without being seized with horror.
‘ *Monsieur de Melicourt*, who wished neverthe-
‘ less it might be made appear who I was, find-
‘ ing considerable advantages in my alliance, by
‘ reason of the large estate that devolved to me,
‘ in case it came to be confirmed, he having
‘ but

‘ but a small one, regulated my affairs, and
 ‘ from the instructions I had given him, drew
 ‘ up his remonstrance, corroborated with unde-
 ‘ niable testimonies. He had been with the
 ‘ gardener and his wife, at whose house I had
 ‘ been brought up as their daughter: In order
 ‘ not to alarm these poor people, he pretended
 ‘ he came from *Madame de —*, and the more
 ‘ easily to impose upon them, gave them some
 ‘ money as an extraordinary reward for the
 ‘ care they had taken of me: During the con-
 ‘ versation he had with them on this subject,
 ‘ two indifferent witnesses, very creditable per-
 ‘ sons, were prepared and placed for that pur-
 ‘ pose. My pretended parents, who mistrusted
 ‘ nothing, and looked on *Monsieur de Melicourt*
 ‘ as a steward to *Monsieur* and *Madame de —*,
 ‘ made no mystery of an affair, with which he
 ‘ seemed so well acquainted; in fine, he was
 ‘ perfectly satisfied with his journey; his
 ‘ nicety in doing every thing according to form,
 ‘ ruined us; he threw off the mask, as soon as
 ‘ he had got what he desired out of these people,
 ‘ he forgot the character of steward, and assumed
 ‘ the commissioner, obliged them to sign an
 ‘ acknowledgment, purporting that I was none
 ‘ of their daughter, but the daughter of *Ma-
 ‘ dame de —*. The gardener, upon this,
 ‘ as well as his wife, guessed they had been
 ‘ pumping the secret out of them; and fearing
 ‘ lest my mother should express her resentment
 ‘ against them for it, they were no sooner at
 ‘ liberty, but they ran to acquaint her: The
 ‘ uncertainty my father was in on account of
 ‘ my

‘ my flight, and who was underhand making
‘ strict enquiry after me, cleared up on the
‘ gardener’s relation ; he soon learned the sequel
‘ of the adventure, and the name of my pro-
‘ tectors. The business appeared to him of too
‘ much moment to admit of any delay ; he im-
‘ mediately took post and went to Court to
‘ prevent any ill consequences that might arise
‘ from it.

‘ In the mean time my husband’s father,
‘ having settled my affairs, sent me with his
‘ son to an estate at two leagues distance from
‘ him ; as he thought proper to conceal our
‘ marriage, and not declare it till he was obliged,
‘ he apprehended the town was too public.
‘ Since he espoused my interest, it is not for me
‘ to determine, whether he pitched upon wrong
‘ methods, but if I may judge of it from the con-
‘ sequences, he could not have acted more
‘ cruelly ; perhaps a different conduct in him
‘ might have rescued both *Melicourt* and myself
‘ from so hard a fate ! But what do I say,
‘ where is the place that is out of reach of
‘ Sovereign power !

‘ One night as we lay quietly asleep, we were
‘ awakened by our servants, who came rushing
‘ into our chamber all in tears : “ Ah ! ” said
‘ they, “ with what misfortunes are we all
‘ threatened ? The Castle is filled with martial-
‘ men, and he that heads them, says he is come
‘ in the King’s name.” Whilst they were
‘ saying this, in came two *Exempts* ; both of
‘ them signified their orders to us ; my dear
‘ husband would have defended himself, but alas !
‘ what

‘ what could he do against twenty men ! For
 ‘ my part, I did nothing but scream most dread-
 ‘ fully, bemoan myself and cry, but nothing
 ‘ could mollify these barbarians ; they forced us
 ‘ asunder. I don’t know what they did with
 ‘ my husband : They brought me hither, where
 ‘ the first thing I saw was my father and mother ;
 ‘ rage in his countenance, and her eyes drowned
 ‘ in tears : “ Well huffy,” says my father
 ‘ sternly to me, “ does it become you to con-
 ‘ spire against those who have raised you from
 ‘ nothing ? to have recourse to calumny for
 ‘ setting yourself at liberty, and getting a hus-
 ‘ band ? You have but two things to resolve
 ‘ on, sorry wretch, either to take the habit to-
 ‘ morrow, or perish.” Saying this, he held up
 ‘ his hand at me. “ Mind what I say to you ;
 ‘ if in two days you don’t ask to be received a
 ‘ Nun ; or if, as you have already done, you
 ‘ pretend to prate, expect no longer to find in
 ‘ me a protector, but an executioner.” With
 ‘ these words, he led me to the door of the in-
 ‘ closure, whispered the Abbess, and retired.
 ‘ I won’t repeat to you all the vexations and
 ‘ reproaches I had to suffer from the Superior ;
 ‘ enraged at me at the trick I had played her,
 ‘ in running away from her house, she was inces-
 ‘ santly tormenting me, and for ever telling me,
 ‘ the best thing for me was blind obedience ;
 ‘ that *Monsieur de* — had no mercy, and that
 ‘ as soon as I had taken the veil, it behoved me
 ‘ to behave in such a manner as to forget my
 ‘ former life. I passed that night and the day
 ‘ following in affliction, and on the third I en-
 ‘ tered into my noviceship.

‘ I cannot

‘ I cannot tell, my dear Miss,’ continued *Saint Agnes* (for that was the name of this amiable person), ‘ what has happened since that time, nor what is become of *Melicourt* ; all I know for certain, to my sorrow, is, that at the expiration of the year ; my father (whom I ought not to call by that name, on account of his barbarity) came here that very day, and sending for me shut himself up with me alone, and told me in such a tone, that I still shudder at the remembrance of it, if I did not make my profession the next day, or the day after, he would come and fetch me away, having taken most assured means of severely revenging himself for my disobedience.

‘ In fine, what shall I say to you more ? This cruel sacrifice has bound me for ever ; I languish and I sigh : They use me with more kindness, it is true, because they think all is over ; but what satisfaction can be made me ? Who can give me an equivalent for the torments I endure ? Though I hide it from them, I bear in my heart my first engagement. Shocking state ! my profession condemns these regrets ; I am miserable for the rest of my days, and live in the horrible doubt of my eternal salvation.’ On uttering these words, the sorrowful *St. Agnes* wept most bitterly. ‘ Spouse of my heart,’ she cried ! ‘ still let me pronounce that name so solemnly acquired at the foot of the altar. Ah ! nothing shall ever efface thy dear image from my soul.’ Sighs intercepted her speech. I was most sensibly struck with this sight, the circumstances I was

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then in, made it affect me the more, and partake of her trouble; I did my utmost to comfort her, and gave her such marks of my friendship, as to prevail with her so far as to mitigate her sorrow.

I was too much convinced of the sincerity of the tender confidence *St. Agnes* placed in me, not to manifest it to her, which I did by disclosing my heart, hiding from her no part of my history. She was pleased with these marks of my sincere attachment, and pitied my sufferings: “But these may change, lovely *Jenny*,” continued she; “you have the pleasure of hopes left you still: That is not my case; in my present situation, all is lost in this world for me: Death, that puts an end to other people’s troubles, opens to me the door to everlasting punishments; which duty must I comply with? Am I a wife, or a religious woman? What do I say? I am both at the same time!” “Why did not you,” says I, “plead your marriage to *Monsieur de ———*, when he would oblige you to become a Nun?” “Did I not?” replied *St. Agnes*; “He knew it very well. What name do you think he gave our marriage? No better than folly and madness.” “But you ought at least,” replied I, “to have protested against your profession as invalid, by reason of the constraint you were under.” “Ah! how could I?” answered this poor girl; “all the time of my noviceship I never was trusted out of sight: Of what use would it have proved to me, after my profession, to rebel, but to have excited their greater severity against me?”

The

The severity of *St. Agnes's* lot appeared very plain to me: Her misfortunes so united me to her, and we became so intimate, as scarce ever to leave each other: our mutual confidence proved of great consolation to me; but I was soon deprived of this relief, and I shortly experienced that fortune was not weary of persecuting me.

Notwithstanding one ought not to have any faith in a thousand little superstitions that are apt to creep into young people's minds, yet I could not help being struck with a dream I had at that time, and which has proved the presage of what since befel me.

One of the boarders, called *Renneville*, the youngest of seven sisters, whose mother had married a young man of no fortune in second marriage, could not bring herself to the way of living in those religious houses: on this consideration, from her mortal aversion to the monastery, she had taken it into her head that she was not to stay there. Her inclination for marriage carried her imagination into the wide world, and being of a very lively temper, she had recourse to practices, which an ignorant pride has devised for prying into futurity.

St. Agnes and I were mightily diverted with the girl's company; she generally making one in our little parties of pleasure: without reposing an entire confidence in her, we were very intimate, particularly as to our aversion to the cloyster; our discourse frequently ran upon the means, though very chimerical ones, of obtaining our liberty, and scarce a day passed but

Renneville amused us with some new discovery relating to it. Though cards were expressly forbid, she was mistress of a pack which she consulted daily, and would fain persuade us, informed her of what was to happen. Besides this, she imagined herself mistress of some secrets with regard to dreams, by which she could draw sure conclusions concerning futurity. Though *St. Agnes* and I were above such nonsensical follies, nevertheless we often amused ourselves at her expence; every morning she was sure to tell us what dream she had the preceding night; then she obliged us to tell ours, all which she immediately explained according to her rules: but when we had a mind to vex her, which was as often as we were tired of her company, it was sufficient to declare, we did not believe a word she said: nothing to her could be more mortifying.

One evening as *St. Agnes* and I were musing by my fire-side, *de Renneville* entered the room with an air that would have suited the most joyful tidings; "Now at least," cried she embracing us, "you'll no longer say I am mad; here is an infallible secret to know our several fortunes by dreams: how glad am I?" continued she clapping her hands for joy. Her transport set us a laughing. "Nay, it's no jesting matter," added she; "when you know the method, you'll be overjoyed, I'll lay a wager, here," says she, pulling a book out of her pocket, "here it is; ay, and in print too; I'll leave you to judge now if there can be any doubt of it." I opened the book,

book and found it to be a *Treatise of Dreams and their Significations, with the Art of procuring them.* There were several methods laid down; I shall relate one, which to oblige her we were forced to employ. It was required to be twice twenty four hours without any supper, and the third day not to eat any dinner, taking no other nourishment at night than a cake made with half a pound of flour without any salt, and instead of butter, worked up with the grease of a black hen and rain water.

The black hen made a deep impression on *de Renneville*, insomuch that she warranted the secret infallible: a trial we were to make, and we three on different days, feigned some indisposition or other, to be excused from appearing in the refectory. *St. Agnes* was first initiated in the mystery, and had, as she assured us, the next morning, a very extraordinary dream, "There's for you!" cried *de Renneville*, addressing herself to me. "Very well," answered I, "but let us hear the rest." *De Renneville* looked very simply, when *St. Agnes* added, that indeed she had dreamt very strangely all night long; but when she waked, she could not recollect a single circumstance. This would have cured me of any curiosity, but there was no quiet till I consented to try the experiment: *St. Agnes* was blamed for having drank twice after the cake, whereas, according to what was expressly specified, it ought to have been but once: Care was taken that I complied to a tittle with the directions.

I did not usually dream; nevertheless, whether my imagination was more than commonly agitated, as I am apt to believe, or that the secret really had it's effect, that very night I had a dream which I shall never forget as long as I live. It was so uniform, and so very particular, that I cannot forbear relating it: Reason convinces me, that it was entirely accidental; nevertheless, it tallied very exactly with what has since happened.

Methought I had left the monastery, and was got into a troublesome road full of thorns and briars; the difficulty I found in advancing, made me look eagerly about for a better way. A path, which appeared at some distance through the openings of a hedge, made me very desirous to reach it, though all my endeavours were in vain, for the farther I advanced, the more I found myself entangled; but still I was not discouraged; the hopes of arriving at the path, making me slight all obstacles; nevertheless I could not have surmounted them, had not a stranger pointed out a passage which brought me directly to him. I had no sooner arrived, but he began to lead the way, looking back from time to time and smiling upon me: He was dressed in black, with a countenance so pleasing, that I followed him with great confidence.

We had walked thus about a mile, when we came to a large stream dividing the path in two; there was no coming to the other side, without passing the water, from which my natural apprehension of that element prevented me.

But

But this was no hindrance to the stranger, who seemed to walk on the water's surface, and, reaching the farther side, invited me to follow his example; but the fear of being drowned still prevailed. I went up the bank in order to find it passable above, but to my great surprise found it wider and wider. Upon this I returned, and began to think of venturing over, to which the stranger invited me with the most alluring gestures; when I heard a voice in the air crying out, *Jane, Jane, take care; if you pass the torrent, you'll be devoured by a monster.* Looking up I saw in a cloud, which was flying away, a woman with a majestic countenance, seated as it were on the stern of a ship, adorned with several streamers waving in the wind, on which appeared the following words: *Without virtue no one can arrive at their port.* But in a moment the whole pageant was lost in the clouds.

I cast a melancholy look on the stream; the stranger redoubled his importunities for me to follow him; but, reflecting on what I had seen and heard, I returned very hastily the way I came; I was curious, through apprehension of being pursued, to look behind me: But, what a surprize! what a change! the stranger was become a hideous monster, in full pursuit to devour me! Fear gave me unusual speed.

Being now at a considerable distance, and, as I imagined, out of danger, I once more looked back towards the fatal place; instead of the stream, there appeared a black thick mist, sending forth a pestiferous vapour; through the

clouds, every moment darted out sudden flashes of lightning, followed by incessant bursts of thunder, infomuch that I fled with the utmost precipitancy from so terrifying a scene.

As I advanced, I found the path gradually enlarged itself; it brought me to a delightful meadow, enamelled with a thousand beautiful flowers, the point of view terminated in a magnificent palace, whose structure appeared to be in the grand taste. Heaven be praised, said I to myself, here at least my troubles will end; this palace is certainly inhabited, and I may possibly gain admittance; with this hope I advanced towards the building, but was infinitely surprised in arriving at it to find no gate, though I looked earnestly on all sides. Night came on, the furious monster, I had so lately seen, alarmed me cruelly: I shall certainly be devoured, said I to myself: Upon this reflection I burst into tears.

Whilst I was sinking under this perplexity, there came and fawned upon me a lamb, whose fleece surpassed the new-fallen snow; little garlands of flowers were tied about him with curious ribbons. He played round me so prettily, that I could not forbear returning him his caresses, which seemed very pleasing to him; but I was not a little surprised to hear him speak to me in the following manner: *Follow me, Jenny; I'll conduct you to a palace where happiness attends you.* Alas! answered I, my pretty lamb, how can that be (thinking he meant that which was before us), I sought a long time in vain to find the door: *Follow me,* continued the lamb, *I'll shew you one presently.* I complied, but was uneasy

easy to find we passed by the palace I had admired so much.

A pile of building, which I had not observed, was at a small distance, but as frightful as the other was charming; its walls were black and hideous; the entrance enormously wide, through which crouds of people were continually hurrying in, but few or none, at least that I could discern, ever returned. Struck at what I saw, I stopped short. The lamb renewed his caresses to engage me to advance; I answered to what he alledged to prevail on me, that we had passed by the palace where I desired to be introduced.

Finding he could not succeed, he rose up and, saying, *Since fair means will not prevail, thou shalt know what I am.* In an instant his fleece was changed into a rough sad-coloured hair, his eyes rolling with fury. Let any one imagine the terror which seized me, when I beheld the same monster which had pursued me before! He flew at me, and my outcries echoed on all sides.

I was on the point of falling a prey to him, when a shrill distinct voice put a stop to his fury: *Hold, fatal enemy, it said, Jane refused of her own accord to enter thy palace, thou hast no farther power: Be gone, O vice; this trial suffices, for the future my palace shall be her refuge.*

These words pronounced, the same deity I had seen before in the air, appeared again, covering her face that she might not behold so horrid a monster. Giving me her hand, she so led me to the so much wished-for palace: We entered

by a steep narrow stair-case, which I had not discovered, and which brought us to a spacious temple, inspiring joy and content in all that entered. In it was placed the throne of virtue, surrounded by a small, though select and noble attendance. Notwithstanding the solid pleasures which reigned in this happy abode, something, methought, was wanting to complete my happiness. But, pleasing delusion ! All my vows were soon accomplished. Wisdom, who it seemed directed the ceremonies, conducted me to the altar : Heavens ! what do I see there ? the *Marquess* ! our hands are united ; my soul, unable to bear such an extacy, dies away — I started out of my sleep.

This dream made such an impression on my mind, that I spent two hours in reflecting on it. *Saint Agnes* and *de Renneville* surprised me in my meditation ; “ I’ll lay a wager,” cried the latter, “ you have dreamed of something, “ and have not forgot it.” As I was unwilling to make her acquainted with what had passed, I pretended the same excuse which *Saint Agnes* had made, that I could remember nothing of it. “ You are a couple of dissemblers,” says *de Renneville*, “ I see plainly ; the secret is a good “ one, and you have found the benefit of it ; but “ you are for keeping it to yourselves. Well,” says she with an air of scorn, “ I’ll try it myself, and to be even with you, will be as “ served as yourselves.” Saying this, she left us, and as she was oftentimes insupportable, her company was not at all desired.

As soon as we were alone, I acquainted *Saint Agnes* with my dream ; she was surprised, and told

told me it portended something : ‘ You will be involved in difficulties,’ continued she, ‘ but happiness attends you at last. Alas ! how far different is my unhappy fate ! no hope left, nothing but continual afflictions to be expected ?’ I endeavoured to divert the dear creature, seeing her eyes full of tears, and in order to it, made her write down my dream : We both of us frequently employed ourselves in writing our adventures, which served at least to amuse us.

One morning whilst *St. Agnes* and I were reasoning on the unhappy condition of a young woman who falls a sacrifice to the interest or caprice of her parents, *de Renneville* put a stop to our reflections, by coming to tell us that a young lady, who seemed to be overwhelmed with sorrow, was just arrived : “ You’ll find she is some unfortunate victim,” continued *de Renneville*, “ one may read as much in her very countenance.” *St. Agnes*, as well as I, was too much affected with what we had been talking of, to mind the news *de Renneville* brought us : For my part, I little imagined how deeply I was like to be concerned.

De Renneville, who never staid long in a place, finding we were not disposed to chat with her, presently left us : We resumed our subject, and *St. Agnes*, more dispirited than usual, owned very frankly she could bear up no longer against her misfortunes. I took this opportunity to advise her, that if that was the case, it was high time to take some measures for putting an end to them ; that something

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should

should be ready drawn up, which, when an opportunity offered, should be sent to *Monsieur de Melicourt*, who had already exerted himself in her behalf. This advice gave her new life, she desired me to write a memorial of what had passed: To this she subjoined a protestation against her vows; a fortunate precaution, as it afterwards proved, though I then little thought of being employed in the affair, or that we were on the point of being separated from each other.

Just as *St. Agnes* had made up the packet, the bell rung to go to the refectory: We made all the haste possible, having been frequently reprimanded for coming too late. I went as usual to the pensioner's table; the young lady, *de Renneville* had mentioned, was sitting there: She rose out of civility when I came; but, Heavens! who should I see? Let any one judge of my surprize and astonishment. My heart fell a beating the moment I discovered one I had no reason to be very fond of; in a word, *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*.

I turned pale at the rencounter, a general trembling seized me, and I fell back into a chair, every one running to my assistance, Nuns and Pensioners without exception, as I was much beloved, *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* herself, among the rest, not having discovered who I was. The moment she looked me in the face, she recollected herself: 'Good Good!' cried she, 'what do I see; 'tis *Jenny*! who would have thought it! Ah! 'tis no wonder my brother breathes his last.' Saying this she run from me as if she was

was distracted, crying all the way, that I was a wicked creature, and the occasion of her brother's being assassinated; in fine, she filled the whole house with her tears and lamentations.

But before I proceed, it will not be improper to touch upon the occasion which brought *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* to the monastery where I was placed.

A servant belonging to the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, who was present at the rencounter, took post and acquainted the *Countess* with what had happened. Struck with the desperate condition her son was in, she resolved to set out with her daughter in a chaise to come and tend him: But as misfortune generally follows misfortune, she had no sooner left her own house, but a messenger arrived from *Paris*, sent express by her husband, who was under confinement on account of a quarrel with a person of quality, directing her to repair instantly to *Paris*, in order to solicit his discharge. The *Countess* was overwhelmed with this second disaster, divided as she was between her duty to the Count, and tender regard for her son: In her own inclinations the son would have had the preference; but the imputation of not being upon very good terms with her husband (and which would have been confirmed on such an urgent occasion) determined her to take the road for *Paris*. *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* was of the same opinion; but her tenderness for the *Chevalier* made her tell the *Countess*, that he ought not to be abandoned whilst his life was in such imminent danger, and therefore obtained her consent to go
to

to *Madame de G——*, whither the *Countess* could not possibly carry her (though she would very gladly have done it), without losing an intire day by going so far out of the road; whereas by her husband's orders she was obliged to reach *Paris* that night. Whilst these things were settling in such a manner that they might not interfere one with another, the *Countess* be-thought herself of having been a pensioner in the monastery where I actually was, and which lying in her road to *Paris*, was a convenient place to set down her daughter, who from thence might go in another chaise to *Madame de G——*'s Castle, which she knew was but a few miles distant.

The train of misfortunes which pursued me ordered it so, that when the *Countess* arrived, there was no chaise to be had for her daughter; the Abbess thought of an expedient, which was to send a messenger to *Madame de G——* for one, and in the mean time *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* was to stay at the monastery: In such cases, the strangers usually dined in a parlour, but my ill-fated destiny inclined her to dine in the refectory, where we met. There are in life, often effected by mere chance, occurrences so very singular, that one is apt to attribute them to premeditated designs: In reality, nothing could be more extraordinary than what happened to me at this juncture. Though there was nothing surprising in the Count's being confined, every day producing adventures of that nature, yet I could never satisfy myself as to this incident, especially when it so nearly concerned me.

not

not to be discovered. But to return to our history.

Mademoiselle d'Elbieux's outcries drew some of the Nuns after her to know the occasion. Her resentment against me exerted itself very severely; she gave them my history (not forgetting what I came from), setting off every circumstance in the strongest colours malice could possibly invent; and all this before the Abbess and several of the Nuns. The Abbess, piqued at her being imposed on, assured *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, that since it was so, she would send me away very shortly.

A chaise being brought the next morning, *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* went away; for my part, that day and the following night were spent in the cruellest agitations. The amiable *St. Agnes*, terrified at the continual faintings which seized me, employed all the care the tenderest friendship could devise in my behalf: "Take courage, my dear," said she, "you will one day surmount these difficulties, I undertake to foretell; in the mean time, patience and policy must not be wanting; if you suffer yourself to be thus cast down, the whole monastery will believe all the wicked creature has advanced; she exceeds by far the character you gave of her: Nevertheless, you have this comfort, you are generally beloved, and consequently she will find very little credit." "Ah! my dear friend," replied I, "calumny bears a great sway, and easily leaves a mark: But that is not the worst I dread; sooner or later, what she has alledged will be

' be remembered ; and when I reflect on the
 ' consequences that may naturally follow, I
 ' give myself over for lost. When *Mademoiselle*
 ' *d'Elbieux* arrives at *Madame de G——*'s,
 ' her tears and just resentment will intirely de-
 ' stroy the little interest I have left with my
 ' patroness, as every thing makes against me ;
 ' the letters she formerly wrote, which I have
 ' mentioned to you, left too deep an impresson
 ' in *Madame de G——*'s mind, to say no-
 ' thing of what has happened since ; her abrupt
 ' manner of leaving me, the little notice she
 ' takes of me at present, are they not fatal in-
 ' dications that I am not mistaken ? Yes,' con-
 ' tinued I bursting into tears, ' and to compleat
 ' my misery, I shall perhaps be torn from you :
 ' This very monastery, once so hateful, through
 ' the friendship with which you are pleased to
 ' honour me, is become the dearest object of
 ' my wishes.' *St. Agnes* plainly shewed by her
 tears and caresses, how much she was affected
 with what I said, when a person came to ac-
 quaint me that the Abbess called for me. ' Ah !'
 cried I, ' here begins my new train of mis-
 ' fortunes.' I followed the Nun who came for
 me, *St. Agnes* making a sign that she would wait
 for me in her cell. I came to the Abbess's
 chamber under terrible apprehensions ; she was
 surrounded by several Nuns, who talked to her
 with great vehemency : I no sooner appeared,
 but a general silence followed : " Come hither,
 " Miss," cried the Abbess, " pray inform me,
 " as to besure you can, what reason *Madame*
 " *de G——* could have for deceiving me, and
 " passing

“ passing you upon me for her niece. Had she
“ thought fit to have trusted me with the secret,
“ it might have been of service to you, especially
“ as I am sensible of the obligations I have to
“ that lady, which I am not ashamed to ac-
“ knowledge, as all here present can witness.
“ In all appearance you are much in favour with
“ her ; her adopting a country girl for her niece,
“ is certainly a convincing proof. You seem a
“ little confounded ; but take courage, you
“ come too well recommended, to have the
“ least reason to apprehend any ill usage from
“ me : Nevertheless, tell the truth ; for that
“ alone can entitle you to an abode here. Con-
“ sider whether you had best interest me in your
“ behalf, or provide for yourself.”

This harangue, from a reverend person, went so far as to draw tears, but gave me no encouragement to speak my mind ; as it lasted a considerable while, through her want of breath, I had sufficient time to reflect how I should behave ; I concluded not to explain myself till I heard from *Madame de G—*, who, it was natural to imagine, upon *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux's* arrival, would come to a resolution, and either send a messenger, or write to me. Upon this, I answered ; ‘ That I knew *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, and the little favour I could expect
‘ at her hands ; but as to the airs she had been
‘ pleased to give herself, and the character she had
‘ bestowed on me, it was a mystery I could not
‘ pretend to unravel ; that I had nothing more
‘ to say, but was ready to return, if it should
‘ be required.’ The Abbess, surprized to see
me

me so resolute, whispered one of the Nuns, and then made a sign for me to retire, which I did, making a low curtesy, and repaired to my cell, where I found *St. Agnes* waiting for me in great anxiety.

She was all in tears, and it was my turn to comfort her; the apprehension that I should be sent away, and the fear of losing so intimate a friend, alarmed her cruelly. And indeed, what can be a greater consolation than to share our griefs with those who affectionately interest themselves in our behalf! The remaining part of the day was spent in melancholy reflections, and we did not part till very late at night.

Notwithstanding the trouble of mind I lay under, I was on the point of falling asleep, when I heard my door open; I trembled every joint, not being able to divine who could come to me at that hour. "Are you awake, dear *Jenny?*" said *St. Agnes* coming up to me. "Good God!" replied I, "how you frightened me!" "I'll lay a wager," said she smiling, "you expected somebody else. A lover, for example, at this critical juncture, would have been natural enough; but in our history it would have been a difficult matter, especially as the men of these days are less enterprising than in the days of Knight Errantry." Saying this she sat down upon the bed, dressed in her night-cloaths; and, as white became her particularly well, she looked charmingly handsome; I could not forbear complimenting her upon it. "Alas!" says she, "how can you mind such things! A convincing proof that
" we

“ we women, though engaged in the most serious affairs, are ever prone to trifles. Would it not have been more natural for you to have asked the reason of my disturbing you at such an unseasonable hour?” “ Good God!” I replied, “ as if I could be disturbed by one that is so dear!——But you seem to have letters in your hand, have you received any lately?” “ Alas! from whom?” answered *St. Agnes*, “ these are what we wrote together: for I was no sooner in bed, but I reflected on all that had passed to-day, and from thence concluded, that in all probability your stay may be short; imagine the trouble this must necessarily give me: however, a little self-interest interfered; I immediately resolved, lest I should be prevented by your sudden departure, to come and beg, that if I am so unfortunate as to lose you, these letters may be taken care of, as soon as your own affairs will admit.” “ I shall not wait for that,” I replied; “ if, my dear friend, we must part, your business shall have the preference; I know too well, by fatal experience, the torture of incertitude, to abandon you to it. It was my duty to have prevented you on this occasion; let the vexation I have undergone, plead my excuse; I will make amends hereafter.” *St. Agnes* took me in her arms, fully satisfied with what I had promised. We passed great part of the night in talking of our affairs, and taking proper measures that the letters might be safely delivered, and the answers returned. I set down in writing the names of
the

the persons and places ; after which, being much fatigued with watching, *St. Agnes* retired, and I fell asleep.

I was two days under the greatest uneasiness without having any news ; on the third day *Madame de G——* wrote to my Superior to put me into the hands of the bearer of her letter ; she took no farther notice of any thing, but that she would shortly see her ; I happened to be with the Superior when the express arrived ; she shook her head at this letter, saying, “ This is “ very mysterious indeed ! go your ways, Miss,” said she to me, “ and pack up your things, “ whilst I return an answer to *Madame de* “ *G——.*” *St. Agnes* being then present would have followed me, but she was ordered to stay where she was ; it was apprehended undoubtedly, lest this Nun should take occasion of my departure to give me some commission ; but it proved too late : so true it is, that we should not defer business to the last day.

I went to my cell disturbed, as may be imagined, and had soon taken order about my departure ; from thence I returned to the Lady Abbess, to take my leave, which she received with great indifference ; it was not so with the rest of the community and pensioners, they each of them embraced me, and gave me marks of their friendship ; when it came to *St. Agnes's* turn she fell a crying bitterly ; my separation from this dear friend drew tears from me, as I squeezed her hand. Till then, I had not seen the person who came to fetch me away ; at last she appeared, and to my comfort it was *Christina,*

Christina, woman to *Madame de G——*, who, as I mentioned before, loved me so well; in spite of my trouble I was pleased to see her. ‘Ah! dear *Christina*,’ said I to her, getting into the chaise, ‘what am I to hear next? Has your lady any regard left for me?’ ‘I have a great deal to tell you,’ replied the maid, mightily taken with the caresses I bestowed on her; ‘you shall hear it as soon as we can get out of the village: God bless me!’ cried she, ‘how you are changed!’ ‘Truly,’ replied I, ‘no great wonder; I have not had a quiet moment since I came to this convent, and distress is no friend to beauty, but what is most extraordinary, if a small matter casts me down, the slightest satisfaction sets me up again.’

As soon as we were got into the open country, I reminded *Christina* of her promise: ‘Alas!’ replied she, ‘I wish I had nothing to tell you; but I love you too well, dear *Jenny*, to hide any thing from you. I’ll lay you a wager you cannot guess on whose account you are taken from this monastery.’ ‘*Madame de G——*’s? (replied I) *Miss d’Elbeux*’s?’ ‘No,’ says she, ‘the *Chevalier* himself, who now lies at the point of death, touched with a sense of all the misfortunes he has brought on you, desires to see you with tears in his eyes, and knowing the aversion his sister has for you, he made her promise to receive you kindly. This young lady at first was outrageous against you; *Madame de G——* was afraid to speak in your behalf, so much was she transported with passion: however, she

“ she seems something appeased ever since her
 “ brother has declared his intentions to her,
 “ though it is easily perceived, she only hides
 “ the rancour of her mind.” “ I know her,
 replied I, “ and will take care of her : but what
 “ do they say besides ? what will they do with
 “ me ? why am I sent for ? what has happened
 “ in my absence ? ” “ You may easily imagine
 “ the *Marquess* has not forgot you,” said *Christina*
 looking stedfastly on me, “ and you will
 “ be glad to hear something of him ; however
 “ that is what I am forbid positively ; but that
 “ would be too cruel ; as I know your dis-
 “ cretion, I’ll proceed to give you the satisfac-
 “ tion you desire.

“ That very day that *Madame de G——* came
 “ back from the monastery you have just now
 “ quitted, she received a letter from the *Mar-*
 “ *quess*, who desired, in the most tender and
 “ respectful manner, to hear how you did ;
 “ adding, that he hoped in time to make her
 “ his acknowledgments for the protection she
 “ was pleased to grant you : The *Valet de*
 “ *Chambre*, who had orders from his master to
 “ see you, and perhaps to deliver you some
 “ letters, had but just time to receive his an-
 “ swer from my lady before he returned, be-
 “ cause of her apprehensions lest the *Marquess*
 “ should not be made sensible enough, that the
 “ affair was much talked of, having all the
 “ reason in the world to dread the *Valet’s* being
 “ seized every moment.

“ These fears of *Madame de G——* were
 “ but too true ; that very night at twelve
 “ there

“ there came an *Exempt*, bearing *Lettres de*
“ *Catchet* to arrest the *Marquess*, the *Cheva-*
“ *lier d’Elbieux*, you, my dear child, and all
“ those that had any concern in this unlucky
“ affair : The Castle and the village underwent
“ the strictest scrutiny imaginable ; they rum-
“ aged the most private places, so confident
“ was the *Exempt* of finding what he sought
“ for : He would have taken away the *Che-*
“ *valier d’Elbieux* ; but, on the attestations of
“ the physicians and surgeons, that removing
“ him might cost his life, he drew up a verbal
“ process, left him in custody of proper officers,
“ and returned to give an account of his proceed-
“ ings : *Monsieur de G*—— set out at the
“ same time, and having made interest by his
“ friends, and giving satisfaction to the families
“ concerned, the affair took a favourable turn,
“ and the officers were remanded. But though
“ the *Marquess* be connived at, by a particular
“ favour, as well as the *Chevalier*, notwith-
“ standing the first of these is commanded not
“ to appear again till farther orders, yet all
“ this won’t screen you ; the Court being in-
“ formed that you are the cause of this duel,
“ has ordered you to be arrested and confined.”
“ Ah, my God !” cried I, “ I am lost ! it is to
“ secure me then that I am brought from the
“ monastery !” “ No,” continued *Christina*,
“ fear nothing, the search is over, and they
“ imagine you are at a greater distance. While
“ you are with my lady, you may be easy ; I
“ won’t tell you her design ; you shall know it
“ from her own mouth.

“ All

“ All that I can tell you for certain is, that
 “ I have heard my lady say, but for your lover’s
 “ father your name would not have been
 “ brought in question in all this affair ; he even
 “ insisted you should be arrested : Alarmed at
 “ your escape, and suspecting *Madame de*
 “ *G——* of being your friend, he wrote her a
 “ thundering letter about you, wherein he
 “ complains bitterly that she was the cause, by
 “ protecting you, of the rencounter which en-
 “ dangered his son’s life : He peremptorily de-
 “ mands that you be admitted a Nun.” “ And
 “ Madam,” cried I, hastily interrupting her,
 “ what says she ?” “ I don’t know,” continued
Christina, “ she has not communicated her
 “ thoughts to me on that subject ; but there is no
 “ danger of her leaving you, she loves you too
 “ well. If you did but know how earnestly
 “ she recommended to me to draw up the
 “ glasses of the chaise, and to hide you when
 “ any one came by, you would be quite easy :
 “ Her great regard should satisfy and convince
 “ you, that without a tender concern, she
 “ could never be so solicitous about trifles.”

Christina said a great deal more to encourage
 me, but in vain. I gave myself up to grief,
 and regretted a thousand times my native village :
 Where’s my Father, mother, sister and re-
 lations ! Alas ! how happy were my days when
 I dwelt in the peaceful cottage ; though my
 pleasures were but simple, my cares were incon-
 siderable : Shall I never live to see that blessed
 time again !

At last we arrived at the village ; *Christina*
 sat on my lap as we came in, and took all pos-
 sible

sible precautions to hide me: The postillion, who had his orders, set us down in the inner court of the Castle, from thence they conducted me into the lady's closet; word was sent her of my arrival; whilst I waited for her, such a palpitation of the heart, and oppression of spirits seized me, as is not to be expressed.

'You are come then, my poor *Fenny*,' said this lady to me as she entered, raising me up; 'in truth your lot is very unfortunate; I wish with all my heart I had never known you. You are a good girl, and have not deserved, nor brought upon yourself these unhappy adventures; but you are not less miserable; I am extremely perplexed to know what to do with you: *Christina* has told you without doubt all that has passed, and how pressing *Monsieur le Marquess de L. V.* is with me to have you delivered into his hands: I don't know which way to determine. *Monsieur de G*— on the other hand wishes I would surrender you to that Nobleman, who engages his word, as he writes to me, that not only no harm shall come to you, but that he will give positive orders to treat you gently: Notwithstanding his promises, my friendship for you withholds me. What is best to be done?" "Ah, Madam," cried I, falling at her feet, "pity your poor *Fenny*; if you abandon me, I must die in despair: Admit I were to depend on the word of the *Marquess*, notwithstanding the reasons he has to be dissatisfied with me, have not I great room to dread fresh adventures? You know his son, and what he is capable of doing. No sooner will he know the place

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“ where his father has confined me, but he will
 “ move Heaven and earth to see me, or steal me
 “ away : Ah, Madam, save me from these new
 “ disasters ! I do conjure you, abandon me first
 “ to my evil fate, and permit me to re-
 “ tire ; even this very night I will hide myself
 “ from the world ; happy should I be, could I
 “ but forget myself !” “ We will think of it,”
 says *Madame de G*—— musing in the mean
 time ; ‘ stay here, I will step to the *Chevalier d’El-*
 ‘ *bieux*, and know if he is disposed to see
 ‘ you ; he has done nothing these twenty-four
 ‘ hours but call for you ; his sister, of whom
 ‘ *Christina* has undoubtedly spoke to you, did her
 ‘ utmost to restrain him from that eagerness ; her
 ‘ opposition had liked to have proved fatal to him,
 ‘ he was taken with a fainting fit, and *Madem-*
 ‘ *oiselle d’Elbieux*, who loves him tenderly, was
 ‘ grieved to have been the cause of it, asked his
 ‘ pardon with tears in her eyes, and promised him
 ‘ that for his sake she would be your friend, and
 ‘ that she would receive you kindly. The
 ‘ unfortunate *Chevalier* seeing this alter-
 ‘ ation, embraced her, saying that all the world
 ‘ should be satisfied, as soon as he had spoke to
 ‘ you. He sent for a notary, who, as they say,
 ‘ has drawn up his will : The poor young man
 ‘ is very ill ; the surgeon affirms he can never get
 ‘ the better of it without a miracle, his fever
 ‘ having no intermission. Adieu, *Jenny*,’ says
 ‘ *Madame de G*—— as she was going away,
 ‘ you shall hear from me presently, be easy ;
 ‘ who knows but God may have pity on you.’

Madame de G—— was scarce gone out of the
 closet when *Miss d’Elbieux* appeared with a candle
 in

' towards her ! If I could but live to make you
 ' a witness of God's grace in my regard, by
 ' shewing the horror I have for presuming to
 ' assault your innocence ! Instead of that frantic
 ' love, receive now the assurance of a most
 ' sincere and tender friendship : Whether I live
 ' or die, I shall never alter : Present my service
 ' to the *Marquess* whenever you see him, and
 ' assure him that I repent of having given him
 ' so much uneasiness ; I will make amends for
 ' it, by what I shall do for you : Do you rightly
 ' understand me, *Jenny* ?' cried he, which he
 repeated twice over ; ' Do you promise,' con-
 tinued he, ' to pray to God to pardon me ?'
 ' Your innocence will obtain mercy for me.'
 Pronouncing these words, he lifted up his eyes,
 and prayed most devoutly ; then turning to his
Valet de Chambre, called for what he had bid
 him lock up : The *Chevalier* receiving a small
 paquet sealed, presented me with it : ' This,'
 says he, ' is the least I could do for you, it is a
 ' bond for twenty thousand livres, left by an
 ' uncle, and consequently cannot injure my
 ' family ; *Miss d'Elbieux* has been acquainted
 ' with it, and not only thinks it proper, but has
 ' even promised to love you and make an ad-
 ' dition to it : Is not that true, dear sister ?'
 cried he, stretching forth his hand : ' Your love
 ' for me is too great to be indifferent to my
 ' memory.'

The poor *Chevalier*, who forced tears from
 all about him, seemed to shew a glimpse of joy
 at the kiss his sister gave me, in compliance with
 what he said : He concluded by saying, ' I am
 ' satisfied ; this is all I desired of Heaven : In
 ' order

‘ order to shew my gratitude, I now turn all
‘ my thoughts to the meditation of God’s mercy.’
Saying this, he took my hand, and squeezed it,
weak as he was; then he embraced his sister
who was bathed in tears, and his Confessor was
brought in, after he had first returned thanks to
Madame de G—— for all her kindness, and
made an obliging sign of respect to all that were
present.

We were eight days in suspense for the
Chevalier d’Elbieux’s life; sometimes there were
hopes, sometimes he was given over; on the
ninth day, the surgeon declared, that if the
fever left him, he was out of danger; and at
night it did so: This news was received with
joy, in which I shared with every body else on
the occasion. *Miss d’Elbieux*, changed as
much as possible in my regard, professed a great
friendship for me, and declared publicly, that
if her brother recovered this time, she should be
obliged to me alone, after God, for it. I
answered these civilities with all the affection
possible; who would have thought she deceived
me, and that she was forming designs against
me, the blackest you can imagine between the
most mortal enemies?

The *Chevalier d’Elbieux*, who had obtained
new life and health, resumed also the senti-
ments of honour and probity; he shewed him-
self entirely free from the passion he had con-
ceived for me; but there hung on him a deep
melancholy, and he seemed full of some im-
portant design: I could not help being secretly
struck at this serious air of his, and begun
again to fear lest he was meditating some new

enterprise. Where, by experience, we have reason to mistrust, we are apt to misconstrue every thing: However, I was mistaken; far different and important cares took up the *Chevalier d'Elbieux's* thoughts. Who would have imagined it? Great God! how ought we to revere thy decrees! One morning *Madame de G——* sent for me to her room; she had a letter in her hand, and tears in her eyes: The sight struck me; "More ill news?" cried I, "No, my dear child," answered this amiable lady; "read, and you'll know whether I have reason to be moved, and whether you could have foreseen any more than I, such an event." I took the letter, and read as follows:

*A Letter from the Chevalier d'Elbieux to
Madame de G——.*

"PARDON me, Madam, if I went away without most humbly taking my leave of you, and acknowledging the favours with which you honoured me during my stay at your house. I write to my sister to perform these obligations for me, my sense of which no words can express: If ever I obtain mercy in the sight of God, you shall not be forgot in my prayers.

"Knowing, through fatal experience, this life to be subject to nothing but passions and disappointments; and fully convinced that the things of most importance, to which we sacrifice all that is dear to us, are in the sight of God but trifles, and often hurtful to salvation; that we must all die, and one day render an
"account

“ account of all our actions; frightened at my
“ disorderly life, and fearing, that if I entered
“ again into the world, I might relapse into my
“ former dangerous habits, I have taken a re-
“ solution of quitting it, and retiring amongst
“ the *Capuchins*, where I shall be out of the
“ occasions of sin. I have long resisted the in-
“ ward impulses of a celestial vocation to quit
“ the world; God has at length been so gracious
“ to determine me, by shewing to me the
“ gaping jaws of death, and only preserving me
“ from it, that I might have time to recollect
“ myself, and to atone for my sins. Excited by
“ this mercy, I fly where he calls, and avoid
“ every thing that may shake my resolution. I
“ recommend to my sister the innocent object
“ of my past follies, that she may prevail on
“ *Jenny* to forget all the vexations I have oc-
“ casioned. I take you to be that good and
“ generous person, who will, I flatter myself,
“ assist her in it. I am, Madam, with respect,
“ Your, &c.

“ *The Chevalier d'Elbieux.*”

This letter made as great an impression on me as on *Madame de G——*, forcing tears from me. That instant entered *Miss d'Elbieux* like a mad woman, and seeing me, said the most disagreeable things on the subject of her brother's retiring, crying out I was the cause of all the misfortunes of her family, but that she would be revenged. *Madame de G——* checked her, by recalling to her mind her brother's intentions: these moving remonstrances softened

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this young lady, she reflected a while, then came and embraced me, and asked my pardon, excusing her violence by the loss of a brother whom she adored: I received these excuses with respect, and answered in the civilest manner. Candour takes all the world to be like itself, estranged as it is from the arts of dissimulation. Not long after I learnt by experience, that when a woman has once taken an aversion to a person, she rarely changes her mind.

Miss d'Elbieux was the first to desire *Madame de G——* to keep me at her house, till I should determine how to dispose of myself: That lady as well as myself, not suspecting her black designs, placed an entire confidence in the friendship with which this lady seemed to honour us: She left us two days after to join her mother, who wrote to acquaint her with the enlargement of the *Count d'Elbieux*, and to rejoice with her on the *Chevalier's* recovery, of whose retreat they had not yet heard. *Miss d'Elbieux* gave the tenderest marks of her esteem, as she got into her chaise, embraced me most affectionately; this was the last kiss I received from her, it was the forerunner of the blow she was going to strike.

Two days after her departure *Madame de G——* received a letter from her, in which I was not forgot, but earnestly recommended: This new kindness effaced all remembrance of her former proceedings.

I received the next morning much more acceptable letters; *Dubois* was the bearer: it was one continued series of the warmest sentiments: that faithful lover, the *Marquess*, acquainted me
that

that he was then in *Lorrain*; that he missed being taken only by two days; that they gave him hopes of returning shortly to *Paris*, but this news was no otherwise agreeable to him, than as he expected to see me there; after this he communicated to me a letter of his father's, wherein he engages him to take a tour into *Germany*, in order to forget, as he termed it, his late adventures; there was not any sort of mention made of me, which disturbed my lover, as he observed to me, considering his father's character, of whom he had a great mistrust; he entreated me to give him a full detail of my present situation, desiring me at the same time not to afflict myself, and that not only my interest but my tranquillity should be the constant object of all his care and attention.

These were joyful tidings to me, and a cessation of my troubles ensued. It is natural for those who are accustomed to affliction to seize the first interval, and smallest glimpse of hope, to solace themselves; moved by the repugnance the weakness of human nature has to suffering. I wrote the *Marquess* a long letter, and told him every thing that had happened to me; *Dubois* assured me he would have my letter in two days, and that he expected it with the utmost impatience; tired to death, although they used their endeavours in the town where he was, to amuse him agreeably. A secret inquietude which got the better of me, made me question the *Valet de Chambre* upon what he had let drop; he told me the town where the *Marquess* resided was full of beautiful women, a great

number of whom thought the *Marquess* a pretty gentleman. I cannot rightly say if it was jealousy, or too much niceness; I certainly had a mind *Dubois* should describe these handsome *Lorrainers* whose beauty he had extolled: I made him sit down while I was at my toilette, and he gave me the following account.

‘They call the town,’ said he, ‘where we are at present, *Pont-a-Musson*, situated in a delightful country, and where, as is usual in most other towns, there is no regret for the pleasures of *Paris*; the quality are extremely polite, and the town’s people mighty affable. The easy behaviour of the women and their appearance is as genteel as at *Paris*. Amongst those who distinguish themselves by their beauty and carriage, I will name you *Madame de Gombervault*; she has light-coloured hair, and is extremely fair, with a sweetness of temper exceedingly captivating. Her husband is Captain of his Royal Highness’s Guards, and acquits himself well in doing the honours of his house. The *Marquess* has dined there as well as at *Madame la Baronne d’Aiel*, a brown beauty, of lively and elevated parts. Her husband is *Chamberlain* to the Prince, who unites a great share of probity with an inclination he has of obliging all foreigners of distinction who arrive in that town. He is extremely curious in his books, and the *Marquess* has all the reason in the world to be satisfied with this gentleman’s behaviour. The third family, where he is also perfectly well received, is that of *Madame la Presidente de Landres*; this is a very amiable lady, and spends

‘ spends her estate very elegantly and chearfully ;
‘ she is always one of the first to promote
‘ pleasure and mirth. Her husband, *President of*
‘ *Vitry-le-Francoise*, is one of the most accom-
‘ plished gentlemen I know.

‘ They are very agreeable people at the
‘ *Provost’s* of the town ; his wife is fond of
‘ dancing, for which reasons there are frequent
‘ balls at her house. She has two very hand-
‘ some daughters ; the eldest is married to an
‘ *Exempt* of the Guards, whose name is *St. Val*,
‘ a great musician, and a perfect master of the
‘ viol ; there is but one thing laid to his
‘ charge, that is, he is jealous ; but he is to be
‘ forgiven for it, because his wife is of a turn to
‘ inspire love : As the *Marquess* is frequently at
‘ his house, on account of the music, of which
‘ he is passionately fond, people take it into
‘ their heads he has a fancy for the young
‘ wife’

Dubois was going on when I interrupted him ;
a sudden uneasiness seized me, and I thought
he concealed something ; “ You pass very
“ slightly,” said I, “ over *Madame de St. Val* ;
“ tell me sincerely if your master, to pass away
“ the time, never makes love to her : ” “ Ah !
“ ah ! ” cried *Dubois* smiling, “ I believe *Miss*,
“ God forgive me, you are jealous ? ” “ Who
“ I ? not at all,” said I blushing, “ it would
“ very ill become me, nor do I presume to
“ controul the *Marquess*. ” I pronounced these
words with tears in my eyes, quickly turning
myself away. *Dubois*, who perceived it, and
wa very much devoted to me, knowing the
secret intentions of his master, and how much

it would displease him should he give me the least disquiet, eased me of my alarms, which I had not power to hide from him, by giving me an exact detail of the life his master led: As he saw this appeased me, he resumed his discourse, and told me a number of pretty adventures that had happened at *Pont-a-Mousson*, which may find a place perhaps in the course of these Memoirs.

We were in one of the most pleasant of them caused by jealousy, at which I was laughing very heartily, when *Madame de G——* came and interrupted us: She gave *Dubois* a letter for his master, who waited for nothing but his dispatch; he took leave of us, and went away post.

I felt a vast consolation in having wrote to the *Marquess*; it was the first letter he received from me, wherein the sentiments of my heart were clearly expressed. Nothing gives greater relief than the unbosoming one's self, especially when one is not so much confined to the forms of decorum and modesty; I never should have been able to have said so much by word of mouth, as I ventured to do by my pen; he has since owned to me, my letter overwhelmed him with joy: I imagine, from my own experience, when love is built on esteem and virtue, that the sweets it affords surpass a hundred times those that arise from a hurry of the passions; at least I have heard so from those who have known both; but to return. Every body has his taste, and I think that ought not to be disputed.

In

In the mean time, as I grew up, my reason augmented with my years; this furnished me with a steadiness which supported me against the dreadful apprehensions of what was to come.

Madame de G—— who had a great deal of wit, and knowledge of the world, gave a polite turn to my education; the sincere attachment she perceived I had to her, so prepossessed her in my favour, that she would pass whole days in my company; these frequent conversations had cleared up my understanding; without living in the world, I had learnt all its ways from the various histories she had placed before my eyes, and the daily transactions that passed: when I was alone, I examined with care all that had been said, and had penetration enough to draw this conclusion in general, that each season of our lives draws after it its necessary dependencies; from hence I was persuaded that in a succession of things, life passes away, and that present evils are to be supported by the consideration that they either give way to or are relieved by, fresh events that make us forget the past; in fine, upon these principles I drove on the time, if I may be allowed the expression, in hopes that sooner or later I should accomplish what I desired; and this end, this point, I will own it without a blush, was to see myself one day united to my lover.

I will not venture to say, that people have a prescience of what is to happen to them: as a woman, it is not allowed me to discuss the point, nor would my sentiment be of any weight; all I know for certain is, that having staid pretty late one night with *Madame de G—*,
I went

I went to my chamber extremely uneasy, which was not usual: I had all the difficulty imaginable in going to bed, though this was scarce ever the case: Not knowing how to account for my want of sleep. I began to read the *Marquesses's* letters, hoping that might soothe me: But whether that they brought my afflictions fresh to my memory, or that the stile of a lover is no promoter to sleep in young people, I was not able to close my eyes! however I put out my candle, and went to bed; the crowing of the cocks who proclaimed the approach of day, made me wish for some rest; but, vain attempt! it was to no purpose to shut my eyes, or change my posture, I was no sooner settled on one side, but I tossed to the other: These perpetual agitations tormented me to that degree, that I resolved to rise and light my candle; in short, I was just getting up when I heard a knock at my door: I started up through fright; it was then but dawn of day, and they were never used to disturb me at that hour; my door was strongly bolted; for ever since the design of taking me away, I was very exact in these precautions: however they redoubled their blows; I asked in a fearful voice what they wanted; it was *Madame de G*—— that answered, and bid me open the door, but in such a tone, that chilled my blood; I thought she was not alone, and that a man was talking with her; I snatched up my gown in my arms, and the door being opened I saw a gentleman enter accompanied by *Madame de G*——; his mouth was opened to speak, but after having fixed his eyes on me, he turned them towards my protectress: ‘Truly, Madam,’
cried

cried he, 'I did not think to disturb so pretty
' a lady; I am no longer surpris'd at the appre-
' hensions *Monsieur le Marquess de L. V.* is
' under: The cunning and intrigue of this
' lovely girl, may chance to cost his son many a
' jaunt.' During this discourse, *Madame de*
G—— had flung herself upon my bed, where I
lay in a terrible fright. "Ah! *Jenny*, how
" unhappy am I," said she to me, "to have
" known you now, and to lose you so soon!"
This discourse overwhelmed my agonizing soul.
' Just Heaven!' cried I in tears, 'What is it
' you say to me, Madam? Ah! I will never
' leave you, I will sooner die!' and threw myself
into her arms.

The stranger drawing near in a polite manner,
"I am mortified, my charming young lady,"
said he, "to give you this trouble; and much
" more for the orders I have for an arrest. You
" will find nevertheless, with the help of that
" understanding this lady says you possess, and
" which I make no doubt, some reason not to be
" dejected. *Monsieur le Marquess* on obtaining
" a *Lettre de Cachet* to put you into a monastery
" ought to have made use of those persons who
" are appointed for that purpose; but he in-
" trusted me with his design and his motives;
" a secret inclination made me desire this com-
" mission, more out of curiosity, than any de-
" sign of displeasing you: I will add a third
" motive, and I will not dissemble before this
" lady, being thoroughly convinced from the
" friendship she professes for you, that she may
" be trusted; I am a friend and humble ser-
" vant of my cousin, your lover: notwith-
" standing

“ standing his want of confidence in me, I
 “ knew the whole affair ; as soon as it broke
 “ out, and as I understood the intentions of the
 “ *Marquess* his father, pretended to approve
 “ them to be able the better to manage his re-
 “ sentments ; so that, *Miss*, you have nothing
 “ to fear ; all the hurt you will have is to be
 “ separated from *Madame de G——*, and much
 “ happier days will obliterate the remembrance
 “ of the present ; I must confess your tears and
 “ condition greatly moves me, and I would
 “ not for the world have entered so far into this
 “ affair.”

Monsieur de St. Fal (that was the stranger's
 name) sighed when he spoke these words.
Madame de G—— endeavoured, from the con-
 cern she shewed, to engage him to return with-
 out me ; and to say for his excuse, that I had
 made my escape two days before his arrival :
 “ It is not practicable, Madam,” replied he,
 “ my uncle knows perfectly well that *Miss* is
 “ here at your house ; a person you know,
 “ whom I must not name, has a spy in pay here at
 “ this time, who, in case *Mademoiselle* had
 “ gone from your house, was to have followed
 “ her, and informed where she went : You see,
 “ ladies, I speak sincerely, you cannot be long
 “ in judging from whence the blow comes.”
 “ Ah the wicked creature !” cried I, “ it is the
 “ false *Miss d'Elbieux* who caressed me at the
 “ time she was contriving my ruin.” *Madame*
de G—— who was not so nearly concerned as I,
 had no suspicion of her. Upon what I said she
 turned her eyes towards *M. de St. Fal* ; one
 glance of his convinced her of the mischievous-
 ness

ness of this wretch : Shrugging up her shoulders, she took me in her arms, protesting she never would abandon me. "I cannot oppose the
" King's orders," said she, " nothing less
" should tear you from my arms. The letter
" your lover's father writes, is filled with ap-
" logies, for the violence which he is obliged to
" use, to prevent, he says, fatal consequences ;
" it is in consideration to me," continued she,
" that he has sent his nephew instead of an *Exempt*,
" knowing," says she, " how much I esteem you :
" On this account he assures me you shall be
" treated with the utmost tenderness : Where-
" fore, my dear girl, take courage, submit to
" necessity, and behave yourself always with
" prudence ; God will bless you, and will make
" you triumph over fortune, and all these unlucky
" accidents." She made a sign to *Monsieur de*
St. Fal to retire for a moment ; and this charm-
ing lady to animate me, took the most effectual
way by telling me, " that it was on the like
" occasions I ought to manifest myself worthy
" of the sentiments the *Marquess* had for me,
" and shew an elevation of mind above my
" birth, which would reflect a confusion on
" nature and fortune for having been mistaken
" in bringing me into the world ; besides
" *Jenny*, consider the more you suffer, the more
" you will endear yourself to your lover. I
" say no more, you understand me ; we must
" wait God's pleasure to accomplish the rest."

This exhortation made an impression ; I found
it conformable to what passed in my own breast :
" Yes," says I, getting up and preparing to depart ;
" the *Marquess* shall acknowledge this sacrifice
" I make

‘I make him.’ I stifled my tears, and immediately resumed a serene countenance: I appeared quite another person to *Monsieur de St. Fal*, who entered a moment after; he was surprised and charmed to see it. I behaved with all the civilities his age and rank required, acquainting him I was ready to obey the orders he bore, beseeching him to assure *M. le Marquis* at his return, that I had a respect for every thing that came from him, his severity not excepted. *M. de St. Fal* several times applauded my good sense and resolution. When all was ready, I embraced my much loved protectress with the greatest fondness; it was in vain to pretend to refrain; this farewell was attended with my tears, and I had the same proofs of her sincerity: In giving me the last adieu, she slid her purse into my hand, without the *Count’s* perceiving it. As soon as we got into the chaise, poor *Christina* broke out into loud lamentations.

While we were on the road, which was two days longer than necessary, for a reason I shall mention hereafter, *M. de St. Fal* behaved with as much respect as if I had been a person of the greatest quality: I must except indeed the first day, which seemed no very favourable omen of what was to come. They had represented me to him in such a malicious light, that he concluded, as I had no education, he should have an easy conquest, and from thence assumed a very familiar air; but was much surprised to find himself taken up with a resolution and politeness he little expected; in order to intimidate me, he set out with making me sensible of the power with which he was vested, and the
great

great distance fortune had put between us. Under a pretence of giving advice to prevent my being miserable the rest of my days, he counselled me, as a friend, to abate something of my haughtiness, and suit my behaviour to my rank, the most natural method, as he frankly owned, I could possibly take. To make this notable harangue the more pathetick, my charms, and the effect they had on him, were not forgot; to say nothing of those familiar appellations of dear child, pretty girl, &c. He added, how great a pity it would be, for one so handsome and genteel to be buried alive; hinting from time to time that no favour was to be expected from the old *Marquess*, who, as *St. Fal* confessed, was much incensed against me, and consequently, if I was once secured in the place his orders directed, I must bid an eternal adieu to the pleasures of life; for that either by fair or other means I should be compelled to become a Nun: From threats he made an artful transition to motives of a more alluring nature, inviting me to accept of, and comply with his passion; and as he supposed I could not refuse him, he assured me that not only he would secure me from falling into the hands of the old *Marquess*, but even make me perfectly happy.

Without vouchsafing any answer to such proposals, I only desired, with an air that put him out of countenance, that he would not trouble me with any more discourse of this nature, but content himself with executing the commission he had undertaken: For that he might be assured, neither the misfortunes with which I was threatened, nor the deluding baits set before me,

me, should ever prevail upon me to deviate from the plan I had laid down, of a steady adherence to the principles of virtue and honour. The *Count* rallied me upon the oddness of my behaviour, as he was pleased to term it; displayed, though to no purpose, a more modish system of morality, and seemed several times inclined to be very free with me. I had the address, in a polite manner, to defeat his attacks, and make him sensible how unworthy a part he acted for a well-bred man, in endeavouring, by the power and authority chance had put into his hands, to seduce a young creature, left without any defence but what her tears and weakness could afford; I made it a point wherein virtue and honour were highly interested, and touched him nicely concerning the rank and behaviour of a man of quality; in fine, virtue supplied me with so much eloquence on the occasion, that this young Nobleman, dangerous as he was, and who that very evening could not prevail on himself to leave my bed-chamber, at last retired covered with confusion, for having drawn upon himself so many remonstrances, the solidity of which he could not but acknowledge, begging of me to forget the vexation he had occasioned, for which he promised to make an ample satisfaction by a far different conduct for the future. I accepted of his excuses in a proper manner, and went to bed cruelly disturbed, as well with what had happened, as what was still to come.

The next day *St. Fal* changed his battery: quite another man, behaving with all the politeness imaginable, in which I thought proper not to be behind-hand. He took up several
amusing

amusing subjects to divert me, as he said on my journey. His conversation was easy, and plainly shewed he had seen a great deal of the world, and did not want wit; he was surpris'd to find I had some share of it myself, looking upon me in the main as a mere country girl; but he ought to have known, that nothing is more apt to take a right turn, than a young person, who has the happiness to fall into proper hands. Besides, my misfortunes had unlightened my understanding, and taught me to make proper reflections; to say nothing of the friendship with which *Madame de G*—— had honoured me, a lady of noble sentiments, and exceedingly well bred, and who had taken a pleasure in forming me, so that I entirely possess'd myself, whatever was the subject of the conversation. A thorough knowledge of the world, it is true, can only be acquired by experience; but where there is a tolerable capacity, and a desire of being instructed, in a little time a considerable progress may be made.

Part of the third day pass'd without a word from the *Count*: He view'd me frequently with a kind of satisfaction, which often ended with a sigh; this behaviour very much alarm'd me, lest he should fall in love, and prove another *Chevalier d'Elbieux*; I turn'd pale at the very thought, alone as I was, no friend near, and abandoned by the whole world. Sometimes I had thoughts of endeavouring to make my escape, but whither should I go? What part of the country was I in? A powerful family, in whose hands I was, violently incens'd against me; besides, with shame I own it, I no longer had

had the courage I was formerly possessed of; I was grown weak and tender, by being bred a fine lady, and had lost that roughness which boldly faces any danger; a thousand apprehensions concurred to alarm me, and made such an impression, that the *Count* plainly perceived it. "Have you a mind to stop, *Jenny*?" said the *Count*; "by your countenance I am afraid you are ill. Does the journey fatigue you too much? You seem buried in thought, and under some uneasiness: I hope you don't remember what passed when I had the misfortune to incur your displeasure: Let me intreat it as a favour, that you deal sincerely with one who is ready to do every thing that can possibly contribute to make you easy, and will seek all occasions of making amends for the affronts he offered, led into a mistake by an unjust prejudice, which the knowledge of your distinguished merit has entirely banished."

This apology, the cruel reflections which then perplexed me, the apprehension of what was to come, the new convent, indeed, with which I was threatened, all put together, melted me into tears. "This is too much," cried the *Count de St. Fal*, moved at my condition, "your grief overwhelms me, I cannot bear it any longer! Notwithstanding a thousand reasons for the contrary, a prevailing motive attaches me, *Miss*, to your interest; so far even as not to comply with the injunctions which first brought us acquainted; I cannot be so void of compassion, as to excuse my commission, which, from what I said the other
" day,

“ day, I easily guess has given you this disturbance; but, make yourself easy; whatever may be expected from me, I cannot bear to do any thing which forces tears from the finest eyes I ever beheld; you shall be convinced how great an effect your charms have on all those who approach you; don’t blush at the acknowledgement I make, it pleads an excuse for my cousin’s passion, whose happiness I envy, and profess myself his rival; but be assured, I will not in the least employ the opportunity fortune has put into my hands, either to diminish your inclinations for the *Marquess*, much less to constrain you to make any return for the vivacity of those sentiments with which you have inspired me. You sigh,” continued the *Count*, taking me by the hand, “ do you doubt of my sincerity? Put it immediately to a trial, and you will know how far I am to be depended upon.” *St Fal* stopped here, and seemed to expect my answer. Whatever reason he gave me to believe he had an inclination for me, I was equally alarmed, and the more discretion it seemed accompanied with, I looked upon it the more dangerous; I knew not what to say, and my eyes, fixed upon the ground, discovered my perplexity. “ What means this silence *Miss*?” continued *St Fal*, “ is it a mark of your distrust? “ Do you think me capable of imposing upon you? “ If these are your sentiments, I plainly see I must now pay for the indifference, in which I have hitherto lived, and shall severely repent the rashness I have been guilty of, in thus exposing my liberty; ought I not to have foreseen this, and have concluded from my
“ cousin’s

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“cousin’s passion, to whose delicacy in affairs of
 “this nature I am no stranger, that you were
 “certainly a very accomplished person? Never-
 “theless, whatever injustice you may shew in
 “my regard, or treatment I may receive at
 “your hands, I must not regret my having
 “undertaken this commission, since it furnishes
 “me with an opportunity of serving you. You
 “shall know very shortly,” continued he,
 “*Jenny*, that to say and to do, is one thing
 “with me.” Saying this, the *Count* put his
 head out of the chaise, and ordered one of the
 servants who rode by, to direct the postillion to
 take the first road to *Versailles*. The servant,
 surprised at this, replied, “that *Monsieur le Mar-*
quis’s orders were directly contrary, and that
 “Do as you are bid,” cried the *Count*,
 interrupting him, “and leave the rest to me.”
 Accordingly the servant retired, and we soon
 struck out of the great road.

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The END of the FIRST VOLUME.